Yours most truly

Theodore L. Flood

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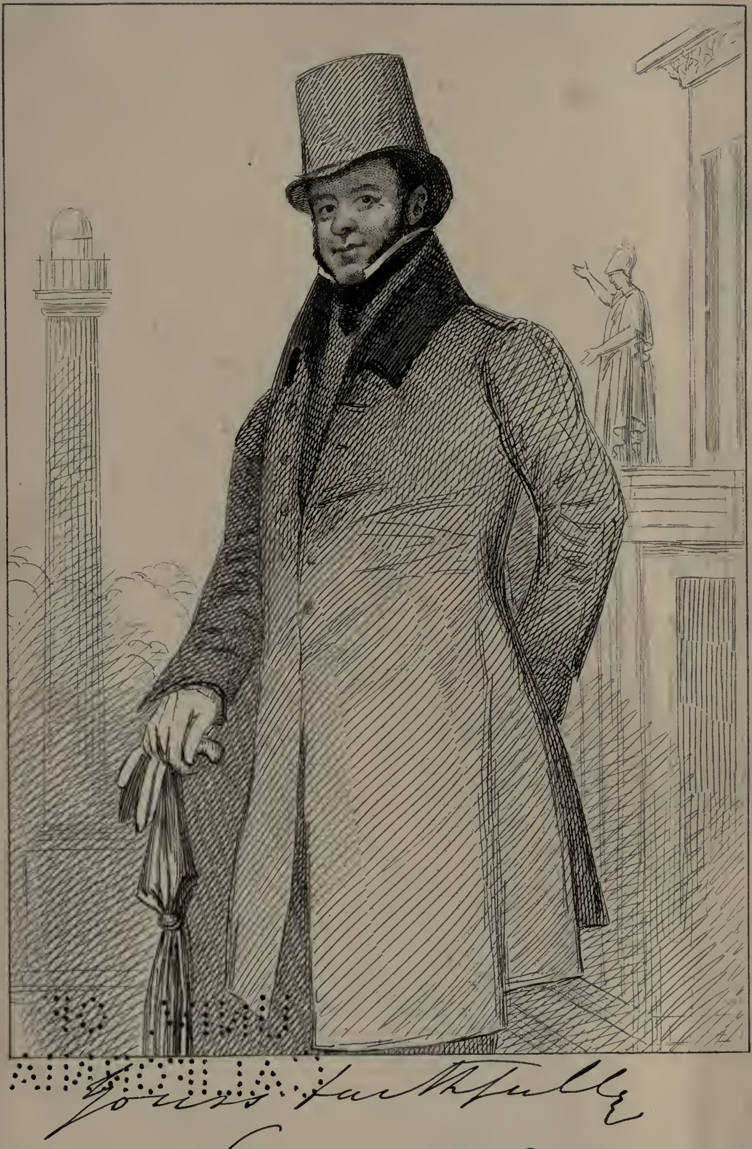


Yours faithfully

Theodore E. Hook

DRAWN BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

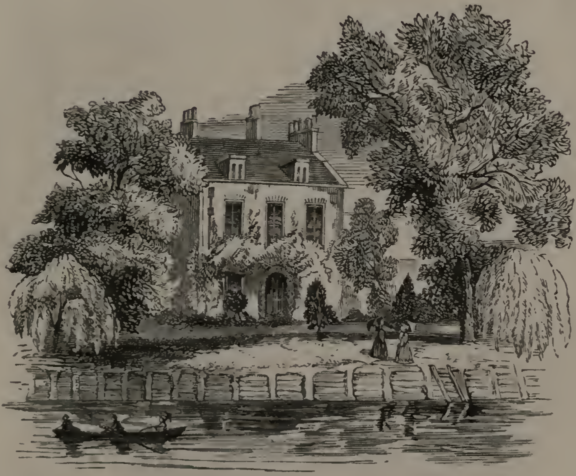
THE CHOICE

HUMOROUS WORKS,

Ludicrous Adventures, Bon Mots, Puns and Hoaxes

OF

THEODORE HOOK.



THEODORE HOOK'S HOUSE, NEAR PUTNEY.

WITH

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, PORTRAITS BY MACLISE AND D'ORSAY, CARICATURES, AND FACSIMILES.

London:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 & 75, PICCADILLY.

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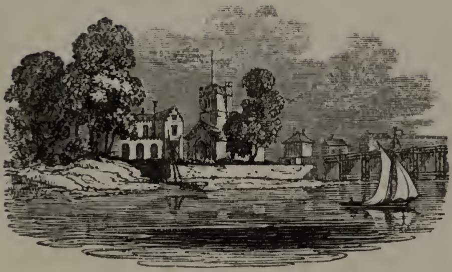
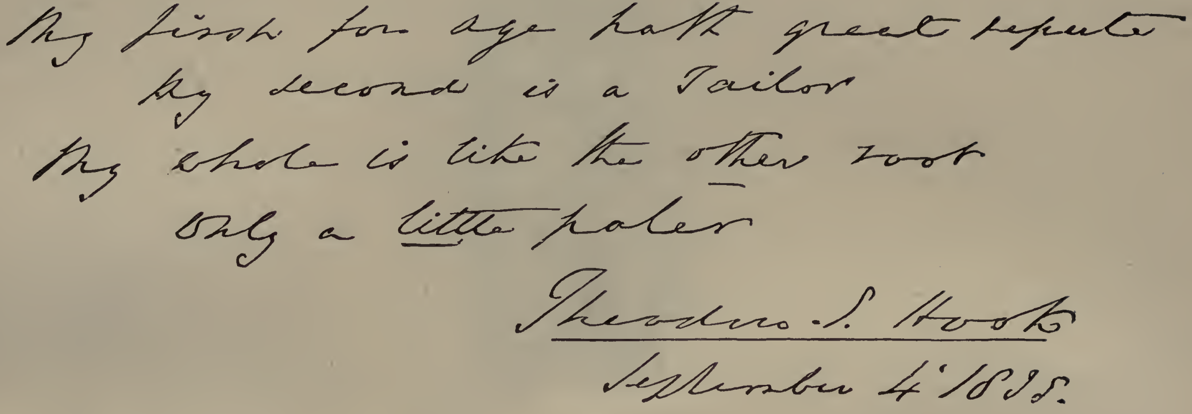
"HIS name will be preserved. His political songs and *jeux d'esprit*, when the hour comes for collecting them, will form a volume of sterling and lasting attraction; and after many clever romances of this age shall have sufficiently occupied public attention and sunk, like hundreds of former generations, into utter oblivion, there are tales in his collection which will be read with, we venture to think, even a greater interest than they commanded in their novelty. . . . We have already expressed our opinion, however, that Theodore Hook's ability in conversation was above what he ever exemplified in his writings. We have seen him in company with very many of the most eminent men of his time, and we never, until he was near his end, carried home the impression with us that he had ever been surpassed."—J. G. LOCKHART.



PUTNEY, AS SEEN FROM THE SITTING-ROOM WINDOW OF HOOK'S COTTAGE.

SPECIMEN OF THEODORE HOOK'S AUTOGRAPH



My first for age hath great repute
My second is a Tailor
My whole is like the other root
Only a little paler

Theodore E. Hook
September 4' 1838.

MEMOIR OF THEODORE HOOK.

MEMOIR OF THEODORE HOOK.

THE life of the distinguished humourist whose *opera minora* we now present to the world, was so chequered and diversified by remarkable incidents and adventures, and passed so much in the broad eye of the world and of society, as to be more than ordinarily interesting. The biography of a man of letters in modern times seldom affords so entertaining a narrative, or so instructive and pathetic a lesson, exhibiting how useless and futile are the most brilliant powers and talents, both original and transmitted, without a due admixture of that moral principle and wisdom in daily life necessary to temper and control them.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK—one of the most brilliant wits, and one of the most successful novelists of this century—was born in London, at Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22nd of September, 1788, in the same year as Lord Byron, whose contemporary he afterwards was at Harrow. The first school that Theodore attended was an "academy," in the Vauxhall districts. The master, a Mr. Allen, had also other pupils in his charge who afterwards rose to eminence. Here he remained till his tenth year, when he was sent to a kind of seminary for young gentlemen, a green-doored, brass-plated establishment, in Soho Square. While at this school, he appears systematically to have played truant, to have employed his time in wandering about the streets, and to have invented ingenious excuses to explain his absence to the authorities. On the day of the illumination for the Peace of Amiens, he preferred to spend the morning at home, and informed his parents that a whole holiday had been given on account of the general rejoicings. Unfortunately, his elder brother, James, happened to pass through the Square, and observing signs of business going on as usual at the academy, he went in, made inquiries, and found that the young scapegrace had not made his appearance there for three weeks. Theodore, instead of witnessing the fireworks, was duly punished, and locked up in the garret for the rest of the afternoon.

Theodore was the second son of Mr. James Hook, the popular musical composer, whose pleasing strains had delighted the preceding generation, when Vauxhall Garden was a fashionable resort. His mother (a Miss Madden) is described as a woman of singular beauty, talents,* accomplishments, and worth. To the fact that he lost her gentle guidance at the early age of fourteen, may be attributed many of the misfortunes and irregularities of his after-life.

There was but one other child of Mr. James Hook's first marriage, the late Dr. James Hook, Dean of Worcester; and he being Theodore's senior by eighteen years, had left the paternal roof long before the latter was sent to school.

The Dean, with a great deal of the wit and humour that made his brother famous,† and with perhaps much the same original cast of disposition and temper generally, had possessed one great advantage over him at the start of life. His excellent mother watched over him all through the years of youth and early manhood. Theodore could only remember her, and fondly and tenderly he did so to the last, as the gentle parent of a happy child. He had just approached the first era of peril when this considerate and firm-minded woman was lost to her family. The composer soon afterwards married again; but Theodore found not, what, in spite of a thousand proverbs, many men have found under such circumstances—a second mother. But for that deprivation we can hardly doubt that he might, like his more fortunate brother, have learned to regulate his passions and control his spirits, and risen to fill with grace some high position in an honourable profession. The calamitous loss of his mother is shadowed very distinctly in one of his novels, and the unlucky hero (Gilbert Gurney) is represented as having a single prosperous brother, exactly eighteen years older than himself. But, indeed, that novel is very largely autobiographical: when his diary alludes to it as in progress, the usual phrase is, "Working at my Life."

---

* She was the authoress of, at least, one theatrical piece, "The Double Disguise," played with success at Drury Lane, in 1784, her husband providing the music.

† Dr. Hook amused himself about fifty years ago, by writing two novels, "Pen Owen," and "Percy Mallory," which at the time were commonly ascribed to Theodore, and which would hardly have done him any discredit. They have been republished, as they well deserved to be, in a cheap form. The picture of the Cato-street Conspiracy, in one of them, is most striking.

Born in the same year with Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, he was their schoolfellow at Harrow, but not in the same memorable form, though he often alluded to the coincidence of dates with an obvious mixture of pride and regret—perhaps we ought to say, remorse.

We have met with no account of him whatever by any one who knew him familiarly at that period. That he was as careless and inattentive to the proper studies of the place, as he represents his Gurney to have been, will not be thought improbable by most of his readers. But his early performances, now forgotten, display many otiose quotations from the classics, and even from the modern Latin poets; and these specimens of juvenile pedantry must be allowed to indicate a vein of ambition which could hardly have failed, with a mind of such alacrity, to produce some not inconsiderable measure of attainment.

His entrance at Harrow was signalized by the perpetration of a practical joke, which might have been attended with serious consequences. On the night of his arrival, he was instigated by young Byron, whose contemporary he was, to throw a stone at a window where an elderly lady, Mrs. Drury, was undressing. Hook instantly complied; but, though the window was broken, the lady happily escaped unhurt. Whatever degree of boyish intimacy he might at this time have contracted with his lordship, it was not sufficient to preserve him from an ill-natured and uncalled-for sneer in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," an aggression amply repaid by the severe strictures which appeared in the *John Bull* on certain of the noble bard's effusions, and on the "Satanic school of poetry" in general. The acquaintance, such as it was, was broken off by Hook's premature withdrawal from Harrow, and does not appear to have been resumed.

④ In 1802, his excellent mother died, and with her perished the only hope of restraining the youthful Theodore within those bounds most essential to be preserved at his age, and of maintaining him in that course of study, which, if persevered in for a few years more, might have enabled him to reach a position not less honourable than that enjoyed by his more prosperous brother. Mrs. Hook appears, indeed, to have been one of those best of wives and women, who, by the unobtrusive and almost unconscious exercise of a superior judgment, effect much towards preserving the position and respectability of a family constantly imperilled by the indiscretion of its head—one who, like a sweet air wedded to indifferent words, serves to disguise and compensate for the inferiority of her helpmate.

⑤ Theodore's father, a clever but weak man, was easily persuaded not to send him back to Harrow. He was proud already of his boy, found his company at home a great solace at first, and even before the house received its new mistress, had begun to discover that one of his precocious talents might be turned to some account financially. Theodore had an exquisite ear, and was already, living from the cradle in a musical atmosphere, an expert player on the pianoforte; his voice was rich, sweet, and powerful; he could sing a pathetic song well, a comic one charmingly. One evening he enchanted his father especially by his singing, to his own accompaniment, two new ballads, one grave and one gay. Whence the airs—whence the words? It turned out that verse and music were alike his own: in the music the composer perceived much that might be remedied, but the verses were to him faultless—meaning probably not much, but nothing more soft than the liquid flow of the vocables, nothing more easy than the balance of the lines. Here was a mine for the veteran artist; hitherto he had been forced to import his words; now the whole manufacture might go on at home. Snug, comfortable, amiable domestic arrangement! The boy was delighted with the prospect—and at sixteen his fate was fixed.

In the course of the following six years Theodore Hook produced at least a dozen vaudevilles, comic operas, and dramatic pieces for the stage, which all enjoyed a considerable run of popularity in their time, but are now entirely, and perhaps deservedly, forgotten. His *coup-d'essai* in this line appeared in 1805, under the title of "The Soldier's Return; or, What can Beauty do? a comic opera in two acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

It would be as absurd to criticise such a piece as last year's pantomime—like that, it answered its purpose and its author's, and no more is to be said. At the same time, amidst all its mad, impudent nonsense, there are here and there jokes which, if unborrowed, deserved the applause of the pit. A traveller coming up to an inn-door, says, "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, sir," answers Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks." We might quote one or two more apparently genuine Theodores. The dialogue, such as it is, dances along, and the songs read themselves into singing.

His *modus operandi* in producing this earliest piece, was ingenious. He bought three or four French vaudevilles, filched an incident from each, and thus made up his drama.

The production of this little piece brought the young author into contact with Mathews and Liston. These distinguished comedians were both considerably his seniors. Both had their own peculiar style, and yet both seemed at their best when treading the boards together. With the view of providing an opportunity for their joint appearance, Theodore Hook planned his second afterpiece, "Catch Him who Can" (1806), in which abundant opportunity was contrived for exhibiting the grave irresistible drollery of Liston in contrast with the equally matchless vivacity and versatility of the prince of mimics and ventriloquists. In the course of the farce Mathews figured in, we think, seven different disguises. Such acting would have insured the triumph of even a worse thing than the "Soldier's Return,"—but this was better than that in every respect. One of Liston's songs was long in vogue, perhaps still survives—

> "I sing the loves, the smiling loves,
> Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom."

There are three other readable songs, "Mary," "Donna Louisa Isabella," and the "Blacksmith," and not a few meritorious points in the dialogue. It is impossible, however, as we have already hinted, to be sure of the originality of anything either in the plot or the dialogue of these early pieces. Hook pilfers with as much audacity as any of his valets, and uses the plunder occasionally with a wonderful want of thought. Liston's sweetheart, for instance, a tricky chambermaid, knocks him down with Pope's famous saying, "Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding."

"The Invisible Girl" next followed (1806). The idea appears to have been taken from a newspaper account of a new French vaudeville;* but it was worked out by the adapter with very great cleverness.

* The "Babillard" of M. Charles Maurice.

The fun is, that with a crowd of *dramatis personæ*, a rapid succession of situations, and even considerable complication of intrigue, no character ever gets out more than *yes*, *no*, a *but*, a *hem*, or a *still*—except the indefatigable hero Captain Allclack—for whose part it is difficult to believe that any English powers but Jack Bannister's in his heyday could ever have been adequate. This affair had a great run; and no wonder. If anybody could play the Captain now, it would fill the house for a season. Under a somewhat altered form, and with the title of "Patter *versus* Clatter," it has indeed been reproduced by Mr. Charles Mathews, with great success.

In the following year (1807) a drama, by Hook, in three acts, entitled "The Fortress," and also taken from the French, was produced at the Haymarket. As a fair specimen of the easy jingle with which these pieces abounded, we select a song sung by Mathews, in the character of Vincent, a gardener, much in vogue in its day:—

"When I was a chicken I went to school,
My master would call me an obstinate fool,
For I ruled the roast, and I roasted all rule,
And he wondered however he bore me;
I fired his wig, and I laughed at the smoke,
And always replied, if he rowed at the joke,
Why—my father did so before me!

I met a young girl, and I prayed to the miss,
I fell on my knee, and I asked for a kiss,
She twice said no, but she once said yes,
And in marriage declared she'd restore me.
We loved and we quarrell'd, like April our strife,
I guzzled my stoup, and I buried my wife,
But the thing that consoled me at this time of life
Was—my father did so before me!

Then, now I'm resolved all sorrows to blink,
Since winkin's the tippy, I'll tip them the wink,
I'll never get drunk when I cannot get drink,
Nor ever let misery bore me.

> I sneer at the Fates, and I laugh at their spite,
> I sit down contented to sit up all night,
> And when the time comes, from the world take my flight,
> For—my father did so before me!"

"Tekeli, or the Siege of Mongratz," produced about the same time, is now chiefly remembered as having occasioned some caustic lines in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:"—

> "Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head
> Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
> On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask,
> And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?"

"The Siege of St. Quentin," a drama of a similar description, quickly followed. The plot was founded on the famous battle of that name fought in 1557, when the French, endeavouring to raise the siege, were signally defeated. The object of the piece, which was to excite enthusiasm in favour of the Spanish nation, together with the magnificence of the *mise en scène*, won for it considerable success. It sleeps now with sundry others, such as "The Trial by Jury" (1811), "Darkness Visible" (1811), "Safe and Sound" (1809), "Music Mad" (1808). They all ran their course, and have perished—

> "Unwept, unhonour'd, and unknown."

The last-named, however ("Music Mad"), perhaps deserves a word of notice, if only on account of its transcendent absurdity. The principal character, stolen bodily from *Il Fanatico per la Musica* (which had been considered the masterpiece of the celebrated Naldi), and rendered infinitely more ridiculous by being metamorphosed into a native of our most unmusical isle, is, as the title indicates, an amateur, and so passionately devoted to his favourite science as to insist upon his servant's wearing a waistcoat scored all over with crotchets and semiquavers.

In 1809, the destruction by fire of the two patent houses having compelled the rival companies to coalesce and repair to the Lyceum, principally for the purpose of providing employment for the humbler members of the profession, Theodore Hook contributed the well-known after-piece of "Killing no Murder." Apart from the intrinsic merit of the piece itself, the admirable acting of Liston as Apollo Belvi, and of Mathews as Buskin, for whom it was especially written (though, by the way, it is but justice to add, on the authority of Mrs. Mathews, that the latter character was but "a sketch, which Mr. Mathews filled up *ad libitum*"),—there were circumstances attending its representation which invested it with peculiar interest, and enlisted all the sympathies of the audience in favour of the author. It appears that on the MS. being submitted to the deputy-licenser, Mr. Larpent, certain passages reflecting on the Methodist preachers induced that gentleman, in the first instance, to place a veto on the performance. A compromise, however, was effected, the objectionable scene remodelled, and the play allowed to proceed. Whether it would have been wiser, upon the whole, to have suffered it to go forth with its imperfections on its head, and to have trusted to the good taste of the public to demand the suppression of any incidental improprieties, may be a question, the more so, as the licenser's authority, extending only to the acted drama, could offer no hindrance to its publication. Some half-dozen editions, containing the passages omitted in the performance, were struck off and circulated like wildfire, together with a preface, from which, as the author has thus an opportunity of stating his own case, it may be as well to present our readers with a few extracts:—

"I should have suffered my gratitude to the public to have been felt, not told, had not some very singular circumstances compelled me to explain part of my conduct, which, if I remained silent, might be liable to misconstruction. On the evening previous to the performance of 'Killing no Murder,' I was much surprised to hear that it could not be produced, because Mr. Larpent, the reader of plays (as he is termed), had refused to grant his license for it. The cause of the refusal was, I heard, political. I revolted at the idea; and, as a young man entering life, felt naturally anxious to clear my character from the imputation of disloyalty. Then I heard it rumoured that the ground of the refusal was its immorality. Here again I was wounded; for though I confess I have no pretension to sanctity, yet I hope I shall never prostitute my time in the production of that for which even wit itself is no excuse.

"Thus situated, I set off in search of the gentleman who had strangled my literary infant in its birth; and to find him I referred to the 'Red-book,' where I discovered that John Larpent, Esq., was *clerk* at the Privy Seal Office, that John Larpent, Esq., was *deputy* to John Larpent, Esq., and that the *deputy's secretary* was John Larpent, Esq. This proved to me that a man could be in three places at once; but on inquiry, I found he was even in a fourth and a fifth, for it was by virtue of none of these offices he licensed plays, and his place, *i.e.*, his villa, was at Putney. Thither I proceeded in a post-chaise, in chase of this ubiquitarian deputy, and there I found him. After a seasonable delay to beget an awful attention on my part, he appeared, and told me with a chilling look, that the second act of my farce was a most 'indecent and shameful attack on a very religious and harmless set of people' (he meant the Methodists), 'and that my farce altogether was an infamous persecution of the sectaries.' Out came the murder. The character of a Methodist preacher, written for Liston's incomparable talents, with the hope of turning into ridicule the ignorance and impudence of the self-elected pastors, who infest every part of the kingdom, met with the reprehension of the licenser.

* * * *

"It was in vain I adduced Mother Cole in the 'Minor,' Mawworm in the 'Hypocrite,' Barebones in the 'London Hermit,' and half-a-dozen other parts. The great licenser shook his head 'as if there was something in it,' and told me that Lord Dartmouth had the piece; if he did not object, it might yet be played; but if his lordship concurred with him, not a line should be performed. I took my leave, fully convinced how proper a person Mr. Larpent was to receive, in addition to his other salaries, four hundred pounds per annum, besides perquisites, for reading plays, the pure and simple performance of which, by his creed, is the acme of sin and unrighteousness. His even looking at them is contamination—but four hundred a-year—a sop for Cerberus—what will it not make a man do?

* * * *

"Now, in defence of the part of 'Apollo Belvi,' as originally written, I consider it necessary to speak. It is a notorious fact that the Methodists are not contented with following their own fashions in religion, but they endeavour hourly to overturn the Established Church by all means, open and covert; and I know, as a positive fact, that it is considered the first duty of Methodist parents to irritate their children against the regular clergy, before the poor wretches are able to think or consider for themselves. Nay, they are so ingenious in their efforts for this purpose, that they inculcate the aversion by nick-naming whatever object the children hate most after some characteristic of the Episcopal religion; and I have known a whole swarm of sucking Methodists frightened to bed by being told that the *bishop* was coming—the impression resulting from this alarm grows into an antipathy, and from having been, as children, accustomed to consider a bishop as a bugbear, it became no part of their study to discover why—the very mention of lawn sleeves throws them into agonies ever after. Seeing, then, with what zeal these sectaries attack us, and with what ardour they endeavour to widen the breach between us by persecution and falsehood, I did conceive that the lash of ridicule might be well applied to their backs, particularly as I prefer this open mode of attack to the assassin-like stab of the dagger, to which the cowardly Methodist would, for our destruction, have no objection to resort.

"But my ridicule went to one point only. Mr. L. Hunt, in his admirable Essays on Methodism, justly observes, that a strong feature in the Methodists' character is a love of preaching. If it be possible that these self-elected guardians and ministers have an ascendency over the minds of their flocks, and have the power to guide and direct them, it becomes surely the duty of every thinking being to consider their qualifications for such a task.

"The wilful misleadings of the clever Methodists, from the small proportion of talent that exists among them, are more harmless in their tendency than the blasphemous doctrines of ignorance. The more illiterate the preacher, the more infatuated the flock; and there is less danger in the specious insinuation of a refined mind than the open and violent expressions of inspired tailors and illuminated cobblers. It was to ridicule such monstrous incongruities, that, without any claim to originality, I sketched the part of 'Belvi,' in the following farce. I conceived, by blending the most flippant and ridiculous of all callings, except a man-milliner's (I mean a dancing-master's), with the grave and important character of a preacher, I should, without touching indelicately on the subject, have raised a laugh against the absurd union of spiritual and secular avocations, which so decidedly marks the character of the Methodist. Of the hypocrisy introduced into the character, I am only sorry that the lightness of the farce prevented my displaying a greater depth of deception. All I can say is, that, whatever was written in 'Killing no Murder,' against the Methodists, was written from a conviction of their fallacy, their deception, their meanness, and their profaneness."

Another farce, "Exchange no Robbery," produced at a somewhat later period, under the pseudonym of "Richard Jones," deserves honourable mention. Terry, another intimate associate from that time forth, had in Cranberry a character excellently adapted to his saturnine aspect and dry humour; and Liston was not less happily provided for in Lamotte.

Almost all these pieces were written before Hook was twenty years of age. Had he gone on in this successful dramatic career, and devoted to such productions the experience of manhood and that marvellous improvisatore power which was to make him the *facile princeps* of the satirists and humourists of his time, there can be no doubt he must have rivalled any farce-writer that ever wrote in any language.

It was in his twentieth year that Theodore Hook made his first appearance as a novelist, under the pseudonym of Alfred Allendale.* Lockhart characterizes the work as "a mere farce, though in a narrative shape, and as flimsy as any he had given to the stage. As if the set object," he says, "had been to satirize the Minerva Press School, everything, every individual turn in the fortunes of his 'Musgrave' is brought about purely and entirely by accident." The sentimental hero elopes with his mistress. A hundred miles down the North road they stop for a quarter of an hour — order dinner, and stroll into the garden. Behold, the dreaded rival happens to be lodging here—he is lounging in the garden at this moment. The whole plan is baulked. Some time afterwards they elope again—and reach Gretna Green in safety.

"Cruel mothers, chattering friends, and flattering rivals "all were distanced—the game was run down, he was in at "the death, and the brush was his own. False delicacy "at Gretna is exploded; a woman when she goes into Lanchester's is known to want millinery (people say something "more), when she lounges at Gray's she is understood to stand "in need of trinkets, when she stops at Gattie's she wants complexion, and when she goes to Gretna she wants a husband.

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* "The Man of Sorrow." A Novel. In Three Volumes. By Alfred Allendale, Esq. London: Printed for Samuel Tipper, Leadenhall Street, 1808.

"That being the case, *not* to talk of marriage is as absurdly
"*outré* as not to call for supper, and therefore Musgrave with
"a sly look at his blushing bride, ordered a couple of roasted
"fowls and a parson to be ready immediately; the waiter,
"perfect in his part, stepped over to the chandler's shop, hired
"the divine, and at half-past ten the hymeneal rites were to
"be solemnized."—Vol. i., p. 84.

The fowls are put to the fire—the blacksmith appears—the ceremony has just reached the essential point, when a chaise dashes up to the door—out spring the heroine's mother and the rival again. Farther on, the hero comes late at night to an inn, and is put into a double-bedded room, in which the rival happens to be deposited, fast asleep. The rival gets up in the morning before the hero awakes, cuts his thumb in shaving, walks out, sees a creditor, jumps on the top of a passing stage-coach, and vanishes. The hero is supposed to have murdered him—the towel is bloody—he must have contrived to bury the body; he is tried, convicted, condemned;—he escapes—an accident brings a constable to the cottage where he is sheltered—he is recaptured—pinioned—mounts the drop; he is in the act of speaking his last speech, when up dashes another post-chaise containing the rival, who had happened to see the trial just the morning before in an old newspaper. And so on through three volumes.

It abounds, as a matter of course, in play upon words: for example, a rejected suitor's taking to drinking, is accounted for on the plea that "it is natural an unsuccessful lover should be given to whine,"—a pun, by the way, better conveyed in the name "Negus," which he is said to have bestowed upon a favourite, but offending, dog. There are also introduced a couple of tolerably well-sketched portraits, *Mr. Minns*, the poet (T. Moore), and *Sir Joseph Jonquil* (Banks). An epigram, referring to the celebrated duel of the former with Jeffrey, in consequence of an article in No. 16 of the *Edinburgh Review*, is worth repeating,—the more so, as its paternity has been subject of dispute, the majority attributing it to one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses!"—

> "When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said,
> A reverse he displayed in his vapour,
> For while all his poems were loaded with lead,
> His pistols were loaded with paper;
> For excuses Anacreon old custom may thank,
> Such a *salvo* he should not abuse,
> For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank,
> Which is fired away at *Reviews*."

But the oddest part of the whole is that Hook himself, sixteen year afterwards, thought it worth while to re-cast precisely the same absurd fable, even using a great deal of the language, in his "Sayings and Doings." (Series first, vol. iii. *Merton*.) Of course the general execution of that tale is vastly superior to the original edition; but some of, all things considered, its most remarkable passages are transcribed almost *literatim*.

Mr. Allendale's novel excited little or no attention, and remained unacknowledged. It is worthless, except that in the early filling up occasionally we have glimpses of the author's early habits and associations, such as he was in no danger of recalling from oblivion in the days of "Sayings and Doings." When the hero fell in love, for example, "Bond-street lounges became a bore to him—he sickened at the notion of a jollification under the Piazza—the charms of the pretty pastry-cooks at Spring Gardens had lost their piquancy." A Viscountess's fête at Wimbledon has all the appearance of having been sketched after a *lark* at Vauxhall with a bevy of singing women." In the re-cast, it is right to say, he omitted various gross indecencies, some rude personalities, and a very irreverent motto.*

Of such an ephemeral character were the earlier writings of a man whose later works have charmed and delighted thousands wherever the English language is spoken. But his brilliancy in the social circle and the fame of his marvellous hoaxes had already spread far and wide, when an unexpected event occurred which changed the whole tenor of his life, and removed him from English society and from English literature for nearly seven years.

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* "He was a MAN OF SORROW, and acquainted with Grief."

Up to 1812, Theodore Hook had been almost, if not entirely, dependent upon his pen for pecuniary supplies; his father was in no condition to assist him; and at the rate of two or three farces a year, which seems to have been about the average of his productions, an income could scarcely have been realized by any means commensurate with the expenses of a fashionable young gentleman "upon town;" debts began to accumulate, and he had already resorted to the pernicious expedient of raising money upon his "promise to write," (a draught upon the brain, honoured, on at least one occasion, by Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden,) when he was presented with an appointment which promised to place him in easy circumstances for the remainder of his life — that of Accountant-General and Treasurer at the Mauritius, worth about £2,000 per annum. It was not, however, till October, 1813, that after a long but agreeable voyage he entered upon his duties at the Mauritius.

It so happened that the island, which had been captured from the French in 1811, had been since that time under the control of Mr. (afterwards Sir R. J.) Farquhar, who, as Governor, united in his own person all the executive and legislative powers. Nothing could have been more favourable to the young official than this circumstance, Mr. Farquhar being not only esteemed throughout the colony, on account of his judgment, moderation, and affability, but being also connected with Dr. James Hook, by the latter's marriage with his sister. The reception which met Theodore on his arrival was as encouraging as could have been wished, and his own convivial qualities and agreeable manners soon made him as popular among the *élite* of Port Louis as he had been in the fashionable and literary circles of London. In a letter addressed to his old friend, Mathews, about a couple of years after his establishment in what he terms "this paradise, and not without angels," he gives a most spirited and joyous account of his general mode of life, and of the social resources of the island:—

"We have," says he, "operas in the winter, which sets in about July; and the races, too, begin in July. We have an excellent beef-steak club, and the best Freemasons' lodge in the world. We have subscription concerts and balls, and the parties in private houses here are seldom less than from two to three hundred. At the last ball given at the Government House, upwards of seven hundred and fifty ladies were present, which, considering that the greater proportion of the female population are not admissible, proves the number of inhabitants, and the extent of the society."

It may be supposed, that if he was delighted with the Mauritius, its society was enchanted with him. He was but twenty-five when he arrived; and the sudden advancement of his position and enlargement of his resources, must have had rather an exciting than a sobering influence on such a temperament as his at that buoyant age. He was of course the life and soul of the hospitalities of the place and all its amusements and diversions—the phœnix of his *Thule.* He became, among other things, a leading man on the *turf*, and repeatedly mentions himself as having been extremely successful in the pecuniary results of that dangerous pursuit. His own hospitality was most liberal; many an Indian veteran yet delights to recall the cordial welcome he found at *La Reduite* during a brief sojourn at the Mauritius; and not a few such persons were unconsciously sitting for their pictures in crayon then, and in pen and ink afterwards, while they displayed their Oriental airs before the juvenile Treasurer, their profuse Amphitryon. His journal would make it easy enough to identify not a few of the *Quihis* in his "Sayings and Doings," and other novels of later life—but perhaps their spectres still haunt the long walk at Cheltenham—*requiescant!*

Towards the end of 1817, General Farquhar found it necessary, from the state of his health, to repair for a time to England, and Major-General Gage John Hall was sworn in as deputy-governor during his absence. On this occasion the Governor appointed a commission consisting of five of the principal men in the colony, to examine the accounts and contents of the Treasury, in order that the finance department might be handed over to his successor in a condition of ascertained correctness. The commissioners signed a report that they had examined the whole accordingly, and that books and chest were all in the proper state. Their report was dated November 19th, and Sir R. Farquhar sailed.

On the 15th of January, 1818, Lieutenant-Governor Hall received a letter from William Allan, a clerk in the Treasury-office, announcing to him, that, notwithstanding the above report, a grave error existed, and had been passed over in the Treasurer's accounts. No credit had been given for a sum of 37,000 dollars, which sum he, Allan, knew to have been paid in at the Treasury some fifteen months before.

General Hall instantly communicated this information to Mr. Hook, and appointed another commission to re-examine the condition of the public chest and accounts. The commission began their work on the 11th of February: Allan was examined *vivâ-voce* before them on that and on several successive days. He addressed, while his examination was in progress, letters upon letters to the deputy-governor and also to the commissioners, in which he reiterated his assertions that a large deficiency existed, that its existence had been known to himself during many succeeding quarters, and that he had so long concealed it from reluctance to bring himself into collision with his superior, the Treasurer. His letters, from the first very strangely written, became wilder at every step; and on the morning of the 27th, before the commissioners met, he shot himself. His last letter alleged that he had been tampered with by Hook, who offered to pay him thenceforth an allowance of twenty-five dollars per month if he would instantly make his escape from the Mauritius, and never re-appear there; but the person whom he named as having brought Hook's message instantly contradicted the statement *in toto* on oath before the commissioners. There were many other witnesses; and the result was the detection of not a few irregularities, omissions, and discrepancies in the books of the Treasury.

The inquiry proceeded till the 9th of March; at eleven that night Hook was arrested at a friend's house, where he was supping, and dragged, by torchlight, through crowded streets to the common prison. The town having shortly before been the scene of a terrible conflagration, the prison had been almost entirely destroyed. There was only one cell in which the Treasurer could be placed, and that was in so wretched a condition that at three in the morning he was admitted to bail, escorted to the house of his bail-man, and left there under his surveillance by the police. After a few days he was handed over to the care of a millitary detachment, and embarked with them for England as a culprit, to be tried for *crimes*. Before he sailed, his property in the island was disposed of, and the whole amount placed to the public credit in the Treasury. Even the minutest articles belonging to him were seized. After he was on board ship, a negro slave came alongside to beg his acceptance of his writing-desk, which the poor fellow had bought at the auction for ten shillings.

He had a protracted and most unhappy voyage of nine months. For one whole month they were tossed in a hurricane off the Cape of Good Hope, and for six weeks reduced to the allowance of half a pound of mouldy buiscuit and half a pint of water by the day. While refitting at the Cape, however, Hook, who had by that time conciliated the regard of his keepers by his unshaken fortitude and good-humoured submission, was made their companion on shore, on *parole;* and how completely he could, under such calamitous circumstances, exert his faculties of observation, we may judge from the most picturesque sketches of the Cape, the capital, and its inhabitants, which occur in one of his subsequent stories—*Maxwell.* The ship also stopped for a day or two at St. Helena; and by the kindness of the officers, Hook accompanied them when they went to Longwood to be presented to Napoleon.

The ship reached Portsmouth in January, 1819, and the warrant of arrest and other documents were transmitted to London, and referred to the law officers. The Attorney-General reported, that however irregular Mr. Hook's official conduct might have been, and however justly he might be prosecuted for a civil debt, there was no apparent ground for a criminal procedure. He was therefore liberated; and reaching London with *two gold mohurs* in his pocket, was immediately subjected to the scrutiny of the Audit Board—a scrutiny which did not terminate until after the lapse of nearly five years.

During this long suspense, eternal commissions and cross-examinations before the auditors of public accounts, and a very voluminous series of correspondence with them and others on the subject of the defalcation, had not occupied the whole of Hook's attention. If they had, he must have starved; for though his successor was not appointed till late in the inquiry, he never received a farthing in his official capacity, from the time of his original arrest.

By the end of 1819, Hook had established himself in a very humble cottage at Somers Town, where his household consisted of a single maid-servant; and formed connections with newspapers or magazines, which supplied the small necessities of the passing day. He seems at first to have felt his position far too painfully to think of reclaiming any but a few of his older and, comparatively speaking, humble allies—such as Mathews, Terry, and good little Hill; the last of whom had encountered sad reverses during his absence, and was now, perhaps, except himself, the poorest of the set. On their kindness he might rely implicitly—as well as upon the cordial friendship and sound professional advice of Messrs. Powell and Broderip.

It was shortly after his location at Somers Town that Hook renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Wilson Croker, in whose society no small portion of his time was spent, both at the Admiralty and at the latter's villa at Molesey. He was also occasionally a visitor at General Phipps's (a relation of his mother's), in Harley-street, where he met and speedily became intimate with the late Speaker, Lord Canterbury. They were afterwards seen a great deal together, and the pair strolling arm-in-arm down St. James's-street, forms the subject of one—not the most happy—of the HB sketches.* With these exceptions, for a long period his position as a public defaulter, together with the *res angustæ domi*, confined him to the narrow and comparatively inexpensive circle of his old literary and theatrical associates.

During the summer of 1820, Theodore Hook opened his campaign against the Queen by a thin octavo, which at the time made considerable noise. It was entitled "Tentamen; or, an Essay towards the History of Whittington and his Cat," by Dr. Vicesimus Blenkinsop. The Whittington, of course, was no other than Alderman Wood, and Caroline was the cat. "Throughout the whole *libellus*," says Lockhart, "there was a prodigious rattle of puns and conundrums—but the strong points of the case against Whittington and Co. were skilfully brought out, nevertheless. Hook being as yet quite *in obscuro*, nobody suspected him. It was pretty generally ascribed to the manufacturers of the 'New Whig Guide.'"

"Tentamen" was followed by several similar pamphlets, chiefly in verse, all directed against Alderman Wood and the other supporters of the Queen, and all published in the same year (1820) by Wright, of Fleet-street. They are also to be distinguished by a caricature likeness of the celebrated Alderman, the same portrait appearing on the title-page both of "Tentamen" and the others. One of these we recollect is entitled *Solomon Logwood.**

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* A slight obliquity of vision for which his lordship was remarkable suggested the title—a passable adaptation of Theodore's own joke—"Hook and *Eye*."

In the spring of this year (1820), Hook, with the assistance of his old friend, Daniel Terry, started a small periodical. It was published, and we believe suggested, by Mr. Miller, who had recently engaged extensive premises in—what was then expected to prove a great mart for the lighter description of literature—a sort of occidental "Row,"—the Burlington Arcade. Hence the name of the first-born, "The Arcadian," but which, to say the truth, had little of the pastoral in its composition, if we except a certain long ballad of melodious rhythm and provoking pungency, addressed to Lady Holland, and commencing,—

"Listen, lady, to my measures,
While they softly, gently flow,
While I sing the harmless pleasures
Of the classic, silver Po," etc.

The war-cry of "The Arcadian" was of course "King and Constitution," for its editor was Conservative, or rather Tory (the former euphuism was not then in vogue) to the heart's core. Much, too, of that personality was introduced in its pages, which rendered its more fortunate successor, the *John Bull*, so formidable. The same contemptuous tone, in treating of theatricals, is observable both in the *John Bull* and its tiny predecessor. "The Arcadian" contains a most exquisite critique, a perfect masterpiece of irony, upon the "first appearance" of a certain young lady, and some caustic remarks on the stage and its attractions, curious as coming from a popular dramatist, writing in the thirty-second year of his age.

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* There can be little doubt that the following was also written by Hook:—

"The Radical Harmonist; or, a Collection of Songs and Toasts given at the late Crown and Anchor Dinner. Collected by Old Tom of Oxford. To which is subjoined, The Goose's Apology, a Michaelmas Ode. London: printed for W. Wright, 46, Fleet Street, 1820." It is issued by the publisher of "Tentamen," of which there is an advertisement on the fly-leaf. One of the songs (p. 11) bears a remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Muggins's Visit to the Queen.

Full of fun and spirit as the little magazine was, it nevertheless came to an untimely end: only two numbers ever made their appearance. Such was the difficulty which the publisher experienced in making up the second, owing to Hook's listlessness, or more probably preoccupation, that he declined venturing on a third.

This was the prelude of *John Bull*. The most important event with which the name of Theodore Hook stands connected, is unquestionably the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper, at the close of 1820. The universal, instantaneous, and appreciable effect produced on the great political movements of the day by its appearance, is perhaps unparalleled in the history of periodical literature.

The Queen's affair had gone on all the summer and autumn; the madness of popular exacerbation gaining new intenseness with every week that passed. None who remember the feelings and aspects of the time will think it possible to exaggerate either in description: but we shall make no such attempt. The explosion scattered brilliant terror far and wide. No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever has, in our time at least, produced such a startling sensation—it told at once from the convulsed centre to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision. But, as far as Hook's MSS. allowed his biographers to judge, he was really and truly alone; and, at all events, they exonerate most completely certain other persons who were at first saddled with a large share of the merit and the obloquy of the *Bull*. Of the famous songs during the winter of 1820-21, only one, he used to say, was an extraneous contribution.

The paper set out with one specific object: the extinction of the Brandenburgh House party; and, to accomplish this, Hook's varied talents—his wit and humour, his sarcasm and bitterness, his keenness of argument, fiery zeal, and unscrupulous daring—were all brought to bear with concentrated energy upon the ranks of the Opposition. Any man reckless of legal consequences, or beyond their reach, familiar with the current scandal of the day, and having so powerful an engine as a public paper at his disposal, may inflict a vast amount of injury upon his adversaries; but to these conditions, in the present case, may be added powers, if not of the very highest order, doubtless the best adapted to the purpose, sources of information peculiar and inexplicable, a singleness of purpose, and firm conviction of its justice, that combined to render *Bull* the most formidable antagonist that had as yet entered the lists against the Queen.

Many of *Bull's* songs, in construction, and even in execution, were very little different from those which Hook used to improvise in the course of a festive evening. It has been said by one who knew him, that a person who never witnessed that marvellous performance could not take a better notion of what it was than from such a piece as the "Visit of Mrs. Muggins," in thirty-one stanzas.

End

Here also Hook commenced and continued from time to time, for ten years, that famous series of Ramsbottom Papers, which were the precursors of all the Mrs. Malaprops, Mrs. Partingtons, and Mrs. Browns of a later generation, and which, like nearly all originals, greatly surpassed in genuine humour and excellence the cleverest imitations that have since appeared.

By his flagellations of the Whigs, meantime, Hook had shut against himself the gates of forbearance at Whitehall. He might have thought himself well off, if he had not tempted harshness into play against him. He thought he had: he always persisted that the auditor's final report on him was an unjust deliverance; and he maintained equally the opinion that the measures of the Government consequent on that report were unusually severe. The award was at last given in the autumn of 1823, and it pronounced him a debtor to the Crown of over £12,000.

On his arrest under the Exchequer writ (August, 1823), he was taken to the dwelling and spunging-house of the sheriff's officer, his captor, by name Mr. Hemp, and still hoping that a protracted imprisonment was not seriously intended, he chose to remain there week after week, and month after month, until Easter. The expense of board and lodging at a house of that class is always heavy; his accommodations were mean, and the situation about the worst in London—Shire Lane, so named as separating part of the City from Middlesex—a vile, squalid place, noisy and noxious, apparently almost inaccessible either to air or light, swarming with a population of thief-catchers, gin-sellers, and worse. But his spirit was not yet to be broken. He endured the unwholesome confinement with patience—no sooner was hope knocked down in one quarter than it sprung up again in another—he kept himself steadily at work in the mornings, and his few intimates commonly gathered round him in the evening.

In April, 1824, Hook at last took his leave of Shire Lane. He had, as usual, made himself a great favourite with Hemp and his family, and such a guest could not be allowed to depart without a farewell banquet. The company exhibited in harmonious contrast Mr. Hook's theatrical and literary confidants of the time, and sundry distinguished ornaments of his hospitable landlord's own order. The sederunt did not close without a specimen of the improvisatore; and his ballad "showed up" Mr. Hemp and his brethren, as intrusted with the final offices of the law in the case of the grand culprit before them:—

CHORUS—
"Let him hang with a curse,—this atrocious, pernicious
Scoundrel that emptied the till at Mauritius!" *

The close confinement in the bad air of Shire Lane had affected his health, and indeed his personal appearance was permanently damaged in consequence of the total disuse of exercise for so many months, and the worry of mind which even he must have been enduring. He came out pale and flabby in the face, and with a figure fast tending to corpulence. He was transferred to the Rules of the King's

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* It may seem strange that he should have been capable of thus making sport to the Philistines out of his own calamity and disgrace; but it is stranger still that he is said to have in fact adopted some hints from a version of Allan's suicide, which found favour with the lowest only of his political haters, and the circulation of which in a street broadside had seemed to give him very serious annoyance. We quote some verses of this doggrel, just to show that Hook had to take as well as give:—

"Then Hook says to Allan, 'We're blown, my poor nigger,
We at last are found out to be loose in the figure;
We have sacked it and spent it, and cannot repay,
So let's e'en hop the twig in the old Roman way!'

'O massa!' says Allan, 'whatever you do,
It will comfort my heart to accompany you.
That there grog at the governor's! O, what a goose!
Which is best, steel or lead, or a drop of the juice?'

'First a drop of the juice this here bottle contains—
And then barkers, like gemmen, to blow out our brains!
Here they are, fill your glass, to that bed-room retire—
Make ready, present, and when mine goes off—fire!'

Humble Allan then manfully emptied his glass,
And with pistol on cock to the bed-room did pass;
In a moment he heard massa's *bang*, and the nigger
In his mouth clapp'd the muzzle and drew back the trigger.

Then the beaks tumbled in, black and bistre and yellow,
And found Hook in great horror beside the poor fellow.
His own bullet of course perforated the floor—
And the peacher could now be cross-questioned no more."

Bench, within which he hired a small separate lodging, in an airy enough situation—Temple Place.

In 1824 Theodore Hook published the first series of that collection of tales which, under the title of "Sayings and Doings,"* placed him at once in the highest rank of the novelists of his generation; above all his contemporaries, with the one exception, of course, of the Author of "Waverley." The first idea and plan of the work was struck out during the sitting of a sort of *John Bull* conclave held at Fulham, and had origin in the suggestion of a friend, who, delighted with the anecdotes of Colonial life which Hook was pouring forth, conceived that they might be turned to better account than the mere entertainment of a dinner-party, and hit upon a title, at which Hook caught with eagnerness. So convinced was the latter that his first tale, "The Man of Sorrow," had not been fairly appreciated, that he actually embodied in his new essay the rejected attempt of Mr. Alfred Allendale, condensed, indeed, and purged from its impurities, but not materially altered from the original. Much better in every respect is the story of "Danvers, the *Parvenu*."

The more prominent characters in Hook's novels are, in spite of his disclaimer, unquestionably portraits. To many of the Anglo-Indian sketches, the journal kept during the author's sojourn at the Mauritius would doubtless supply a key.

Hook, indeed, always denied the possession of inventive faculties. There was doubtless truth as well as modesty in his assertion: "Give me a story to tell, and I can tell it, but I cannot create."

The popularity of the first series of "Sayings and Doings" (three vols.) may be estimated from his diary, which records the profit to the author as £2,000. There were, we believe, three considerable impressions before the Second Series, also in three vols., was ready in the spring of 1825. And shortly after that publication he was at length released from custody—with an intimation, however, that the Crown abandoned nothing of its claim for the Mauritius debt.

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* "Sayings and Doings" provoked a rather pungent satirical pamphlet, entitled "Sayings and Doings Considered, with On Dits, Family Memoirs, etc., etc., etc. London : Allman, 1825," pp. 46.

The first series of "Sayings and Doings" were soon followed (1825—1829) by a second and third, which are generally considered in every way superior to the former ones. The author was of this opinion himself, and the public as certainly ratified his verdict.

In the meantime Theodore Hook, released from his temporary confinement, had taken a cottage at Putney, of which neighbourhood he had always been fond, and may be said to have re-entered society, though his circle of acquaintance continued limited for a couple of years more.

While at Putney, in 1826, he from motives of pure kindness re-wrote, that is to say, composed from rough illiterate materials, the very entertaining "Reminiscences" of an old theatrical and musical friend of his—Michael Kelly. The book was received with astonishment, for he generously kept his own secret.

In 1827 he took a higher flight, and became the tenant of a house in Cleveland Row—on the edge of what, in one of his novels, he describes as "the real London—the space between Pall Mall on the south, and Piccadilly on the north, St. James's-street on the west, and the Opera House to the east." The residence was handsome, and indeed appeared extravagantly too large for his purpose. He was admitted a member of several clubs; became the first attraction of their house-dinners; and in those where play was allowed, might usually be seen in the course of his protracted evening. Soon he began to receive invitations to great houses in the country, and from week after week, often travelled from one to another, to all outward appearance, in the style of an idler of high condition. He had soon entangled himself with habits and connections which implied considerable curtailment of his labour at the desk, and entailed a course of expenditure more than sufficient to swallow all the profits of what remained.

His next novel, "Maxwell," published in 1830, is, in point of plot, by far the most perfect of his productions; the interest which is at once excited, never for an instant flags, and the mystery, so far from being of the flimsy transparent texture, common to romances, is such as to baffle the most practised and quick-witted discoverer of *dénoûments*, and to defy all attempts at elucidation.

New debts began to accumulate on him so rapidly, that about 1831, he found it necessary to get rid of the house at St. James's, and to remove to one of more modest dimensions close to Fulham Bridge, with a small garden looking towards the river. Here in the locality which had long been a favourite one with him, he remained till his death; but though he took advantage of the change to drop the custom of giving regular dinners, and probably to strike off some other sources of expense, he not only continued his habits of visiting, but extended them as new temptations offered.

Probably few of his admirers ever knew exactly where Hook lived. His letters and cards were left for him at one or other of his clubs, but it is doubtful if the interior of his Fulham cottage was ever seen by half a dozen people besides his old intimate friends and familiars. To the upper world he was visible only as the jocund convivialist of the club—the brilliant wit of the lordly banquet, the lion of the crowded assembly, the star of a Christmas or Easter party in a rural palace, the unfailing stage-manager, prompter, author, and occasionally excellent comic actor of private theatricals.

But, notwithstanding the round of gaiety and pleasure in which the greater number of his evenings were spent, the time so employed cannot be said to have been altogether wasted; for, to a writer who has to draw from life, whose books are men and women, and to whom the gossip and *on dits* of the day are the rough material of his manufacture, a constant mixing in society of every accessible rank is absolutely necessary—to one of his taste and discrimination, the higher the grade the better. Whithersoever he went he carried with him not only an unfailing fund of entertainment, but also unslumbering powers of observation, that served to redeem what otherwise would have appeared mere weakness and self-indulgence. And that he was not slow to avail himself of the advantages that fell to his share, no one will deny, who casts a glance over the list of productions he gave to the world, during a period when the intellectual exertion of his convivial hours alone would have exhausted the energies, physical and mental, of well-nigh any other man.

In 1832 he published the "Life of Sir David Baird," a standard biographical work, and one spoken of in the highest terms by the best reviews of the day. So satisfied were the family with the manner in which he executed his task, that they presented him with a magnificent gold snuff-box set with brilliants, the gift of the Pasha of Egypt to the subject of the memoir. Hook seems to have tossed the trinket aside as an unconsidered trifle into a drawer, from which it was happily rescued on the accidental discovery of its value and importance.

In 1833 he sent forth no fewer than six volumes, full of originality and wit; a novel called the "Parson's Daughter," and a couple of stories under the title of "Love and Pride." In one of the latter, the supposed resemblance of Liston to a certain noble lord is happily turned to account; the being mistaken for *Mr. Buggins*, principal low comedian of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, forming a light and pointed climax to the *congeries* of ridiculous miseries heaped on the unfortunate Marquis.

In 1836, Theodore Hook undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at a salary of four hundred pounds a year, irrespective of the sums to be paid for original contributions. Here he commenced his "Gilbert Gurney," accommodating himself to the exceedingly uncomfortable practice, now all but universal among popular and prolific novelists, of delivering his tale by monthly instalments. To this plan, though obliged to succumb to it, he always took exception, as not only wearisome to the reader, but fatal to fair development of plot.

Of all his works, "Gilbert Gurney" is by far the most mirth-provoking and remarkable. His own adventures form the groundwork of the comedy; himself and his friends figure as the *dramatis personæ*, and throughout the whole there appear an unrestrained expression of private feelings, and a frequency of personal allusion, that give it the semblance and almost the interest of true history.

In his next novel, "Jack Brag," Hook again hit upon a character with which he could go to work *con amore*. Vulgar, vain, and impudent, a cross between a tallow-chandler, and what, in the cant phrase of the day, is termed a sporting *gent*, a hanger-on upon the loose branches of the aristocracy, and occasionally thrown into society more respectable, Mr. Brag's *gaucheries* convulse the reader; while those who scorn not to read a warning, even on the page of a novel, may be led to devote more than a passing thought to the folly (to say the least of it) of indulging in the very silly and very common habit of perpetual though petty misrepresentation, as regards their means and position in life, and the nature and degree of their acquaintance with individuals of a rank higher than their own. There is no lower depth of drawing-room degradation than is involved in the exposure of one of these pretenders; unrecognised, perhaps, by his "most intimate friend" Lord A——, cut by his "old crony" Sir John B——, or never "heard of" by his "college chum," the Bishop of C——.

"Jack Brag" was followed, in 1839, by "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," which, notwithstanding its infelicitous title,—as far as fitness goes, it might as well have been called "Law Notices," or "Fashionable Intelligence," or by any other newspaper "heading,"—was a novel of a higher class than any he had before attempted: the humour is scantier and more subdued than heretofore, and though the magnificent *Colonel Magnus*, and his rascally attorney *Brassey*, here and there afford admirable sport, the latter, with his economical wardrobe, to wit:—"one tooth-brush twisted up in a piece of whitey-brown paper; a razor by itself tied with a piece of red tape to a round pewter shaving-box (enclosing a bit of soap), with the tip of its handle peeping from the bottom of a leathern case, like the feet of a long-legged Lilliputian sticking out of his coffin; a remarkably dirty flannel under-waistcoat, edged with light blue silk and silver; one pair of black silk socks, brown in the bottoms," &c.—yet the general effect is heavy,—heavier, that is, than the public were inclined to accept from the pen of Theodore Hook.

This, in point of fact, may be considered his last finished work. "Precepts and Practice" appeared in 1840,—the name an obvious plagiarism, and from himself, being merely a collection of short papers and tales, published during the preceding year or two, in the *New Monthly*, of which he was the editor. As for "Fathers and Sons," portions of which appeared in the same magazine, and "Peregrine Bunce," we believe neither of them to have been completed by his own hand; of the latter, about one hundred pages of the last of the three volumes were certainly supplied by another writer.

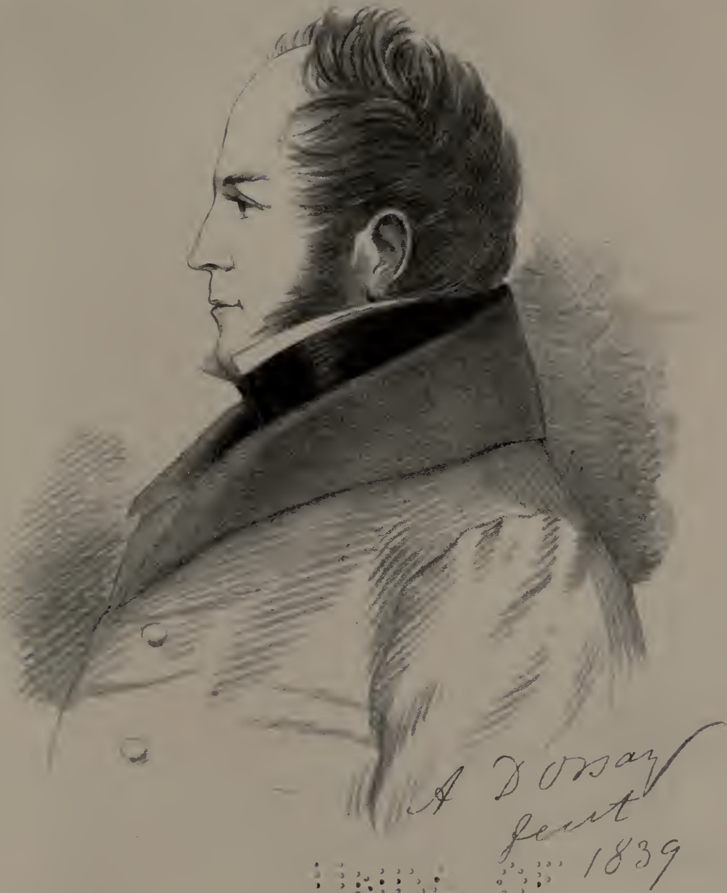
for Mr [illegible]

The production of thirty-eight volumes, within sixteen years, Hook being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, affords sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness; but in other respects there had been great changes within that period. Two unhappy errors into which he had fallen marred the happiness of the remainder of his life. Before his arrest in 1823, he had formed a *liaison*, which, though perhaps excusable in his position at Somers Town, was persisted in afterwards under less adverse circumstances, until the righteous consequences of guilt could not be averted. This connection soon became such as, in his position, and with the kind and manly feelings which adhered to him, made it impossible for him to marry in his proper condition; and though he often thought of atoning to his partner, and in some sort to the children she had borne him, by making her his wife, he never took courage to satisfy his conscience by carrying that purpose into effect. The second error regarded his debt to the Crown, which, though during the last twenty years of life he was in receipt of an affluent income from his writings, he made no real or adequate effort to repay by instalments. Hook never denied that he was in justice responsible for a deficit of £9,000; and those who had the sole authority to judge of the matter, pronounced the rightful claim to be £12,000. When he was released from the King's Bench, he was told distinctly that the debt must hang over him until every farthing was paid. We know that he had, in his great and various talents, left from that hour at his free command, means of earning far more than enough for his own decent maintenance, and that of his unfortunate family; and most clearly every shilling that he could make beyond that ought to have been, from time to time, paid into the Exchequer towards the liquidation of his debt. In neglecting this, he threw away the only chance before him of effectually vindicating his character, together with all reasonable chance of ever again profiting by the open patronage of either the Crown or its Ministers. In every page of his works we trace the disastrous influence of both these grand original errors, perpetually crossing and blackening the picture of superficial gaiety—indications, not to be mistaken, of a conscience ill at ease; of painful recollections and dark anticipations rising irrepressibly, and not to be stifled; of good, gentle, and generous feelings converted by the stings of remorse into elements of torture.

His pecuniary embarrassments became deeper and darker every year. Even in the midst of his abundant dissipation he worked hard in the mornings—certainly he covered with his MS. more paper than would have proved, in almost any other man's case, the energetic exertion of every hour in every day that passed over his head; and little did his fine friends understand or reflect at what an expense of tear and wear he was devoting his evenings to their amusement.

About a month before his decease he wrote to Mr. Barham, whom he requested to run down to Fulham and see him, as he was too ill to leave home himself; and of the interview which ensued we are enabled to give a somewhat full account, committed to paper shortly afterwards, and evidently with the view of fixing the impression, yet fresh, in the writer's mind:—

"It was on the 29th of July, 1841, that I last saw poor Hook. I had received a note from him requesting me to come down and see him, as he wished much to talk over some matters of importance, and could not, from the state of his health, drive into town. I went accordingly, and after a long conversation, which related principally to * * * and to his novel, 'Peregrine Bunce,' then going through the press, but which he never lived to complete, a roast fowl was put on the table for luncheon. He helped me and took a piece himself, but laid down his knife and fork after the first mouthful, which, indeed, he made an unsuccessful attempt to swallow. On my observing his unusual want of appetite—for his luncheon was in general his dinner—he said: 'It is of no use, old fellow; the fact is I have not tasted a morsel of solid food these five days!' 'Then what on earth have you lived upon?' to which he replied, 'Effervescing draughts;' adding afterwards, that he was allowed to take occasionally a


A D'Orsay
fecit
1839

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Theodore E. Hook

At the age of 51 from a Portrait by Count D'Orsay

tumbler of rum and milk, or a pint of Guinness's bottled porter.

"On hearing this, I strongly pressed on him the necessity of having further advice, which he at length promised he would do, if he were not better in a day or two. I told him that my wife and myself were going down to the Isle of Thanet, and pressed him very much to throw work overboard for a while, and accompany us and be nursed. He said, however, 'he was completely tied to his desk till he had concluded what he was then writing for Colburn and Bentley; but that he should get quite clear of his trammels in about a month, and then, if we were still there, he would make an effort to pay us a visit.'"

In truth, he was soon past writing; death was advancing upon him with rapid strides, while earthly prospects were growing, daily, darker and more threatening. It is painful to reflect that his last hours, ere the struggling mind had sunk into insensibility, were disturbed by the apprehension of inability to meet a couple of bills of comparatively trifling amount, on the point, as he believed, of becoming due. On Friday, the 13th of August, he took finally to his bed, the stream hurried on with increasing velocity as it approached the fall—a brief agitated interval, happily not neglected, was left for the first, last work of erring man, and on the evening of the 24th he expired.

The disorder under which he had been labouring for years, arose from a diseased state of the liver and stomach, brought on partly by mental anxiety, but principally, it is to be feared, by that habit of over-indulgence at table, the curse of Colonial life, which he had early acquired, and to which he held with fatal perseverance to the end. It needed no ordinary powers to enable him to sustain the contest so long; but his frame was robust and his constitution vigorous; and he seems to have possessed in a remarkable degree that power of maintaining the supremacy of mind over matter, which rendered him indifferent to, or unconscious of, the first slow approaches of decay. He was buried with extreme privacy at Fulham; a simple stone bearing his name and age marks the spot, which is immediately opposite the chancel window, and within a few paces of his former home.

THE RAMSBOTTOM PAPERS.

1822—1831.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

[The Letters of Mrs. Ramsbottom, complete and unabridged, are here published in a collected form for the *first* time. They originally appeared in the pages of the *John Bull* newspaper, where their publication extended over a period of ten years. A complete set of the *John Bull* is now very rare, and, in proof of this, we may state that when a London publisher recently issued a cheap edition of the "Ramsbottom Letters," *thirteen* were all that he could give, whereas the whole of *the twenty-nine* are here given, and genuine—just as they left the pen of the witty author.]

THE RAMSBOTTOM PAPERS.

I.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S PARTY.

April, 1822.

ON Thursday last, Mrs. Ramsbottom, of Pudding-lane, opened her house to a numerous party of her friends. The drawing-room over the compting-house, and the small closet upon the stairs, were illuminated in a most tasteful manner, and Mr. Ramsbottom's own room was appropriated to card-tables, where all-fours and cribbage were the order of the night. Several pounds were won and lost.

The shop was handsomely fitted up for quadrilles, which began as soon as it was dark; the rooms being lighted with an abundance of patent lamps, and decorated with artificial flowers. The first quadrille was danced by—

Mr. Simpson, Jun.	and	Miss Ramsbottom
Mr. Botibol		Miss E. A. Ramsbottom
Mr. Green		Miss Rosalie Ramsbottom
Mr. Mugliston		Miss Charlotte Ramsbottom
Mr. Higginbotham		Miss Lilla Ramsbottom
Mr. Arthur Stubbs		Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom
Mr. O'Reilly		Miss Frances Hogsflesh
A French Count (*name unknown*)		Miss Rachel Solomons.

At half-past ten the supper-room was thrown open, and presented to the admiring eyes of the company a most elegant and substantial hot repast. The mackerel and fennel-sauce were particularly noticed, as were the boiled legs of lamb and spinach; and we cannot sufficiently praise the celerity with which the ham and sausages were removed, as the respectable families of the Jewish persuasion entered the room. The port and sherry were of the first quality. Supper lasted till about a quarter past two, when dancing was resumed, and continued till Sol warned the festive party to disperse.

The dresses of the company were remarkably elegant. Mrs. Ramsbottom was simply attired in a pea-green satin dress, looped up with crimson cord and tassels, with a bright yellow silk turban and hair to match; a magnificent French watch, chain, and seals were suspended from her left side, and her neck was adorned with a very elegant row of full-sized sky-blue beads, pendant to which was a handsome miniature of Mr. Ramsbottom, in the costume of a corporal in the Limehouse Volunteers, of which corps he was justly considered the brightest ornament.

The Misses Ramsbottom were dressed alike, in sky-blue dresses, trimmed with white bugles, blue bead necklaces, and ear-rings *en suite*. We never saw a more pleasing exhibition of female beauty, the sylph-like forms of the three youngest, contrasted with the high-conditioned elegance of the two eldest, formed a pleasing variety; while the uniform appearance of the family red hair, set off by the cerulean glow of the drapery, gave a sympathetic sameness to the group, which could not fail to be interesting to the admirers of domestic happiness.

The Misses Solomons attracted particular notice, as did the fascinating Miss Louisa Doddell, and the lovely Miss Hogsflesh, delighted the company after supper with the plaintive air of "Nobody coming to marry me;" Mr. Stubbs and Mr. J. Stubbs sang "All's well" with great effect, and Mr. Doddell and his accomplished sister were rapturously encored in the duet of "Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?"

Among the company we noticed—

The French Count (name unknown, but introduced by Mr. J. Stubbs).

Mistresses Dawes, Bumstead, Gordon, Green, five Smiths, Jones, Hall, Ball, Small, Wall, Groves, Taylor, Dixon, Figgins, Stubbs, Lightfoot, Hogsflesh, Muggins, Higginbottom, Cruikshanks, Barnet, Levi, Solomons, Ricardo, Hume, Hone, Parker, Wilde, Cummins, Farthing, Thompson, Anderson, Tod, Smallpiece, Flint, Doddell, Peppercorn, Adcock and Pyman.

Misses Stubbs, 2 Grubbs, 11 Smiths, Lightfoot, Simmons, 3 Halfpennys, Hall, Ball, Small, Wall, Barton, 3 Jones's, Hogsflesh, Eglantine Hogsflesh, 2 Greens, 4 Hones, Ricardo, Williams, 2 Doddells, Peppercorn, Holman, Figgins, Garbett, Burton, Morgan, Ellis, Levi, Flint, 3 Farthings, Eversfield and Parkinson.

Doctor Dixon, Lieut. Cox, R.N., Ensign Ellmore, H.P.

Messrs. Green, Halfpenny, Butterfield, Dabbs, Harmer, Griffiths, Grubb, Hogsflesh, Hall, Ball, Small, Wall, Taylor, Tod, Adcock, Flint, Doddell, J. Doddle, A. Doddell, T. Doddell, Farrell, O'Reilly, Yardley, Muscatt, Dabbs, Giblett, Barber, Sniggs, Cocker, Hume, Bernelle, Moses, Levi, Hone, Ellice, Higginbottom, White, Brown, Stubbs, J. Stubbs, S. Rogers, Hicks, Moore, Morgan, Luttrell, etc.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lady Morgan, Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, Sir Robert Wilson, and General Pepe were expected, but did not come.

II.

MISS LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

April 27, 1823.

The following is from no less a personage than our fair favourite, Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom:—

"Ma' desires me to write to you, to say that you are quite out in your reckoning as to dry-salters and citizens going to the Opera in hackney-coaches, and she hopes you will correct your calumny about our being in the straw. A friend of Pa's, who lives in the Minories, who is a great friend of Mr. Broom's, the Queen's lawyer, says that you are very malicious, and that, after all your pretended kindness last year, in putting in Ma's account of our party *gratis* for nothing, you only did it to quiz us; and Ma' says she shall continue to go to the Opera as long as she pleases, and she does not care whether the people have any clothes on, or none, so long as her betters countenances it.

"P.S.—Pa's young men play at Cardinal Puff, with table-beer, after supper every night,—so you see we have got *that* from the West End."

III.

MISS LAVINIA'S LETTER FROM PARIS, FORWARDING HER MOTHER'S JOURNAL IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

To John Bull.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1823.

My dear Mr. B.,—The kindness with which you put in the account of our party last year, induces my Mamma to desire me to write to you again, to know if you would like to insert a journal of her travels.

My Papa has retired from business; he has left the shop in the Minories, and has taken a house in Montague Place—a beautiful street very far west, and near the British Museum—and my two younger sisters have been sent over here, to improve their education and their morals, and Mamma and I came over last week to see them, and if they had got polish enough, to take them home again. Papa would not come with us, because, when he was quite a youth, he got a very great alarm in Chelsea Reach, because the waterman would put up a sail, and from that time to this he never can be prevailed upon to go to sea; so we came over under the care of Mr. Fulmer, the banker's son, who was coming to his family.

Mamma has not devoted much of her time to the study of English, and does not understand French at all, and therefore perhaps her journal will here and there appear incorrect, but she is a great etymologist, and so fond of you, that although I believe Mr. Murray, the great bookseller in Albemarle Street, would give her, I do not know how many thousand pounds for her book, if she published it "all in the lump," as Papa says, she prefers sending it to you piecemeal, and so you will have it every now and then, as a portion of it is done. I have seen Mr. Fulmer laugh sometimes when she has been reading it; but I see nothing to laugh at, except the hard words she uses, and the pains she takes to find out meanings for things. She says if you do not like to print it, you may let Murray have it—but that, of course, she would prefer your doing it.

I enclose a portion—more shall come soon. Papa, I believe, means to ask you to dinner when we get back to town; he says you are a terrible body, and as he has two or three weak points in his character, he thinks it better to be friends with you than foes. I know of but one fault he has—yes, perhaps two—but I will not tell you what they are till I see whether you publish Mamma's journal.

Adieu! I was very angry with you for praising little Miss M. at the Lord Mayor's Dinner; I know her only by sight: we are not quite in those circles yet, but I think when we get into Montague Place we may see something of life. She is a very pretty girl, and very amiable, and that is the truth of it, but you had no business to say so, you fickle monster.

Yours truly,

LAVINIA HIGGINBOTTOM.

We proceeded, after reading this letter, to open the enclosure, and found what follows. We do not presume to alter one word, but when any trifling difficulty occurs, arising from the depth of Mrs. Higginbottom's research, we have ventured to insert a note. The title of the manuscript is

ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

By Dorothea Julia Higginbottom.

And thus, gentle reader, it ran :—

"Having often heard travellers lament not having put down what they call the memorybillious of their journies, I was determined while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called from containing the cream of one's information), and record everything which recurred to me—therefore I begin with my departure from London.

"Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Mountague Place at seven o'clock by Mr. Fulmer's pocket thermometer, and proceeded over Westminster-bridge to explode the European continent.

"I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745 opposite the Horse-Guards—his memorable speech to Archbishop Caxon rings in my ears whenever I pass the spot—I reverted my head, and affected to look to see what o'clock it was by the dial, on the opposite side of the way.

"It is quite impossible not to notice the improvements in this part of the town; the beautiful view which one gets of Westminster Hall, and its curious roof, after which, as everybody knows, its builder was called William Roofus.

"Amongst the lighter specimens of modern architecture, is Ashley's Ampletheatre, on your right, as you cross the bridge, (which was built, Mr. Fulmer told me, by the Court of Arches and the House of Peers). In this ampletheatre there are equestrian performances, so called because they are exhibeted nightly—during the season.

"It is quite impossible to quit this 'mighty maze,' as Lady Hopkins emphatically calls London, in her erudite 'Essay upon Granite,' without feeling a thousand powerful sensations—so much wealth, so much virtue, so much vice, such business as is carried on, within its precincts, such influence as its inhabitants possess in every part of the civilized world —it really exalts the mind from meaner things, and casts all minor considerations far behind one.

"The toll at the Marsh-gate is ris since we last come through—it was here we were to have taken up Lavinia's friend, Mr. Smith, who had promised to go with us to Dover, but we found his servant instead of himself, with a billy, to say he was sorry he could not come, because his friend, Sir John somebody, wished him to stay and go down to Poll at Lincoln. I have no doubt this Poll, whoever she may be, is a very respectable young woman, but mentioning her, by her christian name only, in so abrupt a manner, had a very unpleasant appearance at any rate.

"Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached the Obstacle in St. George's Fields, where our attention was arrested by those great institutions, the 'School for the Indignant Blind,' and the 'Misanthropic Society' for making shoes, both of which claim the gratitude of the nation.

"At the corner of the lane leading to Peckham, I saw that they had removed the Dollygraph which used to stand up on the declivity to the right of the road—the dollygraphs are all to be superseded by Serampores.

"When we came to the Green Man at Blackheath we had an opportunity of noticing the errors of former travellers, for the heath is green, and the man is black; Mr. Fulmer endeavoured to account for this, by saying that Mr. Colman has discovered that Moors being black, and Heaths being a kind of Moor, he looks upon the confusion of words as the cause of the mistake.

"N.B. Colman is the eminent Itinerary Surgeon, who constantly resides at St. Pancras.

"As we went near Woolwich we saw at a distance the artillery officers on a common, a firing away with their bombs in mortars like any thing.

"At Dartford they make gunpowder; here we changed horses, at the inn we saw a most beautiful Rhoderick Random in a pot, covered with flowers, it is the finest I ever saw, except those at Dropmore. [Note (Rhododendron).]

"When we got to Rochester we went to the Crown Inn and had a cold collection: the charge was absorbent—I had often heard my poor dear husband talk of the influence of the Crown, and a Bill of Wrights, but I had no idea what it really meant till we had to pay one.

"As we passed near Chatham I saw several Pitts, and Mr. Fulmer showed me a great many buildings—I believe he said they were fortyfications, but I think there must have been near fifty of them—he also shewed us the Lines at Chatham, which I saw quite distinctly, with the clothes drying on them. Rochester was remarkable in King Charles's time, for being a very witty and dissolute place, as I have read in books.

"At Canterbury we stopped ten minutes to visit all the remarkable buildings and curiosities in it, and about its neighbourhood; the church is beautiful: when Oliver Cromwell conquered William the Third, he perverted it into a stable—the stalls are still standing—the old Virgin who shewed us the church, wore buckskin breeches and powder—he said it was an archypiscopal sea, but I saw no sea, nor do I think it possible he could see it either, for it is at least seventeen miles off—we saw Mr. Thomas à Beckett's tomb—my poor husband was extremely intimate with the old gentleman, and one of his nephews, a very nice man, who lives near Golden-square, dined with us twice, I think, in London—in Trinity Chapel is the monument of Eau de Cologne, just as it is now exhibiting at the Diarrea in the Regent's Park.

"It was late when we got to Dover: we walked about while our dinner was preparing, looking forward to our snug *tete-â-tete* of three—we went to look at the sea, so called, perhaps, from the uninterrupted view one has, when upon it—it was very curious to see the locks to keep in the water here, and the keys which are on each side of them, all ready, I suppose, to open them if they were wanted.

"Mr. Fulmer looked at a high place, and talked of Shakspeare, and said out of his own head, these beautiful lines.—

> "Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers camphire, dreadful trade."

"This, I think it but right to say, I did not myself see.—

> "Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice."

"This, again, I cannot quite agree to, for where we stood, they looked exactly like men, only smaller, which I attribute to the effect of distance—and then Mr. Fulmer said this—

> "And yon tall anchoring bark
> Diminished to her cock—her cock a boy!"

"This latter part I do not in the least understand, nor what Mr. Fulmer meant by cock a boy—however, Lavinia seemed to comprehend it all, for she turned up her eyes and said something about the immortal bird of heaven—so I suppose they were alluding to the eagles, which doubtless build their aviaries in that white mountain—(immortal bard of Avon, the lady means).

"After dinner we read the Paris Guide, and looked over the list of all the people who had been incontinent during the season, whose names are all put down in a book at the inn, for the purpose—we went to rest, much fatigued, knowing that we should be obliged to get up early, to be ready for embrocation in the packet in the morning.

"We were, however, awake with the owl, and a walking a way before eight, we went to see the castle—which was built, the man told us, by Seizer, so called, I conclude, from seizing whatever he could lay his hands on—the man said moreover that he had invaded Britain and conquered it, upon which I told him that if he repeated such a thing in my presence again, I should write to Mr. Peel about him.

"We saw the inn where Alexander, the Autograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here, and as we were going along, we met twenty or thirty dragons mounted on horses, the ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer's—he looked at Lavinia, and seemed pleased with her *Tooting assembly*—he was quite a *sine qua non* of a man, and wore tips on his lips, like Lady Hopkins's poodle.

"I heard Mr. Fulmer say he was a son of Marr's; he spoke it as if every body knew his father, so I suppose he must be the son of the poor gentleman, who was so barbarously murdered some years ago, near Ratcliffe Highway: if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

"At twelve o'clock we got into a boat and rowed to the packet; it was very fine and clear for the season, and Mr. Fulmer said he should not dislike pulling Lavinia about, all the morning: this I believe was a naughtycal phrase, which I did not rightly comprehend, because Mr. F. never offered to talk in that way on shore, to either of us.

"The packet is not a parcel as I imagined, in which we were to be made up for exportation, but a boat of considerable size; it is called a cutter—why, I do not know, and did not like to ask. It was very curious to see how it rolled about—however I felt quite mal-apropos, and instead of exciting any of the soft sensibilities of the other sex, a great unruly man, who held the handle of the ship, bid me lay hold of a companion, and when I sought his arm for protection, he introduced me to a ladder, down which I ascended into the cabin, one of the most curious places I ever beheld, where ladies and gentlemen are put upon shelves like books in a library, and where tall men are doubled up like boot-jacks, before they can be put away at all.

"A gentleman in a hairy cap without his coat, laid me perpendicularly on a mattress, with a basin by my side, and said that was my birth; I thought it would have been my death, for I never was so indisposed in all my life. I behaved extremely ill to a very amiable middle-aged gentleman with a bald head, who had the misfortune to be attending upon his wife, in the little hole under me.

"There was no symphony to be found among the tars, (so called from their smell) for just before we went off I heard them throw a painter overboard, and directly after, they called out to one another to hoist up an ensign. I was too ill to enquire what the poor young gentleman had done, but after I came up stairs I did not see his body hanging anywhere, so I conclude they had cut him down; I hope it was not young Mr. Marr a venturing after my Lavy.

"I was quite shocked to find what democrats the sailors are—they seem to hate the nobility, and especially the law lords: the way I discovered this apathy of theirs to the nobility, was this—the very moment we lost sight of England and were close to France, they began, one and all, to swear first at the peer, and then at the bar, in such gross terms as made my very blood run cold.

"I was quite pleased to see Lavinia sitting with Mr. Fulmer in the travelling carriage on the outside of the packet. But Lavinia afforded great proofs of her good bringing up, by commanding her feelings—it is curious what could have agitated the billiary ducks of my stomach, because I took every precaution which is recommended in different books to prevent ill-disposition. I had some mutton chops at breakfast, some Scotch marmalade on bread and butter, two eggs, two cups of coffee and three of tea, besides toast, a little fried whiting, some potted charr, and a few shrimps, and after breakfast I took a glass of warm white wine negus, and a few oysters, which lasted me till we got into the boat, when I began eating gingerbread nuts, all the way to the packet, and then was persuaded to take a glass of bottled porter to keep every thing snug and comfortable."

And here ends our present communication. We are mightily obliged to Miss Higginbottom, and shall with great pleasure continue the journal, whenever we are presented with it.

IV.

HIGGINBOTTOM AND RAMSBOTTOM.

To John Bull.

Montague Place, Dec. 24, 1823.

Sir,—I never wished either my wife or daughter to turn authoresses, as I think ladies which write books are called, and I should have set my face against the publication of my wife's Journal of her Tour if I had been consulted; but the truth is, they seldom ask me anything as to what is to be done, until they have first done it themselves.

Now I like you, because you have done the West Indians a good turn, and also because you try to put down the papishes; but there *is* a thing which under all the circumstances vexes me, because, as you may remember, Mr. Burke said, "anything which is worth doing is worth doing well." What I quarrel with you for is, that you put my wife's name and my daughter's name as Mrs. and Miss Higginbottom, whereas our name is Ramsbottom, and whether it be the stupidity of your printers, or that my daughter, who has been three years at an uncommon fine school at Hackney, cannot write plain, I do not pretend to say; but I do not like it, because, since every tub should stand on its own bottom, I think the Higginbottoms should not have the credit of doing what the Ramsbottoms actually do.

Perhaps you will correct this little error: it hurts me, because, as I said before, I like you very much, and I have got a few cases of particular champagne, a wine which my friend Rogers tells me, you are extremely fond of, and which he says is better than all the "real pain" in the world—(nobody ever said it before); and when the women return from over the horrid sea, I hope you will come and drink some of it; so pray just make an *erratum*, as the booksellers say, and put our right names in your paper, by doing which you will really oblige, your's,

HUMPHREY RAMSBOTTOM.

P.S.—My second daughter is a very fine girl, and I think as clever as Lavy, and writes a much clearer hand—you shall see her when you come to M—— Place.

V.

MISS LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM FORWARDS THE CONTINUATION OF HER MOTHER'S DIARY.

To JOHN BULL.

Paris, Dec. 28, 1823.

DEAR MR. B.,—I never was so surprised in my life as when we got your paper here, to see that your printing people had called Ma' and me Higginbottom—I was sure, and I told Ma' so, that it could not be your fault, because you could not have made such a mistake in my handwriting, nor could you have forgotten me so much as to have done such a thing; but I suppose you were so happy and comfortable with your friends (for judging by the number of your enemies you must have a host of them) at this merry season, that you did not pay so much attention to your correspondents as usual. I forgive you, my dear Mr. B.—Christmas comes but once a-year, and I assure you we had a small lump of roast beef (*portion pour deux*) from M. Godeau's, over the way, to keep up our national custom—the man actually asked Ma' whether she would have a *rost-bif de mouton;* so little do they know anything about it. I send another portion of Ma's diary—you spelt it "dairy" in the paper—I don't know whether Ma' put it so herself—she is quite pleased at seeing it published, and Mr. Fulmer called and said it was capital.

We have just come from the Ambassador's chapel, and are going to see St. Cloud directly, so I cannot write much myself, but must say adieu.—Always believe me, dear Mr. B., yours truly, LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

BY DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

(*Continued.*)

"When we came near the French shore, a batto (which is much the same as a boat in England) came off to us, and, to my agreeable surprise, an Englishman came into our ship; and I believe he was a man of great consequence, for I overheard him explaining some dreadful quarrel which had taken place in our Royal Family.

"He said to the master of our ship, that owing to the Prince Leopold having run foul of the Duchess of Kent while she was in stays, the Duchess had missed Deal. By which I conclude it was a dispute at cards—however, I want to know nothing of state secrets, or I might have heard a great deal more, because it appeared that the Duchess's head was considerably injured in the scuffle.

"I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of perplexity by over-reaching himself—he lay prostituted upon the floor, and if it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his temporary artery and his jocular vein, with a lancelot which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end.

"It was altogether a most moving spectacle—he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress was to be able to add a crocodile to his will, in favour of his niece, about whom he appeared very sanguinary.

"It was quite curious to see the doctor fleabottomize the patient, which he did without any accident, although it blew a perfect harrico at the time. I noticed two little children, who came out of the boat, with hardly any clothes on them, speaking French like anything—a proof of the superior education given to the poor in France, to that which they get in England from Dr. Bell of Lancaster.

"When we landed at Callous, we were extremely well received, and I should have enjoyed the sight very much, but Mr. Fulmer, and another gentleman in the batto, kept talking of nothing but how turkey and grease disagreed with each other, which, in the then state of my stomach, was far from agreeable.

"We saw the print of the foot of Louis Desweet, the French King, where he first stopped when he returned to his country—he must be a prodigious heavy man to have left such a deep mark in the stone—we were surrounded by Commissioners, who were so hospitable as to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr. Fulmer showed our pass-ports to a poor old man, with a bit of red ribband tied to his button-hole, and we went before the Mayor, who is no more like a Mayor than my foot-boy.

"Here they took a subscription of our persons, and one of the men said that Lavinia had a jolly manton, at which the clerks laughed, and several of them said she was a jolly feel, which I afterwards understood meant a pretty girl—I misunderstood it for fee, which, being in a public office, was a very natural mistake.

"We went then to a place they call the Do-Anne, where they took away the pole of my baruch—I was very angry at this, but they told me we were to travel in Lemonade with a biddy, which I did not understand, but Mr. Fulmer was kind enough to explain it to me as we went to the hotel, which is in a narrow street, and contains a garden and courtyard.

"I left it to Mr. Fulmer to order dinner, for I felt extremely piquant, as the French call it, and a very nice dinner it was —we had a purey, which tasted very like soup—one of the men said it was made from leather, at least so I understood, but it had quite the flavour of hare; I think it right here to caution travellers against the fish at this place, which looks very good, but which I have reason to believe is very unwholesome, for one of the waiters called it poison while speaking to the other—the fish was called marine salmon, but it looked like veal cutlets.

"They are so fond of Buonaparte still that they call the table-cloths Naps, in compliment to him—this I remarked to myself, but said nothing about it to anybody else, for fear of consequences.

"One of the waiters, who spoke English, asked me if I would have a little Bergami, which surprised me, till Mr. Fulmer said it was the wine he was handing about, when I refused it, preferring to take a glass of Bucephalus.

"When we had dined we had some coffee, which is here called cabriolet; after which Mr. Fulmer asked if we would have a chasse, which I thought meant a hunting party, and said I was afraid of going out into the fields at that time of night—but I found chasse was a lickure called *cure a sore* (from its healing qualities, I suppose), and very nice it was—after we had taken this, Mr. Fulmer went out to look at the jolly feels in the shops of Callous, which I thought indiscreet in the cold air; however, I am one as always overlooks the little piccadillies of youth.

"When we went to accoucher at night, I was quite surprised in not having a man for a chambermaid; and if it had not been for the entire difference of the style of furniture, the appearance of the place, and the language and dress of the attendants, I never should have discovered that we had changed our country in the course of the day.

"In the morning early we left Callous with the Lemonade, which is Shafts, with a very tall post-boy, in a violet-coloured jacket, trimmed with silver; he rode a little horse, which is called a biddy, and wore a nobbed tail, which thumped against his back like a patent self-acting knocker. We saw, near Bullion, Buonaparte's conservatory, out of which he used to look at England in former days.

"Nothing remarkable occurred till we met a courier a travelling, Mr. Fulmer said, with despatches; these men were called couriers immediately after the return of the Bonbons, in compliment to the London newspaper, which always wrote in their favour. At Montrule, Mr. Fulmer shewed me Sterne's Inn, and there I saw Mr. Sterne himself, a standing at the door, with a French cocked hat upon his head, over a white night-cap. Mr. Fulmer asked if he had any becauses in his house; but he said no: what they were I do not know to this moment.

"It is no use describing the different places on our rout, because Paris is the great object of all travellers, and therefore I shall come to it at once—it is reproached by a revenue of trees; on the right of which you see a dome, like that of St. Paul's, but not so large. Mr. Fulmer told me it was an invalid, and it did certainly look very yellow in the distance; on the left you perceive Mont Martyr, so called from the number of windmills upon it.

"I was very much surprised at the height of the houses, and the noise of the carriages in Paris: and was delighted when we got to our hotel, which is Wag Ram; why I did not like to enquire; it is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone.—*Timbre Royal.*

"The hotel which I have mentioned is in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the place Fumdum, where there is a pillow as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the pompous pillow in Egypt; this is a beautiful object, and is made of all the guns, coats, waistcoats, hats, boots and belts, which belonged to the French who were killed by the cold in Prussia at the fire of Moscow.

"At the top of the pillow is a small apartment, which they call a pavillion, and over that a white flag, which I concluded to be hoisted as a remembrance of Buonaparte, being very like the table-cloths I noticed at Callous.

"We lost no time in going into the gardens of the Tooleries, where we saw the statutes at large in marvel—here we saw Mr. Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grope of Cupid and Physic, together with several of the busks which Lavy has copied, the original of which is in the Vacuum at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder, but is now reduced to a stable where the Pope keeps his bulls.

"Travellers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, and therefore we determined to see all we could in each day, so we went to the great church, which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country, although Mr. Fulmer said he believed he was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak.

"It was a great day at this church, and we staid for mass, so called from the crowd of people who attend it—the priest was very much incensed—we waited out the whole ceremony, and heard Tedium sung, which occupied three hours.

"We returned over the Pont Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris, and here we saw a beautiful image of Henry Carter; it is extremely handsome, and quite green—I fancied I saw a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth, but if it is one of his family, his posteriors are very much diminished in size and figure.

"Mr. Fulmer proposed that we should go and dine at a tavern called Very—because every thing is very good there; and accordingly we went, and I never was so malapropos in my life—there were two or three ladies quite in nubibus; but when I came to look at the bill of fare, I was quite anileated, for I perceived that Charlotte de Pommes might be sent for for one shilling and twopence, and Patty de Veau for half-a-crown. I desired Mr. Fulmer to let us go; but he convinced me there was no harm in the place, by shewing me a dignified clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, a eating away like any thing.

"We had a voulez vous of fowl, and some sailor's eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had not been told what it was would have distinguished them from pancakes—after the sailor's eels we had some pantaloon cutlets, which were savoury—but I did not like the writing paper—however, as it was a French custom, I eat every bit of it—they call sparrow-grass here asperge, I could not find out why.

"If I had not seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, who actually stew up shoes with partridges, and make very nice dishes too, I never could have believed the influence they have in the politics of the country—everything is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings, and the party who are still for Buonaparte call themselves traitors, while those who are partizans of the Bonbons are termed Restaurateurs, or friends of the Restoration.

"After dinner a French monsheur, who I thought was a waiter, for he had a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole, just the same as one of the waiters had, began to talk to Mr. Fulmer, and it was agreed we should go to the play—they talked of Racing and Cornhill, which made me think the mounsheur had been in England—however, it was arranged that we were to go and see Andrew Mackay at the Francay, or Jem Narse, or the Bullvards; but at last it was decided unanimously, crim. con. that we should go to see Jem Narse, and so we went—but I never saw the man himself after all.

"A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sung a song which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly—it was 'tal de lal de lal de lal,' and sounded quite like English—after he had done, although every body laughed, the whole house called out 'beast, beast,' and the man, notwithstanding, was foolish enough to sing it over again."

VI.

ADVENTURES AT PARIS.

To Mr. Bull.

Paris, January 28, 1824.

Sir,—As my daughter Lavy, who acts as my amaranthus, is ill-disposed with a cold and guittar, contracted by visiting the Hecatombs last week, I send this without her little billy which she usually sends; my second daughter has sprained her tender hercules in crossing one of the roues, and my third daughter has got a military fever, which, however, I hope, by putting her through a regiment, and giving her a few subterfuges, will soon abate. I am, however, a good deal *embracée*, as the French say, with so many invalids.

Since I wrote last, I have visited the Hullaballoo, or corn-market, so called from the noise made in it; Mr. Fulmer told me I should see the flower of the French nation there, but I only saw a crowd of old men and old women; here is a pillow made for judicious astronomy, but which looks like a sun-dial.

We went, on Tuesday, to the symetery of the Chaise-and-pair, as they call it, where the French and English are miscellaneously interred, and I amused myself by copying the epigrams on the tombstones—one of them, which looked like a large bath, Mr. Fulmer told me was a sark of a goose, which I had previously heard my friend Mr. Rogers call Mr. Hume's shirt.

In the afternoon we went to dine at Beau Villiers's—not the Mr. Villiers who owes our Government so much money—but the smell of the postillions which were burning in the rooms quite overpowered me. I got better in the evening, and as the girls were not with us, Mr. Fulmer took me round the Palais Royal, which is a curious place indeed. We saw several Russian war houses, and went into the "Caffee de Milk alone," so called because, when Bonypart confisticated the cargoes from the West Indies, and propagated the use of coffee, the lady who kept this place made a mixture with milk alone, which answered all the purpose of coffee. The room is surrounded by looking-glasses, so that the people are always multiplying who go there: the lady herself was very beautiful, but Mr. Fulmer told me she was constantly reflected upon. Mr. F. took some melted glass, upon which I did not like to venture, but contented myself with a tumbler of caterpillar and water.

Wednesday we went to the Shampdemars (which is opposite to the Pere Elisée), and saw a review of the Queerasses of the Royal Guard. The sister of the late Dolphin was present—the Dolphin of France is the same as the Prince of Whales in England. The Duke of Anglehome came by, from hunting, just at the time; I am told he is quite a Ramrod in the chace. The troops performed their revolutions with decision, and having manured all over the ground, fired a fille de joy, and returned to their quarters.

We went yesterday to what is their Parliament House, and while were a waiting in the antic-room, I saw a picture of Lewes de Sweet himself, in a large purple robe, lined with vermin and covered with fleur de lice. Being a stranger, I was allowed to look into the chamber; it is not quite what I expected: there seemed to be a man in a bar, with a bell before him, and the men who were speaking spoke all in French, and looked very shabby and mean; to be sure, they were only the deputies—it would have been more lucky if we had seen the members themselves.

Lavy, I think, has got a puncheon for Mr. Fulmer, and I am afraid is a fretting about it, but this is quite cet a dire between us, Mr. B. He says her figure is like the Venus de Medicine, which is no doubt owing to the pulling down she has had of late. We are going next week to Sanclew again, but we travel in such an odd carriage, that I cannot prevail upon myself to mention its name.

You must excuse a short letter to-day. I was determined to write, else I thought our friends in Westminster might be disappointed. You shall hear more at large by the next opportunity. Always yours,

D. J. Ramsbottom.

If you see Mr. R., tell him Mr. Fulmer has bought him two pictures; one of Ten Years, the other of Old Beans; I am no judge, but they are very black, and shine beautifully —they are considered shift doovers in these parts.

VII.

FURTHER ADVENTURES AT PARIS.

Paris, March 15, 1824.

My dear Bull,—I believe I shall soon have to announce that Mr. Fulmer has led my Lavy to the halter—but I am unwilling to be too sanguinary; should that happen, however, we shall extend our tower, and proceed to the Pay de Veau, and finally to Room, where Mr. Fulmer is to explain all the antics, what you so well know are collected there.

We have been to-day to see the Hotel de Veal, so called, I believe, from being situated in the Calf-market; it is now styled the Place de Grave, because all the malefactors who are decimated by the gulleting (an instrument so called from its cutting the sufferer's throat) are buried there. We crossed over the Pont Neuf, in order to go again to see the Mass. As we went along, I purchased two beautiful sieve jars, with covers, on purpose to keep Popery in.

I believe I forgot to say that we went one morning to an expedition of pictures at the Looksombre palace, so called from its dull situation. It was very fine: one particularly struck my fancy. It was Phœbe offering Hector to the Gods. There was another of Morpheus charming the Beasts, which was extremely moving; there was also a beautiful portrait of a lady, and Mr. Fulmer said she was in excellent keeping. I did not, of course, ask who she was, and I wonder how they can admit likenesses of that class of people into such a place. Mr. Fulmer shewed me a large picture, painted by David, which is wonderfully fresh, considering its vast age. I knew David was the greatest musician of his time, but I did not know that he was a painter into the bargain. These genuses are always gifted creturs.

We have been to the Jardin des Plantes, or place for wild beasts, where we saw some lepers and tygers—and two birds called carraways, from India; there is also an oliphant, which contradicts the absurd story that these animals carry their trunks about with them—this great creature had nothing but a long snout, which made him look to me as if his tail had been misplaced—it was intended by Bonypart to put the statute of one of these animals up, for a fountain on the Bullwards, indeed the impediment is already constructed.

I was very much delighted with the place Louis Quinzy—so called from his having died of a sore throat—the Admiralty is situated here, with a dollygraph on the top—Mr. Fulmer introduced me to one of the officers in the naval department, who was a very favourable specimen of the French moreen.

We went to the Odium, a favourite playhouse of Bonypart's, on purpose to see the Civil Barber, a play written by one Beau Marchy—but we were disappointed, for the house was not open, so by way of a pease-alley, as Mr. Fulmer calls it, we went to the Fait d'Eau, a kind of French uproar, where we paid very dear for tickets, and got no places after all. I was quite sick and tired of the affair altogether, and if Mr. Fulmer had not got me a caffé au lait to carry me home, I think I should have perspired from fatigue.

I had almost forgot to tell you that we went to the palace at Marselles, distant from this about ten miles—it is indeed a beautiful place. There we saw the great Owes playing, which is water-works, and represents water coming out of the tails of Lions, and out of the ears and noses of frogs and goddesses, as natural as the life. Here is a wonderful fine chapel, all of marvel, and a strait canal which has no end—I forget how much it cost the nation to make all this water, but I am sure it is cheap at the money whatever it may be—though by the name it seems to be still owing. Mr. Fulmer called such an expense an easy mode of liquidating a national debt—but really I don't know why.

I have little time for more at present, because two of the doctors from the Sore-bone are coming to see my daughter's sprained ancle to-night; but it is curious to remark how foolish the people are, when one has not a gentleman with one, for Mr. Fulmer being out to-day, I sent to the Traitors for the bill of fare, and the man talked of sending the dinner in a cart, which I thought was useless, it being only just over the way. So they sent the bill, and I not being particular, and not understanding the names of the things, ordered the first four dishes in the list, and they sent me four different sorts of soup, and when I complained of the cook, the garkon or waiter talked of quizzing and quizzing her, (doubtlessly meaning me) as if I had been a person of no consequence—

indeed he once or twice went so far as to swear at me, and say dam when he spoke to me, but I had nobody at home to take my part, and therefore I eat the four soups and said nothing about it.

The daughter of Mr. Ratschild is going to be married—they call him Creases, but he is a Jew. He gives her a dot the day of her wedding, of five millions of franks; but for all he is so rich, they say he is quite circumsized in his affairs compared with his brother in London—his daughter will be made a barrenness when she is married.

Mr. Cambray Serres is more—which here means no more. I suppose, by his name, that he is related to our royal family at home.

Do you know, Mr. Bull, that I have found out one very surprising thing, the French ridicule the English in every thing; they have got a farce which they call "Anglase poor rear," which is quite scandalous, and every thing they have, they nick-name after us; they call a note Billy, and a book Tom; a pie they have christened Patty; they call the mob a fool; any thing that is very shameful they call Hunt, but whether they mean John, Henry, Joseph, or Leigh, I cannot discover—they call the winter a heaver—the autumn Old Tom, and the summer they call Letty.

I think the French must have been originally Irish, for they say crame for cream, and suprame for supreme, and so on: but I will endeavour to find out more about this.

I went to see a vealyard (that is, an old man), who had been a sort of anchor-wright or hermit many years ago; he had been put into the dungeons of the Inquisition in furs, and suffered what they call the piano-forte and door of that terrible place—if we go to Room we shall see the buildings in which he was confined, and I dare say we shall go there, and from that to Naples, and into the Gulp of Venus, and so to Cecily, which I shall very much like whoever she may be, because I knew a namesake of her's down in Dorsetshire.

I must, however, conclude my letter, for I am hurried for

Tim—Lavy begs her best love, and says in case she is married you must write her epitaph. Why do you not call upon Mr. R.? he will be very glad to see you, and now that he is alone he lives, in compliment to me, entirely upon turtle.

Dorothea J. Ramsbottom.

VIII.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM BACK IN LONDON.

To John Bull.

Montague Place, Friday, April 23, 1824.

My dear Mr. Bull,—I think you will be surprized at the prescription of this letter with the P.P. mark of the two-penny post; but poor Mr. Ramsbottom being seriously ill-disposed, we were off from Paris at a moment's notice, for as good fortune would have it, my embargo which I wrote about was quite removed by the use of Steers's hopalittledog and bang shows every night.

Mr. R. is a little better, and has lost a good deal of what the French call song; indeed our medical man relies very much on the use of his lancaulet. The fact is, that the turtles is come over from the West Hinges, and Mr. R. committed a fox paw at the King's Head, in the Poultry, which caused our doctor (who lives in this neighbourhood, and is lively as he is kind) to say that as Mr. Ramsbottom nearly died by Bleaden, so bleeding must restore him. Bleaden is the name of the gentleman who keeps the King's Head, and bleeding, as you know, is the vulgar term for flea-bottomizing.

I fear you have not received my journal regular, nor do I think I have told you of our seeing the Louver, which we did the very day before we left Paris. I own, amongst the statutes, the Fighting Alligator pleased me most. As for Rubens's pictures, I could not look at them; for though Mr. Fulmer kept talking of the drapery, I saw no drapery at all; and in one, which is of Adonass preventing Venice from being chaste, the lady is sitting on a gold striped jacket. Mr. Fulmer said she had got an enormous anacreonism, at which Lavy laughed; so I suppose it had some allusion to her favourite writer, Mr. Moore, who is called Anacreon—why, I never could understand, unless it refers to the fashionable Maladies which he has introduced into the best society.

A beautiful statute of Apollo with the Hypocrite pleased me very much, and a Fawn which looks like a woman done by Mons. Praxytail, a French stone-mason, is really curious.

A picture of The Bicknells is I suppose a family grope, but the young women appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in—the statute of Manylaws is very fine, and so is Cupid and Physic, different from the one which I noticed before.

Mr. Fulmer shewed us some small old black pictures, which I did not look at much, because he told us they were Remnants, and of course very inferior. A fine painting by Carlo my Hearty pleased me, and we saw also something by Sall Vataraso, a lady who was somehow concerned with the little woman I have seen at Peckham Fair in former days, called Lady Morgan.

We had one dinner at Riches, a coffee-house on the Bull-wards, and curious enough, it was the very day that poor Mr. Ram overeat himself in the City—we had some stewed Angles, and a couple of Pulls done up in a dish of Shoe; which is much of a muchness with English fowl and cabbage—we had afterwards an amulet of sulphur and some things done in crumbs of bread, which they wanted to pass off upon me as wheat-ears—but I had not lived at Brighton two seasons for nothing, and do happen to know the difference between wheat-ears and oysters; and so I told them.

Mr. Fulmer ordered a bottle of Oil of Purdry, which tasted a good deal like Champaigne, but he said it was mouse; the girls liked it, and Lavy laughed so loud that she quite astonished an officer of Chindammery who was drinking cafe at the next table.

I have left my third and fourth daughters in Paris, to finish their education—they will be taught every thing that girls can be taught, and are to be regularly boarded every day (without regard to its being Lent) for less than seventy pounds per ann.; and they learn so many more things in France than girls do in England, that when they return they might set up for mistresses themselves—what an advantage there must be to a young woman, who is likely to have occasion for it in her latter end, in a continent education—they call these schools puncheons.

I desired, of course, that the Popish Prater, or priest, might have no communication with my girls—I don't approve of what they call the horal confession—to be sure it is a mere matter of feeling—but I saw one young lady in Saint Surplice one day a confessing away to a fine handsome Prater, and I thought it would have been much better done in some more private place than a church. I understood afterwards she was a lady who had been long married, but her husband had no hair to his property, and she used to come every day and confess to the Prater, and pray for a child—poor thing, she seemed very much in earnest.

The onion of Lavy with Mr. Fulmer is postponed; his ant is dead, and it would not be respectful to be married while the dool (as the French call it) continues; I am driven to the last moment, as Lavy and her sister are analyzing themselves to go to see the great picture of Pompey, in the Strand—Lavy means to write to you next week herself.—Your's truly,

Dorothea J. Ramsbottom.

IX.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM ANNOUNCES THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, AND DESCRIBES HER VISIT TO ROME.

To John Bull.

Montague Place, Jan. 6, 1825.

Dear Mr. Bull,—Why don't you write to us—or call? We are all of us well, and none of us no more, as perhaps you may suppose, except poor Mr. Ram.—of course you know of his disease, it was quite unexpected, with a spoonful of turtle in his mouth—the real gallipot as they call it. However, I have no doubt he is gone to heaven, and my daughters are gone to Bath, except Lavy, who is my pet, and never quits me.

The physicians paid great attention to poor Mr. Ram., and he suffered nothing—at least that I know of. It was a very comfortable thing that I was at home shay new, as the French say, when he went, because it is a great pleasure to see the last of one's relations and friends.

You know we have been to Room since you heard from us—the infernal city as it is called—the seat of Poopery, and where the Poop himself lives. He was one of the Carnals, and was elected just before we was there: he has changed his name, not choosing to disgrace his family. He was formerly Doctor Dallyganger, but he now calls himself Leo, which the Papists reverse, and call him Ole or Oleness. He is a fine cretur, and was never married, but he has published a Bull in Room, which is to let people commit all kind of sin without impunity, which is different from your Bull, which shoes up them as does any crime. He is not Poop this year, for he has proclaimed Jew Billy in his place, which is very good, considering the latter gentleman is a general, and not of his way of thinking.

Oh, Mr. Bull, Room is raley a beautiful place.—We entered it by the Point of Molly, which is just like the Point and Sally at Porchmouth, only they call Sally there Port, which is not known in Room. The Tiber is not a nice river, it looks yellow; but it does the same there as the Tames does here. We hired a carry-letty and a cocky-olly, to take us to the Church of Salt Peter, which is prodigious big:—in the center of the pizarro there is a basilisk very high—on the right and left two handsome foundlings; and the farcy, as Mr. Fulmer called it, is ornamented with collateral statutes of some of the Apostates.

There is a great statute of Salt Peter himself, but Mr. Fulmer thinks it to be Jew Peter, which I think likely too—there were three brothers of the same name, as of course you know—Jew Peter the fortuitous, the capillary, and toenails; and it is curos that it must be him, for his toes are kissed away by the piety of the religious debauchees who visit his shin and shrine—Besides, I think it is Jew Peter, because why should not he be worshipped as well as Jew Billy?—Mr. Fulmer made a pun, Lavy told me, and said the difference between the two Jew Billies was, that one drew all the people to the *sinagog*, and the other set all the people *agog to sin*—I don't conceive his meaning, which I am afraid is a Dublin tender.

There was a large quire of singers, but they squeaked too much to please me—and played on fiddles, so I suppose they have no organs;—the priests pass all their time in dissolving sinners by oracular confusion, which, like transmogrification, is part of their doctoring—the mittens in the morning, and whispers at night, is just equally the same as at Paris.

Next to Salt Peter's Church is the Church of Saint John the Latter end, where the Poop always goes when he is first made—there is another basilisk here covered with highrogriffins.

I assure you the Colocynth is a beautiful ruin—it was built for fights, and Mr. Fulmer said that Hell of a gabbler, an

Emperor, filled his theatre with wine—what a sight of marvels Mr. B. oh, so superb!—the carraway, and paring, and the jelly and tea-cup, which are all very fine indeed.

The Veteran * (which I used foolishly to call the Vacuum till I had been there), is also filled with statutes—one is the body of the angel Michael, which has been ripped to pieces, and is therefore said to be Tore-so—but I believe this to be a poetical fixture:—the statute of the Racoon is very moving, its tail is prodigious long, and goes round three on 'em—the Antipodes is also a fine piece of execution.

As for paintings there is no end to them in Room—Mr. Raffles's Transmigration is I think the finest—much better than his Harpoons:—there are several done by Hannah Bell Scratchy,† which are beautiful; I dare say she must be related to Lady Bell, who is a very clever painter, you know, in London. The Delapidation of St. John by George Honey ‡ is very fine, besides several categorical paintings, which pleased me very much.

The shops abound with Cammyhoes and Tallyhoes—which last always reminded me of the sports of the field at home, and the cunning of sly Reynolds a getting away from the dogs. They also make Scally holies at Rome, and what they call obscure chairs—but, oh Mr. B. what a cemetry there is in the figure of Venus of Medicine, which belongs to the Duke of Tusk and eye—her contortions are perfect.

We walked about in the Viccissitude, and hired a maccaroni, or as the French, alluding to the difficulty of satisfying the English, call them, a "lucky to please," and, of course, exploded the Arch of Tightas and the Baths of Diapason. Every day exposes something new there, to the lovers of what they call the belly arty, who have made a great many evacuations in the Forum. Poor Lavy, whom I told you was fond of silly quizzing, fell down on the Tarpaulin Rock, in one of her revelries—Mr. Fulmer said it would make a capital

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* The Vatican. † Annibale Caracci. ‡ Giorgione.

story when she got home, but I never heard another syllabub about it.

One thing surprised me, the Poop (who wears three crowns together, which are so heavy that they call his cap, a tirer) is always talked of as Paw-paw, which seems very improper, his Oleness was ill the last day we went to the Chapel at the Choir and all, having taken something delirious the day before at dinner; he was afterwards confined with romantic gout; but we saw enough of him after, and it was curious to observe the Carnals prostituting themselves successfully before him—he is like the German corn plaster which Mr. Ram used to use—quite unavailable.

However, Mr. B., the best part of all, I think, was our coming home—I was so afraid of the pandittis, who were all in trimbush with arquebasades and Bagnets that I had no peace all the time we were on root—but I must say I liked Friskhearty; and Tiffaly pleased me, and so did Miss Senis's Villa and the Casket Alley; however home is home, be it never so homely, and here we are, thank our stars.

We have a great deal to tell you, if you will but call upon us—Lavy has not been at the halter yet, nor do I know when she will, because of the mourning for poor Mr. Ram—indeed I have suffered a great deal of shag green on account of his disease, and above all have not been able to have a party on Twelfth Night. Yours truly,

DOROTHEA RAMSBOTTOM.

Pray write, dear Mr. B.

X.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM OBJECTS TO BEING PUT IN A PLAY.

Elysium Row, Fulham, July 8, 1825.

MY DEAR B.,—I am in a dreadful state—I see by the play bills, that a Play about our family at Rhymes is in preparation at Common Garden. When I saw the divertisement in the *Currier*, I thought I should have perspired. I never was at Rhymes. I saw my own King, God bless him, crowned—but I neither saw Lues de Sweet nor Charles Deece done anything to, nor never meant to go. What is the Santampoole to me—I don't like Poopery, nor ever did. Pray do you know Mr. Coleman (him as I spoke of before) the itinerary surgeon at Pancras? I am told he cuts out what he likes, of whatever appears at Common Garden, ever since the horses was introduced—if you could contrive to get us emitted, I should be much obligated. Lavy is in a perfect favour about it; and if dear Mr. Ram was not diseased and in his grave, I think he would have gone mad to see our names blackguarded against the walls—besides, there's our cousins—them is more angry than we. In short, I have no doubt but the Play has been caused by some little peake against our family, and I trust to your goodness to get it anniliated beforehand.—Your's, ever, dear B.,

Dorothea Julia Ramsbottom.

P.S. If any of your friends wants a house in a rural situation, our house in Montague-place is still to let.

XI.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM WRITES FROM DIEPPE.

Dippe, January 1, 1826.

Dear Mr. B.,—You have not heard from any on us for a long time—indeed I have no spirts to write to any body, for Lavy has been very mal indeed—we are stopping at Dippe, so called as you know, from being a bathing-place, for I am worried to death.

Our house in Montague-place, which since dear Mr. Ram's disease I cannot think of stopping in, is still to let, which is so much waste of money—it is a nice house, open behind to the Mewseum Jordans, and in front all the way to Highgate; but I cannot get it off my hands. As for Mr. Ram's little property in Gloucestershire, I never can go there, for my lawyer tells me, although we might live there if we like, that one of Mr. Ram's creditors has got a lion on the estate, and I cannot think of going to expose myself to the mercy of a wild cretur like that a running about—however, as the French says, "*jamais esprit*,"—never mind—I cannot help it.

My son Tom, who is a groin up, is to be in the law himself, indeed I have put him out to Grazing,* under a specious pleader—I should like him to be apprenticed to the Lord Chancellor at once, and brought up to the business regular, but I don't know how to get it managed—do you think Mr. Harmer could put me in the way of it?

I only write to wish you the full complement of the season —we are a good deal troubled with wind here, but otherwise we are very snug, and there are several high-burning gentlemen of very large property living in Dippe, who are kind enough to dine with us almost every day. I like them—they have no pride at all about them, and, to look at them, you would not think they was worth a Lewy.

I take the advantage of a currier, who is in the Bureau here, and is going over with despatches, just to tell you we are alive—if you know anybody as wants an agreeable Rusinhurby, do recommend our house in M. P. I have no noose, but am your's unhalterably,

L. D. Ramsbottom.

If you would like to see my dairy continued, I will send you some sheets, which you may print or not, as you choose. Write and say *we oo nong—wooley woo?*

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* Gray's Inn.

XII.

HASTINGS.

To John Bull.

Eastey's Hotel, Common Garden, Oct., 1826.

Dear B.,—It will no doubt be a surprise to you to hear that we are back in London; we landed from a French batow at Hastings the day before yesterday, after a long stay upon the continent. We were very much impeded on landing by some sailors belonging to what I think is very properly called the Blockhead service, who would not let my daughters pass without looking all over them. Two men said they were the customs there, which I thought very odd—one of them told us he was Count Roller, but I did not believe him.

My second daughter Amelrosa has at last got a swan of her own, to whom she is about to be united in the silken banns of Highman. I have but one objection—he is a French Mounsheer, and do what I can they talk so fast I cannot understand them: however, she *will* have him, nolus bolus, as the man says; and when once her mind is made up, she is as resolute as the laws of the Maids and Parsons.

Mr. Rogers, the banker, (I know you know him,) came over with us in the batow, and made many very odd remarks—one thing he said, at which every body laughed, I could not tell why. My French footer son-in-law asked him what the shore was called, which was close to Hastings. "Close to Hastings," said Mr. Rogers, "why, Jane Shore, I suppose." He is a very old-looking genus for a whig wag—Mr. Fulmer said he put him in mind of Confusion, the old Chinee philosopher, who was a Mandolin in them parts a year or two ago.

Hastings is a beautiful place to my mind; there is a long parade close to the water, where you may see all the company bathing in the morning like so many dukes. At one end is the place for the ladies, and at the other you see all the gentlemen's machines a standing, which are very properly kept at a great distance from the female parts. The houses by the side of this are very nice, and reminded me very much of French houses, with shops under them, only there are no portes cochons.

We met an old friend of ours at Hastings, who wanted us to stop a few days, but she was very conspicious, for she wore a black whale, by way of petticoat, and she and her two daughters was all painted both red and white in the morning, which had a very bad look; so we said we was engaged, and came on as fast as we could—for I was glad enough to get away from all the scurf and billies, which was a roaring upon the bitch.

Where we are living now is in Southampton-street, and was the house of Mr. Garrick, the author of "The School for Scandal," and all Shakspeare's plays. The waiter tells us that Mr. Johnston, of Covent-garden, and an old Goldsmith, of the name of Oliver, used very often to dine with him in the very room in which I write this, and that that excellent and amiable man, Sir George Beaumont, who, as you know, wrote half Mr. Fletcher's works, and who is alive and merry at this moment, used to dine here too—but that, I think, is a little trow four,* for Garrick, I believe, has been dead more than two hundred and fifty years.

I cannot let my house in Montague Place, because of the new Universality in Gore Street—however, if I go and live there, they say there will be a great many Bachelors in the College, and perhaps I may get off one or two of my girls. I write this while my French footer son-in-law is playing Macarty with his Dulcimer Amelrosa—Macarty is, to my mind, little better than a bad translation of all-fours into French; but above all, I cannot bare to hear Mounsheer while he is a playing, for whenever he has got the ace of spades in his hand, he talks of a part of Derbyshire which is never mentioned in decent society not by no means whatsoever.

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* *Trop fort.*

In Paris we saw Mr. Cannon, the Secretary of State, but without any state at all—he was just like any other man—and as for his foreign affairs, I saw none that he had—he was quite without pride—not at all like Count Potto o' de Boggo, who is a great Plenipo there, and struts about just as grand as the Roman Consols did, when they used to have their Feces tied up in bundles and carried before them by their Lickturs. I have no notion of paying such reverence to officers of humane institution for my part, and I quite love Mr. Cannon for his want of ostensibility.

We met with an uncommon unpleasant accident coming to town—one of the horses, which was seized with the staggers, a disorder very like St. Witulus's dance in men, broke his breeches in going down an ill, which very nearly overturned the carriage, which we had hired at Hastings; for of course we had no coach in the batow, and were glad enough to catch a couple of flies even in this cold season, to convey us to Tunbridge Wells, a place I had never seen before, and which is like Cranburn Alley put out to grass—there are various ills about the neighbourhood, which are named after Scripture, why I cannot tell—we did not drink any of the waters, none of us being in any way deceased.

I think I have now taken leave of old Ossian for this season, at all events; and as far as that goes, if I never see the briny dip again I shall not fret, for though it is a very good thing to breed fish in, I never want to be upon its billies any more. I hope to leave this after Amelrosa is married, which will be soon, I suppose, and the moment I do I will write again; meanwhile, if you like to drop in to a tête-a-tête of six, we shall always be glad to see you; and so believe me, dear B., yours very truly,

Dorothea L. Ramsbottom.

P.S.—I have some notion of taking a country house near London, but am divided at present between Acteon and Corydon.

XIII.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM ON THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To JOHN BULL.

Montague Place, Russell Square, Feb. 1, 1827.

DEAR B.,—You will be surprized at finding me back at the old house—but we have not been able to get rid of it, so we have resolved upon living in it till we can.

My second daughter, which married Monsheer Delcroy, is *on saint*, which pleases him very much—he is quite a gentleman, and has travailed all over Europe, and has seen all our allies (which means the friendly Courts) upon the Continent—he knows Lord Burgos, which is one of the Henvoys of England, and was chosen to make overtures to some foreign king—I think it was a very good choice, if *I* may judge; for I heard one of his overtures the other night at a consort in town, which was beautiful. My son-in-law also knows the Admirable Sir Sidney Smith, what made such a disturbance in Long Acre many years since, of which I cannot say I know the rights.

I met your friend, Mr. Rogers, last week at a party, and he made what the French call a tambourine (I think)—there was a supper, and the lady of the house, whose husband is a See captain, had some of the veal on table which had been preserved in a pot, and carried out on a pole by Captain Parry in his last voyage to Ireland, and when Mr. Rogers heard what it was, he congratulated the lady that her husband was appointed to a ship, for, says he, "I see, ma'am, he has got the *Veal de Parry!*"—at which every body laughed—but I don't know why, because the *Veal de Parry* is a French word, and means the Mephistopholis of France.

My son-in-law (number one, as I call him) Fulmer, which married Lavy, is a Member of Parliament—he is put in by a great man, whose name I cannot mention; he tells us a good deal of what they do in the house—he says there are two sets on 'em in there, one is called the Eyes and the other the Nose—the Eyes is the government side, because they watch over the people; and the Nose is them as tries to smell out something wrong—Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Broom, and Mr. Denman, and them belongs to the Nose party.

But what I never knew before is, that there is a coffee-house and a bar there—the gentleman which keeps the coffee-house is called *Belly-me*, and he gives them their dinner. Fulmer says you may see many a man who has a stake in the country taking his chop there; and, because sobriety is considered a pint of decency, they never drink more than a pint of wine with their vitals, which is very proper indeed. This place has been famous for its beef-steaks ever since the *rump* Parliament. I believe the House of Lords pays for the dinners of the House of Commons, for I see they very often carry up their bills to them.

There is another strange thing, which is, that the Speaker has no voice, which I think very droll indeed—but what is more curious still, is, that ladies are never admitted to see the representation, as it is called; but sometimes they come and peep through the venterlater, which is a hole in the top to let out the smell, and so hears the speeches that way.

Talking of Mr. Broom; only think! our famous Hay-Tea Company being resolved after all—I got some shares, because I saw Mr. Broom's name to it, and because it was to do away with slavery in China, where the present tea comes from. I have lost a lump of money by *that*, and have been very unfortunate all through with these Joint Company peculations. Lavy has got three Real del Monte shares worth 110 premiums—those *I* had, I believe, were not *real* ones at all, for I never got anything whatsoever by them.

Only think, Sir, of poor Mr. Prince Tollyrang being knocked down while he was attending as chambermaid to the King, at Sandennie. They have got a joke now in France, my son-in-law (Number too, as I calls him) told me yesterday—They say, "il a reprit ses Culottes"—Culottes are things which the Popish Priests wear upon their heads; and the joke turns upon the difference between the culottes and soufflets, which are amulets of eggs, of which I once before wrote to you, from the other side of Old Ossian.

I should tell you that my Bowfeeze (as he calls himself) Delcroy, is learning English very fast, but he will not do it the wriggler way, but gets his Dicks and Harries, and so puzzells out every word. We had a great laugh against him the other day—

He was a coming home through St. Giles's (which is the only way to this), and there was two women a fighting in the street, and Delcroy he stood listening to hear what it was all about; but doose a word could he make out, till at last one of the women gave the other, what the fighters call a Flora, and she tumbled down, and then the friends of her agonist called out "Well done Peg," which Delcroy got into his head, and come home all the way, a saying to himself, "Well—done—Peg;" quite dissolved to find out what it meant, in he comes—up stairs he goes—down comes his Dicks and Harries, and out he finds the words—

First, he finds "Well"—an evacuation made in the earth to find water;

Next he finds "Dun"—a colour betwixt black and brown;

And last he finds "Peg"—a wooden nail.

Oh! then to hear him rave and swear about our Lang Anglay—it was quite orrible—for he knew well enough, with all his poking and groping, that that could not be the meaning; so now, whenever he begins to try his fine scheme, my girls (little toads) run after him and cry out "Well done Peg!"

I wish you would drop in and see us—we are all in the family way here; but my two youngest daughters play very pretty—one they say has as much execution as Muscles on the piano-forte, or Key-sweater on the fiddle; they play the late Mr. Weaver's overture to Obrien uncommon well as a do-it; the Roundo is very difficult they tell me—indeed I know it must be a beautiful piece of music, because they have printed FINE in large letters at the end of it.

But I waist too much of your time—do come and take your tea with us—we live a good deal out of the way, but when you get down to the bottom of Oxford-street, ask anybody, and they will tell you which road to take—it is all lighted at night here, and watched just like London—do come.

Adoo, yours, truly,

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTTOM.

XIV.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM ON THE CANNING ADMINISTRATION.

To JOHN BULL.

Montague Place, Bedford Square,
May 18, 1827.

DEAR B.,—I am quite in a consternation—you are no longer a supporter of Government, and I am—indeed several ladies of my standing down in these parts have determined to stick to the Canine Administration, which you oppose. Mr. Fulmer takes in the *Currier*, and the *Currier* supports them—besides, he knows the Duke of Deafonshire, and so we cannot help being on their side.

You did not, perhaps, expect so soon to see Lord Doodley in place, nor fancy Mr. Turney would be Master of the Mint, or else you would not have been again Mr. Canine—for I know you like Lord Doodley, and you always praise Mr. Turney.

Between you and me, I do not quite understand why they should have so much Mint in the Cabinet as to want a man to look after it, when they have no Sage there, nor do I see how our Statesmen can get into a Cabinet to sit—to be sure, the French Minister sits in a bureau, and one is quite as easy to get into as the other. I see by Mr. Canine's speeches, that the King (God bless him!) sits in a closet, which is much more comfortable, I think.

Fulmer tells me that Mr. Broom's brother is the Devil, and gets six or seven hundred a year by it—I always understood he was related to the family, but never knew how, till Mr. Canine's people got him a place at Court, which I think very wrong, only I must not say so.

I was very near in a scrape on Monday. I went down to Common Garden to buy some buckets for my Popery jars, out of which I empty the Popery in summer, and put in fresh nosegays, being a great votery of Floorar—when who should be there but Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Cobbett, and Mr. Pitt, the last of which gentlemen I thought had been dead many years; indeed I should not have believed it was him, still alive, only I heard Mr. Hunt call for his Old Van, which I knew meant the President of our Anti-Comfortable Society in Tattenham-court-road, who is a Lord now, and was a friend of Mr. Pitt's before he retired from public life into the Haddlefy.

Mr. Hunt told us a thing which I never knew before, which is, that the pavement of Common-garden is made of blood and prespiration, which is so curious that my two little girls and I are going down Toosday to look at it—after hearing him say that, I got away, but had my pocket picked of some nice young inions, which I had just before bought.

Mr. Fulmer does not know I am riting to you, but I do rite because I think it rite to do so, to warn you not to say that Mr. Canine has gone away from what he was formerly—

for I know as a fact that it was *he* which christened his present friends "all the talons," and rote a pome in praise of them, which he would not have done had he not thought eyely of them.

It is not true that he is going to make any new Pears, although his anymes says so. Mr. Russell, of Branspan, I have known all my life—he smokes more than his coles, and don't want to be a Lord at all; and as for Mr. Bearing, he is a *transit land take* man, and cannot be a Lord here—at least so F. tells me. However, I think Sir George Warrener will be a Barren something, let what will happen elsewhere. I see, however, Mr. Canine has made both Plunkett and Carlile Lords, and given all the woods and forests to the latter.

You see I begin to pick up the noose—*awnter noo*, as the French say, have you seen our village clock in St. Giles's—it is lited up by itself every heavening, at hate o'clock; and on account of its bright colour, may be red at any hour of the nite: it is, indeed, a striking object; if you should be able to get out of town, do drive down this way and look at it.

Only think of these Mr. Wakefields being put into gaol for three years for marrying a young woman—I suppose there is no chance of her being confined in consequence of her going with them. Have you heard Madame Toeso? is she any relation to Miss Foote? My papa is full, and will hold no more, so adeu.

Yours truly,

DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

P.S.—Have you read Sir Ruffian Donkey's Pumpflet about Lord Somersetshire?

XV.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM ON SMOKING.

To John Bull.

August, 1827.

Dear B.,—I wish you would please to say something about them nasty men what smokes about. I took my daughter to Market last week in the *Columbine* packet, and there not only did the ship smoke, but almost every man had either a pipe or a seagar in his mouth.

I made a little fox pos on board, for I was so sick of the smoking that one of the men said I had better go and sit with the engineers, for let it be ever so hot they were used to it and never smoked. Now when we was living on Blackheath, poor Mr. Ram used to ask several of the engineers to dine with us, which always come in a pretty uniform of scarlet, with blue velvet facings, and which I knowed to be a genteel corpse, because there were not no men in it, but all officers. So I asked the gentlemen who talked of the engineers to show me the way to them, thinking perhaps I might see some of my old friends down there, but when I got into the place, which was like a firnest, what should I see but two or three men without their coats, with airy caps on their heads and dirty faces, a shovelling in coles like anything—and when I come down they laughed at me and asked if I wanted to be roasted. I soon found out they was different people from what I thought, and a gentleman who helped me up out of the hole were they was a grubbing, told me the difference was that the dirty men were civil engineers, which I could by no means agree to—for I thought them uncommon rude.

When I got up stairs again, I was sick of the smoking, and so I went into the cabin, where there were more smokers—in short, dear B., whether I travels by land or by water, still I am smoked to death—it is a most horrid custom, and, perhaps, if you notice it, some on 'em will leave it off. I will rite again when we are settled.—Yours truly,

L. D. RAMSBOTTOM.

XVI.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S CONUNDRUMS.

To JOHN BULL.

Montague Place, Dec. 28, 1827.

DEAR B.,—I never like to fail writing to you at this season, but I don't like puttin you to the expense of postage; and yet, when I hear of any thing peakant, I wish to send it you.

You must know that me and all the gulls have taken to making knundrums, as they call them, and what we can't make, we collex. We got the idear from having purchased some of the hannual perodicals. I boght the Omelet, and Lavinia boght the Bougie, and they set us upon putting knundrums into our Albions.

It being Christmas, and it coming but once a year, I have sent you some of ours, which perhaps you won't print, but may serve to make you laugh.

What three letters spell Archipelago—(what that is I don't know; but this is the answer)—E. G. and C.

Why is a man about to put his father in a sack like a traveller on his way to a city in Asia?—Because he is going to *Bag Dad*.

Why is a child with a cold in its head like a winter's night?—Because "it blows, it snows."—(nose, you know.)

Why is the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland like a man inquiring what o'clock it is?—Because he is *as King* for the time.

If a pair of spectacles could speak, what author would they name ?—Eusebius—(You see by us.)

Why is a flourishing landlord sure to have plenty of relatives ?—Because he must have *Ten-ants.*

What are the best shoes for wet weather ?—*Pumps.*

Why is a sermon on board ship like Sir Edward Codrington's red ribband ?—Because it is a *deck oration.*

Why is a very little devil sitting on the top of a cow-house like a man who has squandered all his property ?—Because he is *Imp over a shed.*

What sea would one wish to be in on a rainy night ?—*A dry attic.*

Why is a libeller in Newgate like a traveller who has caught a rheumatism at a bad inn ?—Because he suffers for lying in damp sheets !

Why is a gentleman in a Calais packet on a stormy day, like a gentleman sailing in part of the Mediterranean ?—Because he is amongst the *Cyclades.*

Why are glass coaches so plentiful in London ?—Because they are without number.

When is a door not a door ?—When it is *a-jar.*

When is it more than a door ?—When 'tis *to !*

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man ?—Because it is *down in the mouth !*

Why is a hired landau not a landau ?—Because it is a *landau let !*

Why is a lean Monarch constantly worrying himself ?—Because he is always *a thin king !*

Why is a Tragedy a more natural performance in a theatre than a Comedy ?—Because the boxes are always in *Tiers !*

Why is Parliament-street like a compendium ?—Because it goes to *a bridge !*

If all the alphabet were invited to dinner, why could they not all accept the invitation ?—Because six of them come after T.

Why is a boy doing his first sums like a serpent erect ?—Because he is an *adder-up !*

And last, dear Mr. B. (which I will not tell you),
Why am I like a sheep's tail?

Yours always,
DOROTHEA R.

Note.—Several of the above, with all respect to our dear friend Dorothea, are extracted from that excellent paper the *Berkshire Chronicle,* and others from a small book called "D'ye give it up?" sold at a Charitable Bazaar, established at Kensington. J. B.

XVII.

A LETTER FROM CHELTENHAM.

TO JOHN BULL.

Cheltenham, April 11, 1828.

MY DEAR B.,—I have been prevented writing you of late; two of my youngest daughters have had the mizzles, which has been succeeded by a cough and considerable expectation, but I have changed my doctor, and shall do uncommon well now. The last person, who fancies himself a second Hippocrite, had the impotence to say my girls had a low fever—girls brought up as they have been, like duchesses—so I said nothing; but when he called again, I was denied to him and sent for his arrival; and we are all going on well, and keep up our spirits accordingly.

A regiment is I believe the best thing after all; for I have just discovered that Shakspeare, the mortal bird, as my son calls him, died of indisgestion, which I did not know till my new doctor told me so; he said, that poor Shakspeare was quite destroyed by common tato's, which must have been some coarse sort of the root in use in his time; and the doctor also told me, that he was attended by a Doctor Johnson and a Mr. Stevens; but I thought to myself, too many cooks spoil the broth; and even my medical said he thought he would have done better if they had left him alone. What made us talk about the great swain of Avon was my saying I thought She Stoops to Conquer a very droll play.

My son-in-law has bought a beautiful picture, a Remnant undoubted; it is as black as your hat, and shines like a tea tray, and is considered, as indeed it is, what the French call, a *shade over* of that great master; he has also bought a jem of considerable vallew; he says it is an antic of a dancing fawn, but it looks to me like a man with a tail, a jumping. He has got several very curious things at shops here; but he goes poking his nose into all the oles and corners for curiosities, and sometimes gets into sad scrapes; he is a French Mounsheer, you recollect; and at one of the sails he scraped acquaintance with a young dandy-looking man with dark musquitos on his lips, which we had seen every morning a drinking the waters regularly, and so we let him walk and talk with us; and at last we was told that he was no better than he should be, and had been convicted of purgery, which I did not think so great a crime, considering where we was; however, he is gone away, which I am glad of.

I told you my son-in-law was a French Mounsheer, but I did not know till the other day that he was in the army, for he has been so sly as never to mention it; but I saw one of his letters from his elder brother, and in the direction he called him Cadet, which after all is no very high rank, you know. I should, however, have very much liked to have seen the boys from the Miliary Asslum march to the Surrey Theatre; it must have been a beautiful site; I suppose they got leave through the Egerton General's office.

Have you read Lord Normandy's *Yes or No*, or Mr. Liston's *Herbert Lacy?* I should think it must be very droll, he is such a droll cretur himself; and pray tell me if you have heard any news from Portingal of the Don. Major Macpherson calls him Don *M'Gill*, and Captain O'Dogherty calls him Don *My jewel*—how do you pronounce it? I am told Lord Doodley used to call him, while he was in London, *My gull.*

There is not much stirring here; the good effect of the waters is quite aperient in our family; we are all mending, and exorcise ourselves for four hours at a time on what is called the well walk, which is a different place from the sick walk, which is entirely for the innphaleeds. Lavinia has got hold of a book called *Bookarchy*, containing the lives of a hundred Knights, she says; but she won't shew it to her sisters as is not yet marred; it is translated out of a foren tongue by a Mr. D. Cameron; all the Scotch is very clever.

Mr. Fulmer is going to Hauksvut next term, to be made a Doctor of Laws. He says he shall be away only two days, but I doubt its being over so soon, because he told me himself it must be done by degrees. After he is made a Doctor, he says he means to practise; but I told him I thought he had better practise first, in order to understand what he has to do afterwards. A friend of his came here to see him from Hauksvut College, who I thought was a clergyman by his dress; but I found out, by what Mr. Fulmer told me, that it was an old lady in disguise, for he said she was Margaret Professor, and he even went so far as to call her a Divinity, which to me did seem uncommon strange. However, there is no understanding these scholars; for it is not more than a fortnight since, that Fulmer told me he expected a brazen-nosed man to dinner, and when the gentleman came, his nose was just like other people's: so I suppose it was to surprise Lavinia, who was reading a work on Nosology at the very time.

You will be pleased to hear that I have let my house in Montague Place, unfurnished with conveniences, for three hundred and twenty pounds a-year, besides taxis; and I have skewered a very nice residence in the Regent's Park, within ten doors of the Call-and-see-um, where the portrait of St. Paul is to be exhibited, and where I hope you will visit us;

my two youngest, which is a-shooten up, is uncommon anxious to know you, now they have made their debutt into saucyity. The young one is a feline cretur as ever trod shoe leather. The other is more of an orty crackter, with very high spirts. They are indeed quite Theliar and Molpomona of the Ramsbottoms.

If you should run down here before we leave for town, pray come and take pot-luck, which is all we can offer you at Cheltenham. You must take us as you find us: we are all in the family way, and, as you know, delighted to see our friends, without any ceremony.

Do right, dear B., and send us the noose; for really the old Engines who are here for their health look so billyus, that without something to enliven us, we should get worse instead of better.

Ajew, ever yours,

D. L. Ramsbottom.

XVIII.

HASTINGS AGAIN.

To John Bull.

Hastings, July 8, 1828.

Dear B.,—Here we are, after a short tower to Dip in France, in the esteem packet the *Tarbut*—my fourth has been mylad, as the French say, and was recommended a little voyage, and she picked up an old bow, which talked to her in French, and called her a belley spree, which I thought was impotence, but Lavinia said no, and reminded me of judy spree, which is another gallowsism, as they style them—but why they call this place green and young Hastings, which is old and brown, I don't know—they are going, however, to move it about a mile nearer Bexhill, to the stone where

William the Third landed when he had conquered the Normans—our old bow said it was a capital sight for a town ; but as yet I couldn't see much, although everybody is taking the houses before they are built.

We was a-staying with a couzen of mine near Lewis, before we crossed the sea—he is married, and has a firm hornee, which his wife calls a Russen hurby, it is so close to the town, and yet so uncommon rural—the sheep he has, is called marinos, because it is near the sea ; and their wool is so fine that they fold them up every night, which I had no notion of—they have two sorts of them, one, which they call the fine weather mutton, stays out all night, I believe, and the other doesn't. But the march of intellect is agoing on, for the dirty boys about the farm-yard, they told me, are sent to Harrow, and the sheep themselves have their pens found them every night ; what to do I don't know, and I never like to ask—at Battle, where there is an old abbé living—we did not see him—they have built a large chapel for the Unicorns ; I scarcely know what sex they are—I know the Whistling Methodists, because when Mr. Ram and I was young we used to go to the meetin, and hear them preach like anything—there's a great deal of religion in Sussex of one sort and another.

My eldest, Mrs. Fulmer, has come here for her a-coachman—Fulmer wishes it may be a mail, because what they have already is all gurls ; if it hadn't been for that, I should have gone to Mrs. Grimsditch's soreye at Hackney last week, when I was to have been done out as Alderman Wenables, but I was obliged to be stationary here. I was so sorry to see in the noosepapers that when the Lord High Admiral exhibited his feet on the 18th of June, Maria Wood was dressed up so strange ; they said that after she had been painted, and some part of her scraped clean from duck weed, they tied flags to her stays, and put a Jack into her head, which I think quite wrong, because them Jacks is uncommon insinuating.

I see that in Portingal Don Myjewel has got three estates, but they cannot be very grand ones, if they produces only a crown; however, I don't know what they mean in that country, only as they call him real, I suppose he is the rightful king—I don't henvy him, Mr. B.—there's many happier than them as sets upon thorns, though they be gilded ones.

We met one of the Engines here from Cheltenham—he talks of returning to some friend of his in Hingy, I think he called him Ben Gall. I know he spoke very familiar of him. He has been at Stinkomalee, in Sealong, and at the Island of Malicious, where a gentleman of the name of Paul killed himself with Virginia. Our Engine said he was at Malicious and at Bonbon at the time of the Conquest, which my Trusler's Crononhotonthologos tells me was in the year 1072, which makes his old appearance not surprising—he is very antick indeed—he says he shall go out in a China ship, which sounds to me very venturesome, but I suppose he knows what he is about—he is going to Bombay, he tells us, to buy cotton, but that, between you and me, is nonsense, because if that was all, why could he not go to Flint's, in Newport-market, where they sells every sort of cotton, all done up in nice boxes ready for use?

One thing I heard about hunting while I was at the Firm Hornee which I thought shocking. There is a Squire Somebody which keeps a pack of beadles, and there is ever so many of them—and they sleep in the kennell every night, and a man is paid to whip them into it—but that is not the worst—they feed them upon humane flesh. You would not scarce credit this, but I heard my cousin say that he wondered this hot weather did not hurt the dogs, for that they had nothing to feed on but the Graves.—Do just touch them up for this—I am sure they deserve it.

That selection for member of Parliament in Clare is very strange, isn't it? Our old bow tells us that O'Connell can't take his place because he won't swear against transportation, for he says it is one thing for a Papist to stand and another for him to sit, which *enter noo* I could have told *him*—however, he says he thinks O'Connell will go to the Pigeon House strait from the selection. Of course I did not like to ask what he wanted to do in such a place as a Pigeon House, and so the conversation dropped; indeed, the bow (as we call him) told us such a strange story about Mr. O'Connell's getting to the top of a pole the first day, and keeping up there for four days afterwards, that I begin to think he tells tarrydiddles sometimes. He is very agreeable though, and I believe he is rich, which is the mane point when one has gurls to settle. He is always a making French puns, which he calls cannon balls,* but I never shall be much of a parley vous, I did not take to it early enough.

We expect the Duke of Clarence to review the Blockhead service on this coast, which will make us uncommon gay. He will visit the *Ramlees*, which Captain Piggut commands, at Deal, and the *Epergne*, Captain Maingay's ship, at New Haven. I should like to go to Brighton, but Fulmer is afraid of movin his better half while she is so illdisposed, and expectin every minute; however, when that is over we shall, I dare say, go to London, and hope to see you in our new house. If you come here we shall delight in seeing you; but I believe you like London, and never leaves the bills of morality, if you can help it. Adoo, dear B. They all sends their loves.

Yours,

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTTOM.

P.S.—You write sometimes about the Niggers, and abuse them—depend upon it they are uncommon mischievous even here; for my couzen told me that the Blacks had got all his beans—I only gives this as an int.

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* *Calembours.*

XIX.

NEWS FROM HASTINGS.

To John Bull.

Hastings, Aug. 4, 1828.

Dear B.,—It is all over—Lavy is as well as can be expected—she was put to bed with a gull, which sadly disappointed Fulmer, who was very desirous of having a sun and air. We have had another burth in our family, of which I says nothing—the dennymang of that fox paw* has been uncommon unpleasant; however, when such things happen to females, they must grin and bear them, as the saying goes.

We have found out who our old bow is: he is the Count Narly, a French mounsheer of high rank, and acquainted with Prince Pickle and Mustard, the gentleman who was at the haughtycultural breakfast with Mrs. Wise, the day she was so silly as to try to drown herself in a bason—if it had not been that one of the Human Society had picked her up, she must have been a lost cretur—Fulmer calls her a diving bell, but I'm sure I don't know why.

Count Narly is very conversible, only he talks all in French—Fulmer says that he is too much of a hegoatist, and that all his nannygoats are about himself. He is acquainted with Mr. Brunel, who has put his toenail under the river Thames, who has asked him to visit him in London.

I was very glad to see some partitions in Parlyment against sutties—the sooner they does away with the poor little climbing boys the better—no wonder they burn themselves sometimes—and I see it is just the same in Hingy, although one wouldn't think they wanted fires there.

As soon as ever Lavy gets about we are going to Brighton to drink the water, which some gentlemen there makes for the use of inphalids—it is uncommon curious how they do it; but I'm told that you may get there the Side-shoots and the Side-lights, and the Carls bad water, (I don't know if they have any of that sort, good,) and the Spawn water, and the Arrowgate, and Matchlock, and Hems, and Gentleman salts; indeed, any sort you like to ask for—however, I don't think I shall like Brighton much in this summer wether, they tell me there are so many flies about. The 10th Huzzas are also there, which I want very much to see—the foot regimen is moved from there, in consequence, I suppose, of the quarrel between our King and Don M'cgill, and, from all I can make out of it, a very silly quarrel it is. Last year or so we were all going to loggerheads because one man liked Turkey better than Grease, and now we are to have a blow up because they cannot decide whether Port or Madeira should be opened first—I have no patience with such stuff. I think if folks are to quarrell, women is a better thing to quarrell about than wine, and so the Autograph of Russia and the Grand Senior think, for they, I see, are fighting about two of the fair secks, Bess Harabia, and Moll Davy.

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* The *dénoûment* of that *faux pas.*

There has been some dreadful wether here; the other evening, as I was sitting at my twilight, preparing to go to bed, the eclectic fluid looked quite awful, and the winds blowd tremendous; indeed the raging of the elephants was terrific; two gentlemen were upset in a boat, and obleeged to swim ashore in their He-meeses; at least that is what I supposes French for shirts, because what the ladies wear they call She-meeses; however, such has been the reign that it has come down in Torrens, and if our Bows had not provided themselves with Duck Trousers and Pumps, I don't know what they would have done.

The Secretairer of the Treasury is down here; he lives by Fire-light in this nayborhood—I suppose he come from the West Hinges, for they tell me he is a Planter as well as a Hempee, which Fulmer says he is.

I have heard a new comehumdrum, which is a very fashionable amusement here—"Why is the gravy of a leg of pork the best gravy in the world?"—"Because there's no Jews like it." I do not know where the joke is, only I spose there is one. I have hardly any thing to say, only I thought you would like to hear of Lavy's acoachman, and our prospect of removal from this place, which is not at all to my gout.

Yours always, dear B.,

Dorothea L. Ramsbottom.

XX.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM GIVES HER OPINION OF THE RELATIVE MERITS OF MARGATE AND BRIGHTON.

To John Bull.

Oct. 1828.

My dear B.,—We are at length arrived in the subbubs of London. Since crowds of people have been collected at the Traitor's and Restorers in Regent-street, I am afraid to date this, lest the folks should come to look at us—but you can easily find out the redress at Fulmer's hothell.

We came last from Margate, which to my mind is far prefferible to Briton. At Briton you have always the great bright sparkling Ossian surfeiting the jingle from morning till night, enough to put one's eyes out, and drive one deaf—at Margate there is a beautiful arbour, in which there is no water whatsomever for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, which affords the curos observer a full view of Ossian's bottom: besides, instead of nasty hard jingle and stones, it is all beautiful blue mud, the sight of which, added to the smell of the juice from the gash works above, reminds one of the dear Mephistopholis, to the neighbourhood of which we have returned.

Then the Peer at Margate is quite a different thing from the jigumaree, swing swang, jinkum linkum thing at Briton. At Margate it is all fixed—built of white stone, and painted pee-green on the inside, which makes it look quite beautiful; besides, at Briton you see nothing partiklur on the Chain-peer but the sea, and the company, and the clifts, and the vessels; but at Margate, besides all the predestinarians a walking, you have stage coaches, flies, waggons, cars, and sociables, ready to take you all over the country, not to speak of carts a fetching coals out of the arbour, and men at the Jetty a bringing in fish alive out of the sea.

The Marine Libray, at Margate, is a beautiful building, with two windows in front, and a wooden gallery at the back of the shop, over the mud—there's nothing in Briton to equal that—and as to the King's statute, by Shantry, what is it to the beautiful image of Nipchune, the great sea god, n black, nailed up again the gable end of the marine, just a going to spear an eel as natural as life. Then the streets—snug and comfortable—none of your great straggling prades or esplanades—no—pleasant retreats, where opposite neighbours can shake hands without leaving their rooms—this is quite agreeable; it is always shady, and besides, it creates an intrust, as Mr. Fulmer says, when strolling along a street not to know on which side of the way one is walking.

The church here is beautiful—not like Briton, stuck down in a vally; it is up on the top of the hil, so that one is half way to heaven before one is a quarter of the way to the church; howsumever, the Galls can see it from Callous if they look sharp, that's one thing. The stone it is made of, is got out of the bath.

The great hotel at Margate is called House, and is situated in Chisel-square—a most splendid hairy, something like Salsbury-square in Fleet-street, only not quite so munificent; here they have luckily succeeded in getting rid of the sea altogether; indeed they have been very fortunate in their attempts in many other places. One of my neices is agoing to open a semenary here, in which I hope she will suckseed;

at present she has several pupils in her eye—at least she tells *me* so, but Mr. Fulmer says she can have but one—so I suppose she phibbs.

The baths here are uncommon agreeable; they are not like the baths at Briton, great staring houses, but nice little low rooms, like the cabins of packets, with a railed place behind where you wait till the water comes in to the arbour, of which I spoke before; but it is not there always punctual at the same time, which is a grate boar; to be sure the ships does lie nice and easy with their bottoms in the mud, and the sailors quite quiet aboard, with all their cabals on the shore. Some very spirted gentleman has dug some baths out of the cliff, with a music room under ground quite subtraining, with a way for the donkies to go down to it, without stares; the view of Ossian from a hole cut in the chork is very rheumatic: Fulmer says the digging them holes is a very wise way of sinking a capital. I hope it will anser.

At Briton the grate libray used to be kept by Donald's son, whoever he was; the grate libray at Margate is kept by Betty's son, whoever *she* is, for they dont tell us their sirnames; it is a large room, quite snug and away from the sea, in a square called Horley—very different from Hawley on the way to Briton. At *that* Hawley Mr. Pickhisnails keeps the hin, has a fine booshy head of air, sleeps in top boots, and paints the stems of his trees sky blew for huniformity's sake. In the Horley-square at Margate, there are, besides Betty's sons, some uncommon nice boring houses, where a lady can live genteel and comfortable, without washing, for a jenny and a half a week.

Onion Crescent is near this, and is reckoned very pleasant, and so it is. There is no glare in Margate, to hurt the eyes. The houses look always upon the bax of others, which keeps away the son in summer, and the wind in winter. I know at Briton we was very much troubled with the wind when we lived on the Marrying Prade—at Margate it is quite different.

Fulmer, who is what is called a geehologist, says there is much amusement to be found amongst the Clifts. He talks of finding his sisters and taking his quarts, of which I never heard him speak afore, and he told us the other day that he had dug up some bedlamites. What he has done with them I dont know. The things he shewed me were, I believe, only their finger nails—they looked just like it.

With respect to the bathing, it is much more descent than at Briton, for the machines here have yawnings over them, by which means nobody can see one, however much they looks. We went to visit Dandelion, once a public garden. They say the place took its name from a lion's tooth; I'm sure I have heard something very unlike *that*, if it is what *I* mean.

We came away from this trestial parodice in the *Harlequin* steamer, and a large party we was: it was uncommon agreeable, only there was what is called a swell, which did not agree with the buttered toast, red herrings, honey, eggs, and tea, which we tuck as a remedy agin sickness. Mr. Fulmer said we had rolls as well as tost for breakfast, which made a thin gentleman in a white hat, which sot oposite us, laugh very much.

I did not go upon dick after heaten, but I heard them talk of seeing a great many boys about in the water; one was a boy with a horse, and another a boy with the bacon on his head. One of the first they saw, they said was the last, which seemed nonsense to me. However, they said there was several Spaniards a swimming near the pacquet, so I would not let my young ones go up.

To be sure, what phibbs travellers do tell—we was a talking of the great exhibition of the gurney to London by steam, when a gentleman told us, looking as grave as a gudge, that he and his father had made the Rickulvers in an hour and a quarter, after leaving the Noah light that day week: of course I said nothing—but I was certain as I was of being alive and living, that neither the gentleman nor his father had anything to do with making the Rickulvers, which I myself saw three and twenty years ago—and to make them in an hour and a quarter! However, everybody seemed to believe him—I only asked what profession he was of, and they told me he was imminent in the Tayloring line. That settled it—"Two tailors," as the French says—the very highdea of their talking of making the Rickulvers just as they would a pair of pantaloons—and them they could not make in an hour and a quarter, binding, button-holes and all, I'm sure.

When we got into smooth water, I went upstairs to see Noah's light, and there I saw the ark, with the lantern, and I believe Noah himself a walking up and down the dick. I asked one of the sailors if the men which was walking was never changed, and he said, every four hours; but that the man we saw, had been there ever since the flood—which convinced me. We saw from this, Sheerness with a river, which is Midway between Margate and town, and is called so.

I was very glad when the water was smooth, for I hate the big bellows a rolin, and so I told the gentleman in the airy cap which turns the wheel about—and he said we should have found it much ruffer if we had not come overland. This puzzled me, because I thought we was coming by sea all the time I was below, it bumped me about so—but he persisted in what he said, and moreover said something very disrespectful of the people of the place we had left, which he called the Margate flats. Everything seemed to clear up as we proceeded; we had Lee church on our wether bow, as the gentleman told me—the waters were called Hopes, and the sands were blithe—and we was all golly and uncommon hungary—so down we went to wait till the dinner came, which was some nice bile mutton and turnips with caper sauce, which occupied me all the way from a little above Tilbury Furt to Erin, which looks just as green as Mr. More, the pote, says it is.

At Gravesend we took in a gentleman, who gave us an account of the Grand Signior having sent out a fireman against the Roosians, which was a gettin beat by the Turkeys—however, as we was to go ashore at Grinnage, we had no time for pollyticks, having in course to look up the bundles and ban-boxes. Lavy went by land, on account of her child, and her misfortunes was greater than ores. for she left her black silk riddykel in the coch, containing the best part of a bottle of O de Goalong, a salmon-coloured neck handkycher, and a pair of nice yellow tan gloves—her brother went all the way to the Bare coach office in Pickadilly the next morning, but could hear no tidings on 'em.

When we come opposite the Horsespittle at Grinnage, we got into a boat and landed just by the Ship, which smelt of frying fish as ousel. I think if I had not committed an indiscretion with the bile leg of mutton, we should have been tempted to stop and have some stoodells and whatasujet—as it was, we got into our domstic, a carriage so called, and proceeded by Peckham and Cammerwell home.

I shall write again soon.—I am to be presented to the Quin of Portingal—the Countess of Itabagpipes was known to some of Fulmer's cousins in the brass heel country, which is the reason she wishes me to lend her my counting-house and purtection; so, one day next week I shall go in by the Stockwell stage, and visit the Court in Arlington-street. As for Jennyfluxion, I hope her Majesty will excuse me, for though poor Chunee, I remember, used to do it at Exeter Change, if I was once to get down upon my kneeses I am quite sure I never could git up again—but I shall communicate in a private billy with Lady Bagpipes on the subject.

Lavy desires her best love—Fulmer is as proud as a Pighog of his little gull, and my unmarried ones quite as unspohasticated as ever—there *was* a gentleman at Margate did give the youngest a sort of tittilation of the heart, and she had only two helps of beef and one plate of soup at dinner for three days in consequence of her tinder felings, but he went off in the *Ramona* the morning it carried passengers greatass, and so did my girl's infection for him, and the next day she sung "I've been roaming," and took to her vitals just as if nothing had happened.—Adjou.

DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

XXI.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM CONTEMPLATES THE COLLECTION OF HER LETTERS INTO A VOLUME.

To JOHN BULL.

January 25, 1829.

DEAR B.,—I write to you on a bizziness of some consequence to me—I have been applied to by some of the first jenny asses of the day to colic my lettuce into one volume, and publish them: so I spoke to my sun in law Fulmer, who has offered to hedit them, and put notes to them, which I at first thought meant setting them to mewsick, which I by no means wanted, although he offered to do it grateass. He has now explained his meanun, and I am going to get Mr. Golburn to print them in a doodecimus book, with a prefass and portrait, to be done from a Minotaur by Causeway, which is reckoned the himmige of me when I was a gull, and for wich Mr. Ram. paid Mr. Causeway, (quite a Minotaur of a man himself,) fifty jinnies.

You know I never rot to anybody but you, although some impotent parsons have dared to call themselves the hawthurs of my lettus. There is one of them squarecap fellows belonging to the Magdalen at Hauksfut—which they say lives upon Ices—he says he rot some of them, and one at Eating College says *he* helped me, and another, a bare blockhead whose name I never heard afore, goes about and says *he* rot 'em for me. He had better mind his tye pigs, and adjustments, and dews and surplices, I can tell him, for all his tong runs so glebe; for I never sot eye on him, nor he on me, as I nose of—however, I am dissolved upon publishing them out and out. Mr. Golburn wants them to come out in sheets, but I dont think that quite *come ill fo.*

There is a moneyment of two old gentlemen who were my Aunt's sisters, in a church in Lincumshire, done by Mr. Ruebellyache the great Sculpture, which was admired by the late Mr. Noddlecums, whose life has been published by his Taylor, and which cuts him up, sure enough—I should like to have the view of this family Muzzleheum in the book, if I could get it done in the new fashioned style of Lithotomy, because it shoes all the harms of our family, Lions sergeants, and the Lions parsons, and the Lions ramping, with the shiverings and mullets, and argents, and oars, and sables, and gulls, and all that, which we bore ever since William the Conqueror came over with Quin Mary, of hoom, no doubt, you have read.

My Mr. Ramsbottom's family, although very good, is not connected with that of the Hempee for Winsor, which family is eyely respectable in their whey, and quite sillybratted for bruin the bear, wich is so patternized in the neighbrood. Mr. Fulmer says, my dear Mr. Ram is quite a different ramification, but he thinks if you would just reckumend us to the Biblepole (I think he calls Mr. Goulburn) he could make three volums out of my letters, what letters I have received, his own notes, and all the notes the gals has got by way of orthographs, and a dairy, which my dear Mr. Ram kept till the day before he did.

I took my two eldest unmarried, the other day, to Mr. Devil's in the Strand, to be felt—they call him Mr. De Feel, but he spells it Deville, and calls *himself* Mr. De Huile—he is a Hoyl-man and a great proffessor of what is called *Free-knowledgey**—he shewed us the head of Sterne, which wrote many books, and also that of Sir Eyes-ache Newton, the great astrologer—he says I have the largest number one he ever saw, and when I cum away he sneered, and bid me take care of number one, as if everybody didnt do that without *his* telling.—He wanted to put a plaster on my head, and smear my face with some of his lampile, and stick squills up my nose, and take what he called a cast of my Hosfrontis—but I would not have none of his manoovers with me, and I was very well pleased when I found myself out of the shop.

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* Phrenology.

Only think, Mr. B., of Lord Angelseye coming home—he is left tenant of the castle no longer. Mr. Fulmer says he is like a hair which gives up doubling when it takes to turning. I am quite sorry to think what a state he must be in. Miss Biffin, or Billy Bowldish, the corpulent gentleman who used to bump himself along the streets in a band-box, an't nothing to compare with him. His Lordship told the people of Ireland that he had left his *heart* with *them*. Fulmer says, before he said *that*, he must have lost his *head*, and I seed one of his *legs* buried at Whataloo—of course, after that, the only thing left for him was to pack up his *trunk*, and come home; but pollyticks I seldom tuches, only I *does* like plain dealing.

Will you please to let me here from you, for you are a sad idol corryspondent—you promises to rite, and never dus, which is very disapinting. However, you must rite to give us leaf to print the Ramsbottom Papers, which has been redressed to you—give me your opinion about the minotaur and the muzzleum, and believe me, dear B.,

Your's, truly and sincere,

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTTOM.

All our curcle join in kind regards—we have all got colds, and guittars, and quinces, and roomatez—but we can expectorate nothing less this cold wether.

XXII.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S OPINIONS ON POPERY.

To John Bull.

Gravesend, April 2, 1829

My dear B.,—I have taken a trumpery residence hear for the seeson for the health of my therd gull, which is frequently effected with a goose. I send you up a copy of the Gravesend Guide, which will explain all the booty of the place, and all its convenences; the passage in the steemboat is cheap and agreble, and we run up and down every two or three tims in the weak.

Oh, B. B., I have got a krow to plock with you—I cannot make out what makes you such a stench Protestant; poor dear Mr. Ram never could bear Poppery, but I am afraid he was a biggoat at bottom, for the mounsheer which marred my second, tells me that it is a sweat religion, and that you can always get ablution for paying for it—which is very pleasant.

I remember the riots of Hayti, when they burnt old Newgate and got to all the goals; they raised several houses to the groand, and burned Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury-square, which was of brick and stone; what would they have done with his Willy up at Highgate, which is all made of Cane-wood; yet after all these I see he goes on in the Hose of Pears a speeking agin the Roming Catlicks just as if nothin had happened to him; he must be very anticкated now I shoud think.

You have heard, in course, that the new Pop is erected. Mounsheer tells me that Ginger was a very good Pop as ever was—he died notwithstanding his infallowbility—all Pops go off—and that's as it should be, for as they lives infallowb il so they infallowbelly dies. Mounsheer told me that it was thought that either Carnal Fetch or Carnal Comealongo would have been erected Pop, but that Charles Deece would have put his Feeto upon Fetch, so they have erected Castellioneye—they put poor Ginger after his deth into a cistern, with his holy toes a protruding out of a grating for the people to kiss.

I should have liked to be in Room when the concave was held. Oh Mr. B. you very much mistake the Catlick Priesthood. All the stories you hear of the Carnals keeping columbines is entirely calomel—they nose better than to do such things as those—for my part, I hop to see the day when all extinction of religion is forgot, and we shall see all our halters occupied by Popish Priests. What does Mr. More, the allmyknack maker, say on this toepick—

"Shall I ask the brave soger what fites by my side,
  In the kaws of mankind if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have vallied and tried,
  If he kneel not afore the same halter with me?
From the hairytick gull of my sole shall I fly,
  To seek somewhere's else a more authordox kiss?
No—perish the harts and the laws as try,
  Truth, walour, and love, by a standurd like this."

I says ditto, ditto, to Mister More; why should we Hairyticks stick up for our authordoxies, or any other sich, or despise the Roming Catlicks—why, we are decanters from the holy church ourselves, just as much as the Sauceinions and the Hairyuns,* and the Whistlings, or any others, are from hours—can't we wusship, every one after his own fashion—look at the Quackers—there's a sex, so pyehouse, and demure, and desunt, in everything good and propper.

Why, do *you* know, Mr. B., the Quacker ladies goes down to Grinnage, and Woolidge, and Popular, and the Isle of Docks, and all them parts, to phissit the poor feemale convix, which is about to be transpirted to Von Demons Land and Bottomy bay, where the illustrus Cook first found out the Cangarews—poor gulls, I think it a pitty to send out the pretty Lassenies, they are some on 'em so juvenal. Oh,

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* Arians.

Muster B., what must their Rum and essences be when they reclects Tim past—some on 'em if they are hard working meretricious gulls, get marred as soon as they gets to the Coloony, and when they does, Mr. Fulmer tells me they play the very dooce with the Malt house system, which I spose means that they drink too much hail, and bear in proporshun.

A navel sergeant goes to take care on 'em, and see as they wants for no thing—he locks them up every night, and never suffers no *Foxes paws*, but keeps them quite creckt, and they are in sich order that he has only just to talk of the lock and the key to subdoo e'm in a minuet—poor creturs, them as I seed where chairful, and not one of them was wiping, they had plenty of vitals, and spoke of the Coloony as a nice place, and called the Guvenor a Darling—but it seems wretched work—to hope for happiness there, is to follow an English Fattyus, which you know is a Will of the Whips, which is seed in the mashes.

But anuff of this—rite me word what you think of the Hopra—I think Pisarowneye is a bootiful singer—I dont much like Specky, and as for Mountijelly she harn't got no vice—not what I call a sweet vice—Miss Blazes is harmonias, but I see by the bills that they have denounced an Angel and a Devil to act, which I do not think *come il pho*. I have not seen Suck Kelly, nor Bellygreeny, but I recleck Mollybrown Garshia quite well. The new ballad of Mass and Kneelo is quite splendead—there is a him to the Vergin, sung just like Tedium in a church, and Wesuewius in the rear is quite tremendos. Colonel O'Conner said he never saw a more beautiful crater in all his born days, and he is quite a jug of those matters.

Haprowpow dee Botts—Why do you satyreyes my friends Lethbridge and Fillpott—you give a whole chapter to the Dean every Sunday which is too much, and as for calling Sir Tomass a rat, I deny the fack—at least if he *is* a rat, the day I saw him at dinner with Lord Wenerables he must have twisted his tail into the bag behind him, for I saw none of it.

I have no noose, except that we all wish you would come and explode these parts—perhaps you will, after you have red the guide. The passage is short and iconumical, only two shillings by the steam bot, or as the French call it, the *pack bot avec peur*. Do come—we all unite in best regards.

Yours, truly,

Lavinia Dorothea Ramsbottom.

XXIII.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

May, 1829.

Dear B.,—As you haven't given any count of the Summerset House expedition, which opened as weasal, the fust Monday in May, I thoght perhaps a few loose remarks of mine and Lavy's would be exceptable, therefore I rite to give you an int of what *we* think.

Oh, that Precedent, Sir Tummas Larrence—I never seed such pitchers as his—but I need not talk of those, because you nose his merits—what I want is, to bring to your notice some of the young uns.

Well, B., away we went Wensday, and paid our munney at the dore, and the man gave us a chick, and we bought our catlog, and then another man tuck away my parisot, which never happened to me before, the many ears I have seen in that place—he told me if I gave him my one, he would give me a number—which deseived me, so I let him have it, and he gave me a curd—this was just at the bottom of the great Achilles with the fir knees wich is kept in a bird cage, to prevent the people hurting his back—well, up we went—such a stare case—so hot was I—however, at last up we got.

The fust pitcher I seed was Adam and Heve expulsed from Paradise, by Debuffe. In buff I think—I never seed such a thing in all my days, and no reason for it, because it was after the date of the fig leaves—no matter—I turned away my eyes to Doctor Gobbleston, the Bishop of Llandaff, and a plainer creatur I never set my eyes on—his face looks for all the world as if he had been a rat hunting up a chimley. I couldn't look at him long. The next I saw was "I. Strutt, Esqueer, and his sister." I'm sure that is a likeness; and the next is called "a Gentleman," which I am sure can*not* be a likeness.

Lord Caravan, with a sword on, is a fine work, and so is a big picture of a Hero going to Philander in the Tower; and near that is one of a Gull with a Guttar, with sich funny pudsy fingers, which made Lavy laugh so as I was quite ashammed of her. Then there is one by Mr. Willes of a Dream, where "Puck takes away an asses head from bottom,"—it is so in the catlog, and I wonder at it—but no matter—I'm sure I felt quite in jeffery when I read such a thing in a book—and Mr. Newton, my favourite, what drawed the Disconsolate Lady in white satan, which hided her head in her hankycher, at the British Gallary, has got the pitcher of a Lady in a Coach-horse Dress, uncommon pretty; and Mr. Picksgill has got Sir Jeffery Dunstan with his gray locks a dangling just as I remember him when he was Mare of Garret, only bigger.

An artist of the name of Bedstead has a picture of two whole Snips, and also of two Jack Snips—which is meant for birds, but I never heard of sich afore. There is also Sir Roger de Coverlee and the Gypsums, and a picture of Lord Drum, (Lampton as was,) by Larrence, like as to phechurs, but not his compleckshun. I wish my Lord had sot to Turner, he would have done him betterer.

Mr. Barraud has a pitcher of his own painting, which he calls the Study of an Ass—how funny!—and there is Miss Phillips of Drury-lane, with a long waste, and no more like her pretty face than I am like her—instead of Dawe after this pitcher they should have put Dawb. Mr. Landseer has got a picture of a dead oh dear, and there is a pitcher of Colonel Johnson, who is called the Cove of Mustcat.

No. 241 is a pitcher of Zebuses and Quaggas, so like you cannot think; and another of the Bishop of Rochester—such a dandy—smirking and smooth faced, with a fancy wig—not a bit of the regelation cut about it—but no matter—he was only the Bishop of Soda the other day—Family made the Mann, and ratting made the Bishop.

There is a french pitcher of crowning a dead body, and a gentleman what is a King, with white stays and a blue walking-stick, a watching on it; and there is a Mr. Luck, secretairer to the London Institution, which is either a piece of bad luck or a bad likeness. In the Antick Acadamme there are two pitchers which are worth looking at—one, *Baron Carl Ashating von Triggum*, and the other *Major Von de Roggery Sue Peppercorn*. I loves 'em for their names. Mr. Smith exhibits some specie of Cactus from natur, which of course I did not look at—and No. 576 is the portrait of a Colonel, so like a horse, that if you was not told it was a military officer you never would find it out.

I cannot go all through the catlog—in the model-room, there is the head of a Rabbit, so like an old closeman that I never should have taken it for the little hannimal what hops about; and a buteful busk of Lady Elizabeth Gower, which was the only thing I saw I should like to have had—unless, indeed, it was the great Chanticleer which hangs in the top room, which the King gave the Acadammee; however, I should have staid longer, but a poor gentleman, a stout lustful man, slipped down the stares just as we was looking about, and broke his leg, so bad that we heard he suffered an imputation the same night—this quite shocked Lavy, who has a feline disposition, and can't bear to see any thing hurt—so we came home; but I shall go again, and perhaps rite you some more of my observashuns.—Yours ever,

D. L. Ramsbottom.

XXIV.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM AT THE "CHISWICK FÊTE."

To John Bull.

July, 1829.

My dear B.,—We was all at the wet feet at Chissick on Saturday; Lavy and Fulmer, and Mounsheer, my second, and the two "june dimiselles," as Mounsheer calls them; and sich a site as that for a breakfast, never did I clap my too eyes on—furst of all, we went off in Fulmer's broach and Mounsheer's brisket—all in the poring rein—two cargoes of us, and we was literally socked through and through afore we got there, and there was a great poodle under the place where I sot; however, we had paid our jennies, and we was determined to have a reseat in fool.

But now I must tell you before I begin, that when we got home, Fulmer sot down just like Swalter Scott, or Milton, or Pop, or any one of the potes, and rot a whole account of it in verse, every bit of it as true as if it warn't pottery at all, and then he sung it to us, Lavy playing the Pein forte accompaniment; and when I asked him to give it me for you, he tore it all to hattams. But I matched him there, as I had done afore. As soon as he was gone out of the room I picked up the pieces (which, if I had not a watched him, I think he would have gone and done himself); and so I stuck the paper together as well as I cood, but some of the virses is still missing: however, wherever there is a ole in the ballad I will supply the place with my pros, so as to make it a jint produxion just like Bowman and

Flesher, or Merton and Reinholds, or Mathews and Yates.

Fulmer begins thus, to your favourite toon of "Hunting the Hair:"—

"Go tell Jenkins to order the horses,
The clouds are all breaking, the sky's looking blue;
At half after one let us muster our forces,
And order the carriage at half after two.
Tell Emma and Susan
To put their thick shoes on,
And get Parabous on,
And send up for Kate;
Put the Halls in the rumble,
(I'm sure they can't grumble,)
With Bob and your humble,
They'll just make us eight.

"'Where are ye going to?' cries Mrs. Dickenson,
'What can you do such a very damp day?'
'Comfort ourselves with champagne and cold chickens soon,
See the big cherries, and hear Littolf play,
Iceing or prawning,
(It's all under awning)
Or lounging the lawn in,
The crowd will be great;
So come, Mrs. Dickenson,
Folks will drop thick in soon,
Mud you shan't stick in soon,
Come to the *Fete*.

"The people are clever who get up this festival,
Men who sit toiling in science for weeks,
Hold councils on cabbages, and (which is best of all)
Speak upon salads and lecture on leeks;
Who sit (without raillery),
Vote upon celery,
Clear out their gallery
After debate—
Men who can grapple
With onion or apple,
And tell if the sap' will
Rise early or late.'

"Off we started, the rain was just mizzling,
Crack went the whips, and we rattled through Town;
At Kensington coach-stand it faster was drizzling,
At Kensington church, it began to come down;
The post-boys were whipping,
The post-horses slipping,
The Halls were quite dripping
At Hammersmith Gate;
On we went dashing,
And squashing and splashing,
Till after this fashion
We got to the *Fete*."

Then there's a verse wanton, which of course I can't remember; but the Bow-street officers were all round the dore, and they looked to me as little like Bows as they did like officers; however, there was a large poodle to get over, and I heard them bid me wait till they sent for a Plank, which turned out to be a humane cretur, the head of the Pelisse. We had no umberellars, only our parisoles; but we got into a long tent, and there Fulmer told me I had better make my election to stay, because I was favoured both by the canvas and the pole; which I do not understand, but he put it all in rhyme about a "hujus encampment," something you know, I don't quite remember, to "keep off the damp meant;" and then he praised the bootiful cretures what was a setting in the mud under the yawning, which cood not get out, and called them the most elegant flowers and fruits of the day.

It was no good a stopping there however, for we was a mile a'most from the feeding place which Mr. Grunter had prepared for his fellow-creturs; so I determined wet or dry, nolus bolus, over I would go—it was uncommon squashy, and poor Lavy had a touch of the Room attics in her head before we come out, however it warnt no use complaining, so the two Hauls, which was phissitors of ours, and I, ondertook to cross over the plot—of that, Fulmer says—

"Cross the *green* ocean amongst the carousers there,
Oh! what a squabble, what pushing, what thumps;
Dandies appropriately drest in *duck* trowsers, were
Making their way through the water in pumps.
To see them a tripping,
And sliding and slipping,
With cold meat and dripping"——

Here there is another ole, and I think it must be a herror of the arthurs, because "cold meat and dripping" is nonsense; however, no matter, we got over, and *there*, if you'll believe me, was a matter of a kipple of thousand humane creturs, just like pigs with their noses in the troffs, agin the wall, a heating and a heating, and a grunting and a grumbling, over their uncles in gravelly mud.

I heard one man ask for a kennel of chicken, and another wanted a blanket of veel; but the master cock pot his head out of a French marqui, and said there warnt nothing shew (which, as you know, means hot, in the language of the Galls); so I squeedged out three young youths and two gulls which was a making themselves sick with eating isis, and made rheum for myself, and sot too to make up my jennys worth; but if you'll believe me, dear B. (I didn't care for the muck I was a standing in, for I had a cork soul,) but presently I felt drip, drip, drip, something a dripping into my neck behind, which I was so ot a crossing the grace plot I didn't feel at first, but which was the rein a coming through the callyko top of the yawning; and what was uncommon surprising to me, although the clouts above were so black, yet the rein which fell, cum down quite blue. I had a glass of Bucephalus, three big glasses of celery Shimpain (which shews the advantage of the garden, for it was just as good as any made from grapes) and a small glass of O. D. V., which the master cock in his white nite cap sent out to me. Fulmer called the people who got under cover, the *con-tents*, and them as could not, the *non con-tents*.

But if you had seen the way in which the genteelmen run about to fetch vitals for the ladies—it was quite charming.

"I want a wing for a lady," says one—"I want a couple of legs for my ant, who can't walk," says another—"A thick slice of beef for Miss Angelina," and so on. Oh! it was quite delightful, only I don't think so double refined as I expected for a jenny. Fulmer says, in a verse about the company—

"There were the Thompsons, the Greens, and the Nevensons,
Two Miss Barkers, and twelve Mr. Smiths ;
Three Miss Wilsons, Miss White, and the Stephensons,
Pretty Miss Hawkins, and four of the Friths,
The Walkers and Bartons,
The Simpsons and Martins,
The Stubbs's and Parton's,
And old Mrs. Tate.
With Hopkins and Higgins,
And thin Mrs. Figgins,
And fat Mr. Wiggins,
The Elite of the *Fete*."

However one accident happened—somethink always does happen wherever we go. My second was beautifully dressed —all after one of the Magaseens, and quite unlike any body else—and somehow or other—I dont know whether it was the whet or what—but part of her close tumbled off; however the Bows which was about thought it was one of her sleeves, and nobody cared except her husband Mounsheer, who was quite in a bustle at loosing anything, and *would* make her tell him all about it, because he was terrified at seeing her so very much reduced in figger in so short a space of time—Mounsheer got it back from one of the Artillery Bumbardeers which was in the garden to watch the river for fear it should get dry—howsoever there was plenty of water this time.

Well, B., after we had eat in four places, and tried for the fifth, but could get nothing but the bottoms of Hams, which Fulmer twisted into "Hamsbottoms," and made it rhyme to my name, we went out just for a minuet, thinking the rein had sopsided ; but we had scarce got out of the heating place when down it come agin, and we was obliged to run for it—(I don't run very expedishus at any time, much less after what I had eat)—and got into what is called the committee-room, a place as dark as pitch, and smelling like a seed shop; indeed I never seed such a place in my life; and there was the Tyrrelease Pheasants, and sich a silly gull a asking them all manner of foolish questions about their singeing their Tyrellease kitches or whatever they are. This warn't lost upon Fulmer—and I have preserved that virse—

"God save the King was the best of the shew for us,
And it was greeted with loyalty's roar;
But when they sang the words 'Long to *rain* over us,'
Nature herself seemed to call an *encore*.
'Twas in the committee room,
Dark as a city room,
By no means a pretty room,
Close to the gate;
Amongst the complainers,
Thus warbled the Rainers,
Most apt entertainers,
For Saturday's *Fete*."

Well, B., and after that, I am sorry to say when it got to hold up for a minuet again, the Bows, which I thought had been a carrion the Shimpain and the vitals to the ladies, shewed by their conduct that they had only got the things in the names of the fair sects, and as Fulmer said had added to the frauds of the neutral flags, by taking to themselves, under false pretences, what was shipped for other people—they was quite inhebriated, and played very improper pranks—Fulmer said, that he himself saw one lady play *Merry tricks*, but if so, I dare say she'll try *new tricks* before she comes there again—however, the conduct of the men was quite obstropolous, and one of them spoke to my seckond as if he had been introdeuced, and when he asked her name, and she said Ramsbottom, he behaved more imperently than he had done before, and said that he had noed us all long ago. I'm sure he never noed me, nor none of my daughters, and so I told him, and I begged Mr. Fulmer to find out the Secrethairy, Mr. Sabine, to come and speak to the imperent poppy; but Fulmer told me that we had better go away as fast as we could, for that when men were in *that* state none of the Sabines would be safe; so of course I would not go to hinger a respectable family, and we got over our uncles to the gate, where we found our servant Jenkins in the custardy of the offisers, for nocking down a beetle belonging to the gardner, which would not let him poke his knows in to look for us. So Fulmer did, (what, considering the weather, was quite necessary,) gave his curd to the pelisseman, and baled out the footman.

But I must say a Jew, and I cannot help thinkin how surprized Fulmer will be when he sees your pepper in the mornun. Lavy has been in bed ever since the Feet; our cousin Kate has got a swelled face; the Hauls have both got bad coughs, and Mounsheer and his wife have been takin teasannes every nite and morning; however, I hope we shall soon get about, and if what I have saved out of the phier is of any use, you are welkum.—Yours, dear B., always,

Dorothea L. Ramsbottom.

XXV.

A LETTER FROM WALMER.

To John Bull.

Warmer, near Deal, Oct. 13, 1829.

My dear B.,—I only right you a short Billy do, to tell you we are all combing to the Mephistophiles on Twosday. Some of us travails by the Dover onion, an uncommon good stag, and Lavy and her spouse in their broach.

What I have cheefly to say is, that I have been purveiled upon to publish my Original Letters to you in a serious—Fulmer is kind enuff to say he will do notes to them, and write a biggraphical scratch of my life, and have my head in a plate for a fruntispece—I beleive I am to be lithotomized, which is cheaper than copper.

You have my premishon to hannounce my work, which I should like to call the Book of the Breakfast Parlor, but Fulmer thinks the "Ramsbottom Papers" better.

Yours ever,

D. L. Ramsbottom.

L.S.—What do you think of poor Mam Hood, the Great Signior of the Turkies—he is humbled—and to an Irish usurper; for so I conclood Nicholas the Autograph of the Rushes to be, seeing that his name of Nick is only a nick name, and that he calls himself Paddy Shaw—surely he ought to know beast.

L.S. (2)—I comb to town with an Aikin art; the wotchmen are beat off their beats, and we shall never see their lantarns nor heer their "agreable rattles," as the play-book says, henny more. I wish Muster Peel had not ordered his new blue pelisse till the Spring, for in the dark nights, when the Fox of Lunnun is in the streets, I do love to lisson to the our a bean cried, while we are all coucheying in our lees. Adoo, wunsmore.

We submit this letter as we have received it; and our readers will, like ourselves, gather from it, that our esteemed correspondent, like other great ladies, has resolved to appear in print. We have since ascertained that the work will appear shortly, in one volume, with the promised notes and illustrations.

XXVI.

A PECK OF TROUBLES.

To John Bull.

March, 1830.

Dear B.,—It is a long while since I wrote to you, but I have been in a pick of trubbles about my famlie. Lavy's youngest has been vascillated, and the various matter did not take a feckt—so that she tuck the small pock natrally, and I fear will be very much pitied when she comes to grow up—however, I must right you a short letter.

You remember my lemontations about the removal of the Wochmen—I have quite changed my mind, and am all for the new blue Pelesse. More specially since what I see they are going to do, to keep them always ready to put out fires—they rehearsed their revolutions one day last week, and, according to the noosepapers, beat Mounsheer Shabby out and out—but they does it by wearing Ass-beastos jackets,—by which means they minds fires no more than that young woman we read of, who lived a hundred years in a Fir-nest—I mean Sally Mander.

What a nice man Mr. Main must be, who is one of the heads of the Pelisse, to take such care to distinguish the fires—I have often seen his name up agin the walls, and never knew what it meant, with F. P. before it—where it says "Westminster *Main*—always charged." I am sure we hoe a grate deal to Mr. Peal—Sir Richard Burney never put out no fires that I ever heard of, nor any body, except the Fire Indians, who do it with a wetness to it.

My poor grand-child has been so bad, that I have not been able to see our new Moll Pomona at Common Garden, but I hear she overflows the house with people and with tiers—I could not stir out and leave little Jacinta, she has had nothing to eat or drink for these three weeks, but some tap-pyochre and a glass of white wine delighted with water.

Only think of the Argand Rooms being burned down, and the English Uproar House in the Strand—I hope this last will be bult up agin, for I think English talons should be encurridged, and I do love our native wobblers, they are so much more tuching than the Hightalians—as for the French hactors, Potter and Clup and those, they are very funey in their whey, but not to compare with our hone Thisbeans in Common Garden or Dreary Lane.

Oh, Law! what do you think of Lady Edinborough? is not her's a curous tail, to think of leaving such a handsome man as her husband for a foraying prince? I suppose my Lord will get marred again, to keep the title in the right line—he has no hair apparent now, I believe.

I can add no moor at present, for the Physicking is come; and as I must give him his phee, I may as well insult him, and get all I can out of him, for now that Jacinta is better, I pomps him for the noose off the Bo mond, which these Dogturs know more off than most peepil. I will wright soon agen, and give you a hysterical account of all our proceeduns. Adoo, chair B., Yours, D. Ramsbottom.

XXVII.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM'S OPINIONS ON PUBLIC EVENTS.

To John Bull.

Kaduggan Place, Sloane Street, Nov. 20, 1830.

Dear B.,—Here we are, once more in the capitol—Fulmer has hops in the Wigs to give him a plaice—he has been a fishing a long time, and has cocht nothing yet; and I fear now they *have* got in, the old tale of more pigs than tits will be new revived.

What do you think of Hairy Broom as Chancesellor?—Lord Crows-nest on the Wulsack—or a half-pay Captun (brevet Lefttenant Kernel) as Master of the Ordinance—or my friend Lord Drum, the coal-merchant, as Lord Privy; not to speak of Nero Denman as Attorny-General, or Newark Wilde as Solissiter—Why is all this?—Just because a parsel of lazy fellers did not like to go out in a wet night to vote for the Civil List—I'm sure the names of them as did not go to support the King, should be published, and called the *uncivil* list, as a disttinkshun.

Well, never was I more surprized. Here, says I, after the

Revelation in France is ended, after settling the affairs of the Ditch and the Belchians, to think of a two do in London. Poor Charles Deece is almost forgotten. It is true his fort was firing his ordnance among the people, and my French sun-in-law cries "*Baa les Tyriens*" whenever we spike of him. He says, says he, "I don't mean nobody in party-colour, but (he rot this bit himself) *Qui capit ille facit*," to which my other sun-in-law, Fulmer, says, "that Charles Deece might have overcome the danger, but that he was the *Capet* who would not *face it*."

Fulmer has sent a long pistol to the Primer to ask for something; but he says of course the *Greys* will be beset by the *Duns*, and that all the hungry ones can't expect to be felled at once; besides, he doesn't expect this set to last. I'm sure such a parcel of things never was put into a Cabinet before, except to be looked at, as curosittes.

We was a rustycatting at Warmer, near Deel, on Lord Mayor's Day, but the weather has grown so much colder, I was glad to git away from old Ossian; they was all on the *Key* weave, in the City, that day. Sir Clod is a great genus, and always was—he was much above his calling when he was a Hatturney—he was made to ride on a wite oss afore the King.

I see somebody has sent his Majesty a pair of boots, and somebody else has sent the King and Queen a cake, which, the Lord Chambermaid rites word, was uncommon nice—is it because the Wigs won't let the Royal Family have enuff munny to live upon, that their subjex send them such things?

I wonder that Lord Angelseye should go to Hireland agin; he was a Poplar ruler when he was last there, but the case is haltered now; if he should be hill when he is out at Doubling, with the Tig Dollyroo, I suppose Sir Francis Birdhit will go to Mr. Singeing Long, and be robbed for him. Only think of that Long; I'm sewer if the New Jewry find such a Furdickt as the Old Jewry did, the Gudge ought not to suffer him to be *Long* in this country. I think it would be better to let him be tried by the Old Bayley, rather than by either of the *Parks*—only he is all for the west end of the Mephistophiles, and is supported by the Hairystockcrazy.

Your friend Fillpot *is* maid a Bishop, although you said he never woud be. What do you say to *that?* The dear Duck of Wellington thought as Fillypotty had *ratified* his part of the agreement he would *ratify his*—Filly will be near Cardinal Weld at Exeter, and his Imminence perhaps will bring Toby quite round, and get him made Pop of Rheum one of these days. It is quite rite, however, that when he gets his mitered coach he shoud give up his Stanhope—he can't want both, and at such a distance, too, from itch other.

Do you think Sir Scarlet will be Lord Chief Jester in the room of Lord Tenderdone? Fulmer tells me that Hairy Broom says he won't be Lord Chancesellor, which makes me think the thing is quite curtain that he will; he wants to be Master of the Roles he says, so has to have his fling in the House of Cummons; but the Master wont go—he likes a quiet life and no nonsense—no cabnets and wulsack wurk, but soshability and a leetel haycarty in the evenings. I honner his honner for his taste and his furmness; a good Leach always sticks fastest—besides, it spits Broom, and that is just "*cum il fot*," as the French says.

I dont see that Mr. A. B. C.-rombie has got anything in this scrimble-scramble. I am glad Lord Goodyrich is cum back, for a kinder-arted, more hamiable man there is not in all the whirld. Sir James Graham as Fust Lord of the Admirability is curous, but Mr. Spring Tide as the Secretairer seems an uncommon proper apintment.

Fulmer tells me that Lord Hill has got the *Blues*—I am sorry his Lordship takes the change of Minsters so much to heart. I hope he will keep up his spirts, for every body has nose him, loves him.

There is a very scandallous report going about, that Lord

Holland is going to keep the Duchess of Lancaster—I dont believe it for many reasons—one is, I never heard of the Lady before, unless it is your friend the Princess of Olive Serres, who has got her rites at last; but then Lord Holland would not do sich a thing as that; at least I conseeve not.

Perhaps, dear B., you will send me a billey in the coarse of the weak, and if anything good should turnip for Fulmer I will let you no—he is by no means partycolour—any place, from a Lord Precedents down to a porters, would suit him—he is equally fit for all; besides, in a squabble like this, nobody sticks at fitness.

Yours ever, dear B.,
D. L. Ramsbottom.

P.S. You never tells us nothing about the Theaters now; is your cricket dead? if he is, why don't you git anuther? Adoo! B.

XXVIII.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM DECLARES HERSELF A CONVERT TO "REFORM."

To John Bull.

Turnham Green, April 4, 1831.

Dear B.,—It is a long time since you have heard from me,—and now I do write, you will find me somewhat haltered in my principles. I have been one over by my sun-in-law to the great caws of Reform. He talks of not stopping till we have got the Ballad and General Sufferance—as to the first, I am all for the song; but with regard to the General, I cannot say I ever heard of him before; but if he is a friend of Lord John Rustles, that is efficient—the very site of Lord John is enuff—his name is a corjil, and his figger is comefort.

I recklect the day when I satanized Lord Drum, the Lord

Privy, and so did *you*, B.---you now you did—chiefly, as I think, because he was yellow. Did you ever read Foot, B.?—Muster Foot says, in one of his Farcies, that a good candidate, like a good oss, cannot be of a bad culler—so I say—besides, what's yellower than a jinny? I think I see you, when you read my lines, and find me alturd as I am—but I am enlightened—the peeple *must have refurm*—my shoemaker says so, and I know it must be so; and as Lord Drum is at the bottom of the Refurm Bile, I love him—he looks as if he had been making the bile for some time. Oh, B., he is an intersting crechur, and so good natured, it is quite unpossible to void having a puncheon for him.

I admit at first the Cabnet was in a quandary—that Polly Thomson isn't poplar amongst them. I think they are jellies of Polly, for he most certainly has talons—Fulmer says he nose he has—he is a great ventriloquist (I think they call it), which speaks many forin tongs—indeed, Fulmer sometimes calls him Pollyglot as well as Polly Thomson, and he told me the other day that the King was going to create him Barren Barilla, and sent him out Protector of Grease, instead of Prince Loophole, who, as they call it, bagged out.

Then Lord Althrop—what a deal of good he has dun since he has bein in Hoffys. Look at his entrenchments—he has cut down the odd eater of the Civil List, and tuck off the dooty on koles—and wot a deal more he would have dun if the axe of parlymen of hother dace had not perwented him. And as for Lord Grey himself, I *do* say sich a kind-arted man as not been seen for ears and ears—not a sun, nor a cussin, nor a nevy, nor a sun-in-law, nor a wife's cussin, nor one hingyvigyal belonging to him, but wot he has perwided for, somehow or another. Shew me a Prim Minster as hever hacted in sich a generous way afore—Why the Duck of Wellington, with all his fine toe doos, when he was in place, never guv nothing vhatsoever to any of his relations as ever I heard of—ard-arted Duck.

And then that sweet Muster Cullcraft—a dear gentleman, full of Janus, and as neat and as nice as a nine-pin—he is the Ugh!-nit which guv the majority, and all by thinking twice, which is a wise thing in a man—I was not at all surprized when I heard that the nice crechur voted with the eyes—for, says I to my Lavy, he has very little to say to the nose, anyhow. But he was always a favourite with the ladies—a regalar Feel-hander amongst them. And then his pore sun Granny too, to have lost his Love—more's the petty, for they are a nice fam'ly take 'em all to gather—

"From grave to gay, from lively to Sevier."

I hope Lord Bruffham and Fox comes up with your expectorations—he certainly does with his hone—I went, the other night, into "Tommy's box;" I don't know why they called the place so—it was like a vaper bath, with certains all round it; and there I seed the Chanceseller lying full-length on the Wulsack—(which I thought a hod thing to have in sich a place)—and I am told he may be seen lying there every night—when I say lying, I mean stretching,—and poor nobleman, no wonder, for he must be a most tired out —wot with the intrests of the nayshun, and the cawses in his Court, and the trouble he is at to keep silence there—and carrion the bag—and riting leaden articles in the noospeppers, and his repeals, and one thing and the other. Have you seen his pitcher in the Suffocating gallery of Artists?—there he is, as like as like can be, but only carycachurd, which is not to be wundered at, for the pitcher is panted by Lord Lonsdale—(so the cattle-hog says)—and as his Lordship always made him look blue on the pole, its no wunder he has made him look yellow on the canvas—for blue and yellow is Bruffham's cullers. The pictcher, however, is in the best place in the room, in complement to the Lord Chanceseller—so that them as was ordered to hang his Lordship, have done him only justass.

Then there is Lord Pummicestone—he is another of my feverits—where did you ivir see such a Foraying Minster as he—so genteel—so haymable—and with sich nice wiskers and white linen—never interfeering the least with any nonsense about polyticks—never sayin a word about his hoffice, either in Parlyment or out of it, as I hears on; he troubles his head no more about the Belchians and the Ditch, or the Roosians, or the Proossians, or hany of the oosians, than I do. I'm told (by Parr and Tess) that there are no hops for the Poles—their caws is desprut—at least so the Old Engine we met last season at the sea side told me the day before yesterday, as I seed him cumming out of the Horizontal Club in Handover-square;—nevertheless, I think Lord Pummicestone is quite wyse for not talkin—when one nose littel, it is the safest way to say nothink. However, I may be preggüdiced in his fever, for his Lordship has promised to do the jalap wuth me, at an opp wich a frend of ours in Taffystalk-square is to give next munth—I thoft my duncing days was gun, but woo can resist Lord Pummicestone—that would be a *task*.

Pursenal felines, however, shud not halways way with us, but since Fulmer as taken this turn towards refurm, all the Minsters have been so servile to us, that we are quite churmed. Lord Hockland, though no grate things in the Guvment, is sich a haffable, warm arted cretur—sich an insinivating Pier—and Sir Jims Graham, so hunassuming, and at the same time such a fine man—how he turrified that Ogreman Mahoon—did you see how the pore fellur was put to a nonplush; and how he croed over O'Konnell like a kok—Grame kim out of that, splendid—there is'nt nothink but *that* to be sed about it; so did Lord Althrop with Mr. Plummet Wad—a very hominous name for a querrel—he that he cocht in his entrenchment at St. Jimses—Oh! it makes one prowd to see such Neros as these.

But nothink will do—everybody wich wares shurts and has munney in their pokets abuses this bill of Lord Drums; they say the bill may parse, but nobody can conster it; and they tells us that the honly claws they can understand in the bill is the Divil's claws, which has set his foot in it. To be sure, B., I must say, looking at things as they stand, cutting off sixty-two members at a blow is a serous hopperation—I hone it is very like a Revelation. Old Tim with the firelock, however, will shoe the effex; and (as I says to Lavy, whenever I have a fit of coffin) wen we are in our graves, what will it signify to hus?

I *am* for Reform—and I hone it. The King, they say, is for it—at wich I wunder; and the Queen is agin it—at wich I do not wunder. But Mr. Christopher Stubbs, our hopposite neighbore, is for it; and that has decided me—for *he* hadmires Lord Pummicestone, and Mister Cullcraft, and Mr. Singeing Long—so I think he has had some new lights lately. Singeing Long, after having stood twice at the Hold Bayley, and having been only returned once, is going to hoffer himself for the parish of Marrowbone, as what Fulmer calls the "*knee* plus ultra."

And now, B., let us snitch a minuet from Pollyticks, and Pollygots, and Polly Thomsons, for a moral inflexion or two; here is Hester come agin—Puck, as the Galls call it—the trees is begining to shoot, just as the bows is ceesing to unt; the sweet Buds (I ope you like Hornithology) are commencing their wobblings on the branches, and are hable to do wot is wise as well as pleasant—turn over a new leaf every day of their lives. Hadam and Heve did so before them, wich is a good President.

Wot a splundid site it is to behold the wurks of natur—the great Halps—Strumbolli—Hetna—the sparrowgrass piping out of the beds at Battersea—Burnells funnell under the Thames—and the Cosmorammy in Regent Street—but one has no time for these thinks at present. I ham absobbed with the grate question, and I culd not rest till I opened myself to yew—you will call me a rat—but I'll trust you, even though *I* begun our corryspundence; for we are safe from your Harrows, if we don't expose *ourselves*, and however I may cry out for refurm, *enter noo;* I shall never be hass enough to be a bartizan of it before the public.

Yours truly, dear B.,
DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

XXIX.

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To JOHN BULL.

Clappem Kommon, Hoct. 14, 1831.

DEAR B.,—What will you Aunty-reformers say now. The parlyment is to be berogued, and your hopes are all blyted—now my expectorations are answerd—this is a nice two do—Fulmer, who is on your side, sings what he calls his High Ho Pea hens, but I cant agree with him, because Mr. Ram was a wriggler radical, and so am I, because I do not know no better, and theerfor I redes the *Tims*, and am quite agreable to the pinions of the Head-eater of that pepper.

I have bin to hear the debretts of the peerage—we had seets in the House of Lauds. What a man that Hairy Broom is—what a spich he made, and how thrusty he got—I askd what it was he was a drinking, and they told me a Bishop—he seemd as if he could have swallowed the See. He had the tumblers hin, ot and ot, like the stakes at his Club—but when he went down upon his Marybones, I was quite resolved into tiers, for feer he never coud git up agin.

Lord Grey is a fine cretur, but very grey indeed; I remember him as Lord Howweak many years ago. I saw Lord Monster too, and the Kernel which has the Kopper minds, who is called Lord Dinnerbell, because of his feedin a great Duck at his ouse in Whales.

I had a not from Lord Pummicestone, to tell me he was not gone to resign—he poots hup with a grate deal from Lord

Grey and Broom, and even from Lord Drum, when he is well enough to go to the Cabinet—that was a purty scrap he got into about Ninnyveal, the Ditchman; and now I heer he is another two do about the Emperor of the Brass-heels—Lewey Flip does not like given up the Portingal ships, and as we does everything Tallyrong thinks right, why we must not grumble—this is Pummicestone's noose to me. If the King of Spain helps Don M'Gill they say he will suckseed in keeping his hone—the Spanish is all he wants to put him to rites. As for Rooshy and Prooshy, P. says he can't say much about them, only I see that Leaving has not left, and that Bowlow is halso here—but else foraying affairs seems below pa.

The Bishop of Lundun did not vote agin the Bile—I herd why—his first start in life was hoeing to a translation—he wants to try another—this is Greek to me, Mr. B.

I think the people are just shewing their spirt—Honly think of Lord Lunnunderry pooling out a pistole, and fritening such a manny men as he did. They are rong to set phire to houses, and as for the Hayfair at Knottingham Castle, it was absird hin the hextream, for to *my* mind the surest way of raising the New Castles, is burning down the old ones.

Our friend P. applyed to me to see and ask Fulmer to be made a pier this time; and Lavy would like to be a Vicecountess she says—a Barreness she would not listen to; but I did not like to say anything to F., because Lord P. said "He was wanted to carry the Bill through the House of Lords;"—these are P.'s hone words out of his leather to me, and I *do* think Fulmer was born and bred to better things than to do porter's work at his time of life—Hif they wants "the Bill carried through the House," why dont they imploy survunts of their hone, without trying to disgrace onest people witch is as good as themselves?

Pray what do they mean by sayin "whipster of a fraction," wenever they talk of Lord John Rustle? I think it is in allusion to some of his impotence in the Ouse of Kommons. Fulmer says that his Ludship can't bear ironing—he sims to me to have been mangled last Wensday—however, I'm all for Refurm, and Lord Grey, and Universal Suffering, and Vote by Ballad. And now the Bill has been rejected, I am ready for another hole Bill, and nothing but the Bill—and you mark my words, Mr. B., you will be hobliged to pool in your orns afore you have dun.

The King must be a good deal wurried, wot with wun thing and hanuther. If I was he, I never would let Minsters hoverrule me—I *would* have my own whey, and hif I could not master them piecably, I wood do as Fulmer says, "cut the Jordan knot at once, and resolve the Parlyment."

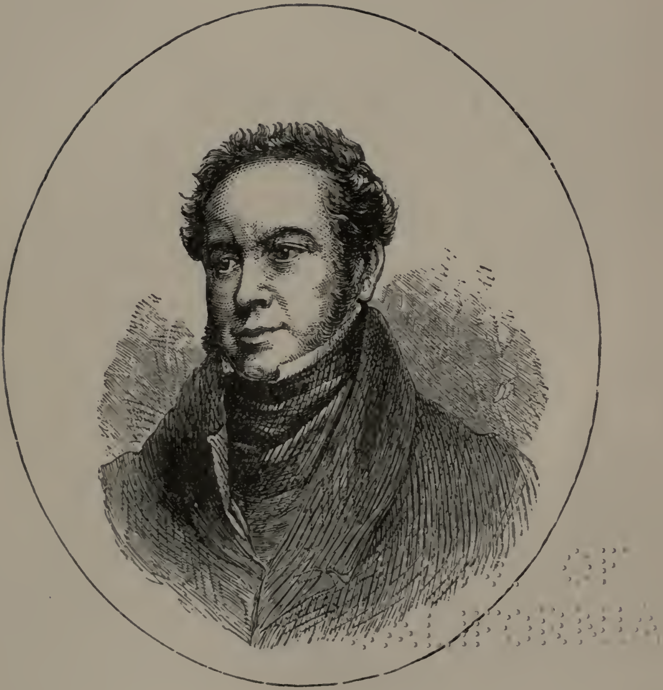
Say somethink in your pepper, that may show me you have got this.—Yours, still in frenchship,

D. L. Ramsbottom.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you my fourth gull, Addlehead, is going to be marred next week to Dr. Pillycooshy, of Peckham.

POLITICAL SONGS AND SQUIBS.

THEODORE HOOK.



FROM A DRAWING MADE BY MR. EDDIS

For the collection of Mr. Magrath, long the respected Secretary of the Athenæum Club.

POLITICAL SONGS AND SQUIBS.

[The following is from *The Arcadian*, a magazine which Hook edited and principally wrote in 1820, and which only reached two numbers.]

CARMEN ÆSTUALE.

A SONG FOR THE SUMMER, TO BE SUNG BY J. C. H——, ESQ.,* NOW A PRISONER IN HIS MAJESTY'S GAOL OF NEWGATE.

Tune—"Whare ha' ye bin a' the day, my boy Tammy?"

WHERE have ye been a' the Spring,
My boy Cammy?
Where have ye been a' the Spring,
My boy Cammy?
I have been in Newgate keep,
Doomed to dine, to drink, to sleep,
Side by side with rogue and sweep,
In dungeon dark and clammy.†

---

* John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), the friend of Byron.

† This is a poetical licence; for by the paternal solicitude of Sir Francis B——, little Cammy was rescued from the dreadful contamination. It was not unamusing to see the worthy baronet start with horror at the idea of sending a *gentleman*, like his friend, to a nasty, damp, filthy prison. We thought the laws were to know no distinctions, particularly the laws of the Radicals.—*Arcadian.*

What took you to Newgate keep,
My boy Cammy?
What took you to Newgate keep,
My boy Cammy?
I did once my goose-quill take,
To shew a Whig a small mistake.
Did you do't for freedom's sake?
Freedom's my eye and Tammy!

What then did you do it for,
My boy Cammy?
What then did you do it for,
My boy Cammy?
Because I thought if I were sent
To jail, for libelling Parliament,
I might chance to circumvent
Next election, Lamby.*

How would that throw out George Lamb,
My boy Cammy?
How would that throw out George Lamb,
My boy Cammy?
Because, with tag-rag and bobtail,
Nothing does but going to jail;
We have seldom found it fail;
Voyez vous, mon ami!

How do you make *that* out,
My boy Cammy?
How do you make *that* out,
My boy Cammy?
See what all the rest have done—
Abbott, Burdett, Waddington,
Blandford, Hunt, and Wat—son,
And now, like them, here am I!

---

* At a meeting at a tavern in the Strand, Hunt observed that Mr. H——'s Newgate manœuvre "savoured a little of an election trick."—*Arcadian.*

Did the Speaker talk to you,
My boy Cammy?
Did the Speaker talk to you,
My boy Cammy?
No;—my visit to Papa
Wreck'd my prospects of *éclat;*
I was never at the bar,
Where I thought they'd ha' me.

Why, then, 'tis a stupid job,
My boy Cammy?
Why, then, 'tis a stupid job,
My boy Cammy?
No;—because when I come out
They'll have a car, without a doubt,
And, in triumph, all about,
The biped beasts will draw me.

You've mistaken quite your game,
My boy Cammy;
You've mistaken quite your game,
My boy Cammy.
Of fulsome stuff, like that, we're sick,
Besides, we all see through the trick;
Before we drag, we'll see you "kick"
Before your prison, d—mme!

ASS-ASS-INATION.*

"Write me down an Ass."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE Earl of Grosvenor is an Ass-
—erter of our freedom;
And were he Canterbury's Grace,
The Gospels in his Sovereign's face,
He'd rather throw, than read 'em.

---

* From the *John Bull.*

My Lord of Grantham is an Ass-
—ailer of Black Wooler.
But, if this blustering York Hussar
Were tried in any real war,
'Tis thought he might be cooler.

Lord Enniskillen is an Ass-
—enter to Lord Grantham;
Bold, generous, noisy, swearing friends—
Till they have gain'd their private ends,
And that their patrons want 'em.

The Earl of Harewood is an Ass-
—ured help in trouble;
For, when his Lordship condescends,
Out of a scrape to help his friends,
He only makes it double.

The Earl of Morley is an Ass-
—istant to Lord Granville;
His head outside is rich in shoot;
But to beat anything into 't
I'd rather thump an anvil.

Crazy Lord Erskine is an Ass-
—ortment of all follies:
He was the first to slur the Queen;
But since his trip to Gretna Green,
He's wondrous kind to dollies.

The good Lord Kenyon is an Ass-
—uager of dissension;
With feeble voice, and maudlin eye,
He would have pray'd for infamy,
And granted sin a pension.

The Lord Ashburton is an Ass-
—iduous attender;

No voter for the Queen is stouter,
Although he knows no more about her,
Than of the Witch of Endor.

The Duke of Leinster is an Ass-
—ociate whom she flatters;
Though, by two uncles he has seen,
To hate a King, and love a Queen,
Are rather ticklish matters.

In short, each Whig Lord is an Ass-
—emblage of all merit;
And to reward their virtuous lives,
May all their daughters and their wives
The Queen's good taste inherit.

Lord Blessington's a stage-struck Ass-
—umer of Lothario;
But by his talents, wit, or grace,
(Had he but eyes to find his place,)
He's fitter for Paddy Cary O!

Lord Steward Cholmondeley is an Ass-
—imilate Polonius!
He dares not blame "the mob-led Queen,"
Though he best knows, her loves have been
What others call erroneous.

Lord Arden's an official Ass-
—ignee of naval prizes;
And, as the moon affects the seas,
His loyalty obeys his fees,
And with them falls or rises.

Lord Hampden is a twaddling Ass-
—assin of our patience;
This Guelphic Knight, so dire and thin,
Rides his white horse in the train of sin,
Like Death in the Revelations!

MICHAEL'S DINNER; OR, STAUNCH FRIENDS TO REFORM.

Fair Reform—celestial maid!
  Hope of Britons!—hope of Britons!
Calls her followers to her aid;
  She has fit ones!—she has fit ones!
They would brave, in danger's day,
  Death to win her!—Death to win her!
If they met not by the way
  Michael's dinner—Michael's dinner!

Lambton leads the patriot van;
  Noble fellow—generous fellow!
Quite the dandy of the clan—
  Rather yellow—rather yellow!
Of fair Liberty he tells
  Tales bewitching—tales bewitching;
But they vanish, when he smells
  Michael's kitchen—Michael's kitchen!

Lawyer Brougham is next in rank;
  Prates like Babel—prates like Babel;
He has never eat or drank
  At Bribery's table—Bribery's table;
What, then, now can stop his mouth,
  In this hot age—in this hot age?
'Tis, if he would tell the truth,
  Michael's potage—Michael's potage!

Hobhouse, who pretends to *νους*,
  Cur of Burdett—cur of Burdett;
Fired his pop-gun, but the House
  Never heard it—never heard it;
He foresaw, from Canning's lash,
  Stripes too cutting—stripes too cutting,
So he sneak'd away to hash
  Michael's mutton—Michael's mutton.

Where was, on that famous night,
  Hume the surgeon ?—Hume the surgeon ?
Who pretends to set us right
  By constant purging—constant purging;
No division yet expecting—
  Fond of work, he—fond of work, he—
At the moment was dissecting
  Michael's turkey—Michael's turkey!

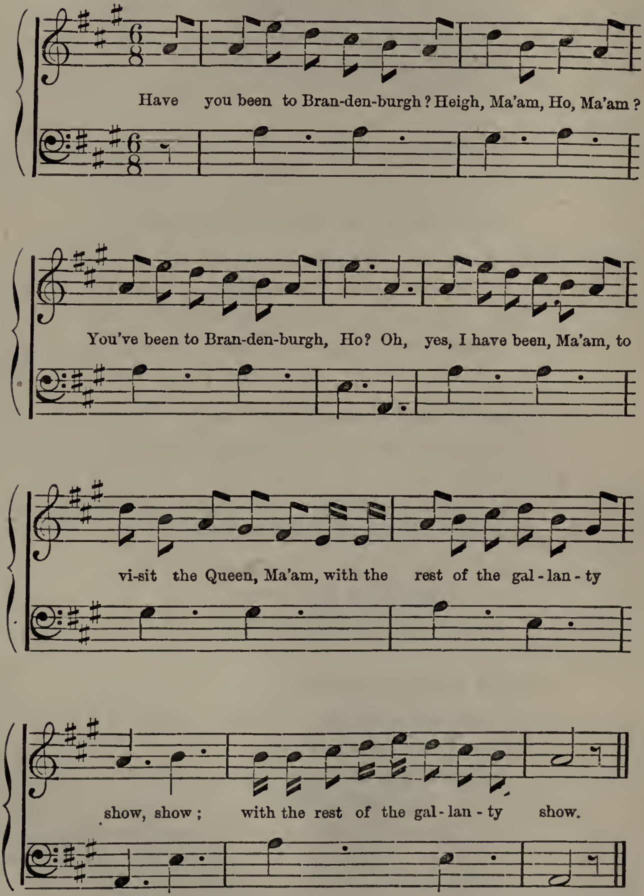
Fergusson his place may choose
  In the bevy—in the bevy;
He's the real Taylor's goose,
  Hot and heavy—hot and heavy—
He'd out-do, with sword and flame,
  Senna-cherib—Senna-cherib.
What, that evening, made him tame?
  Michael's spare-rib—Michael's spare-rib.

Thus the social round they form,
  In Privy-Gardens—Privy-Gardens;
And they care about Reform
  Not three farthings—not three farthings.
To yawn and vote let others stay,
  Who can bear it—who can bear it;
They, much wiser, drink away
  Michael's claret—-Michael's claret.

While ye thus, in claret, Sirs,
  Lose your reason—lose your reason;
England will recover hers,
  Lost last season—lost last season!
Faction's mobs—Sedition's hordes
  Must grow thinner—must grow thinner,
When plain Common Sense records
  Michael's dinner—Michael's dinner!

MRS. MUGGINS'S VISIT TO THE QUEEN.

TUNE—"*Have you been to Abingdon?*"


Have you been to Bran-den-burgh? Heigh, Ma'am, Ho, Ma'am?
You've been to Bran-den-burgh, Ho? Oh, yes, I have been, Ma'am, to
vi-sit the Queen, Ma'am, with the rest of the gal-lan-ty
show, show; with the rest of the gal-lan-ty show.

And who were your company—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Who were your company, ho?
—We happen'd to drop in,
With Gem'men from Wapping,
And Ladies from Blowbladder-Row——Row,
And Ladies from Blowbladder-Row.

What saw you at Brandenburgh,—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
What saw you at Brandenburgh, ho?
—We saw a great dame,
With a face red as flame,
And a character spotless as snow——snow,
And a character spotless as snow.

And what said her Majesty—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
What said her Majesty, ho?
—What I understood's,
She's come for our goods,
And when she has got them, she'll go——go,
And when she has got them, she'll go.

And who were attending her—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Who were attending her, ho?
Lord Hood for a man,
For a Maid, Lady Anne,
And Alderman Wood for a beau——beau,
And Alderman Wood for a beau.

And the Alderman's family—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
The Alderman's family, ho?
—Yes—Georgy, and Kitty,
One fat—t'other pretty,
And the son who was brought up at Bow——Bow,
The son who was brought up at Bow.

And had she no Countesses—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Had she no Countesses, ho?
—O yes!—painted Jersey,
Who might have worn kersey,
Had folks their deserts here, below——low,
Had folks their deserts here below.

And had she no other, Ma'am—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Had she no other, Ma'am, ho?
—There was one Lady Grey,
Whose temper, they say,
Like her Lord's, is as sweet as a sloe——sloe,
Like her Lord's, is as sweet as a sloe.

Was no one from Croxteth there—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
No one from Croxteth there, ho?
—Oh, no—Lady Sefton
Would sooner have left town,
Both her and her daughters—than go——go,
Both her and her daughters—than go.

And had she no Commoners—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Had she no Commoners, ho?
—I happen'd to look,
And could find in her book
Only Fergusson, Taylor, and Co.——Co.,
Fergusson, Taylor, and Co.

And had she no son-in-law—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Had she no son-in-law, ho?
—Yes; time-serving Leopold,
A puppet that we uphold,
Though neither for use nor for show——show,
Neither for use nor for show.

And did they meet tenderly—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Did they meet tenderly, ho ?
—They were both so intent,
About taxes and rent,
That they never once thought of their woe——woe,
They never once thought of their woe.

And had she no Counsellors—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Had she no Counsellors, ho ?
—Yes ; one Mr. Brougham,
Who sneak'd out of her room,
Pretending the Circuit to go——go,
Pretending the Circuit to go.

How fared he at Lancaster—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
How fared he at Lancaster, ho ?
—They physick'd and bled,
And they blister'd his head,
And kept him uncommonly low——low,
And kept him uncommonly low.

Had she no solicitor—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Had she no solicitor, ho ?
—Yes, one Mr. Vizard,
Who, being no wizard,
She overboard hasten'd to throw——throw,
She overboard hasten'd to throw.

And has she two Chamberlains—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Has she two Chamberlains, ho ?
—Yes ! both strapping fellows,
Would make a man jealous,
With whiskers as black as a crow——crow,
With whiskers as black as a crow.

And had she no beggar's brat—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Had she no beggar's brat, ho?
—Yes, one, pale and silly,
Whom she calls Sir Billy;
But whose brat he is, I don't know——know,
But whose brat he is, I don't know.

And has she a Clergyman—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Has she a Clergyman, ho?
—Yes, one Doctor Fellowes,
Who puffs like a bellows,
The coals of sedition to blow——blow,
The coals of sedition to blow.

And has she no General—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Has she no General, ho?
—Yes, poor prating Wilson,
Who, if he e'er kills one,
'Tis more by a word than a blow——blow,
'Tis more by a word than a blow.

And has she a Banking-house—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Has she a Banking-house, ho?
—When Coutts was unhandsome,
She shifted to Ransome,
To whom she does nothing but owe——owe,
To whom she does nothing but owe.

Has she a good table, Ma'am—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am?
Has she a good table, Ma'am, ho?
—There is one Mrs. Wilde,
Who her cook-maid is styled,
But they say that her soups are so-so——so,
They say that her soups are so-so.

And what are her drinkables—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
What are her drinkables, ho ?
—It being but noon,
She said 'twas too soon
For any thing else but Noyeau——yeau,
Any thing else but Noyeau.

And has she a bed-fellow—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Has she a bed-fellow, ho ?
—I asked one Vassalli,
Who said, " Fi-donc, allez,
Ma chère, you no business to know——know,
You have no business to know."

How spent she her time abroad—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
How spent she her time abroad, ho ?
—In hugging her valet,
And dancing a ballet,
And kissing Pope Pius's toe——toe,
Kissing Pope Pius's toe.

Was she at Jerusalem—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Was she at Jerusalem, ho ?
—She borrow'd an ass,
To ride on—but, alas !
She could n't get donkey to go——go,
She could n't get donkey to go.

What did she in Africa—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
What did she in Africa, ho ?
—She set, at Algiers,
All the Turks by the ears,
Till they found she was fifty or so——so,
Till they found she was fifty or so.

What did she in Lombardy—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
What did she in Lombardy, ho ?
—Her tradesmen she pilfer'd,
Bamboozled Lord Guilford,
And choused Marietti and Co.——Co.,
And choused Marietti and Co.

What did she at Napoli—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
What did she at Napoli, ho ?
—With sorrow I speak it,
She went, mother—naked,
And laurell'd the bust of King Joe——Joe,
And laurell'd the bust of King Joe.

Will she have a drawing-room—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Will she have a drawing-room, ho ?
—Oh, yes, I presume,
That she might find a room,
If she could but find any to go——go,
If she could but find any to go.

Will she soon sail for Italy—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Soon sail for Italy, ho ?
—She'll go there no more,
Since what Barbara swore,
She fears German spies on the Po—Po,
She fears German spies on the Po.

Will she go to Switzerland—Heigh, Ma'am, ho, Ma'am ?
Will she go to Switzerland, ho ?
—She says that the Swiss,
Never tell when they kiss,
So she's all for the Paÿs de Vaud——Vaud,
She's all for the Paÿs de Vaud.

HUNTING THE HARE.

Would you hear of the triumph of purity?
Would you share in the joy of the Queen?
List to my song; and, in perfect security,
Witness a row where you durst not have been:
All kinds of Addresses,
From collars of S.S.'s
To venders of cresses,
Came up like a fair;
And all thro' September,
October, November,
And down to December,
They hunted this Hare!

First there appear'd, with the title of visitors,
Folks, whom of fair reputation they call,
Who, in good truth, and to candid inquisitors,
Seem to have no reputation at all,
The Woods', hen and chicken,
And Damer, moon-stricken,
And Russells, come thick in,
To greet the fat dame;
And the Duchess of Leinster,
(Well behaved while a spinster,)
With drabs of Westminster,
Now mixes her name!

Next, in great state, came the Countess of Tankerville,
With all the sons and the daughters she had;
Those who themselves are annoy'd by a canker vile,
Joy to discover another as bad:
So Lady Moll came on,
With *ci-devant* Grammont,
And (awful as Ammon)
Her eloquent spouse!

And frothy Grey Bennett,
That very day se'nnight,
Went down in his dennett,
To Brandenburgh House.

Bold, yet half blushing, the gay Lady Jersey,
Drove up to the entrance—but halted outside,
While Sefton's fair tribe, from the banks of the Mersey,
Who promised to keep her in countenance—shyed!
But this never hinders
The sham Lady Lindors,
Who stoutly goes indoors—
Old Rush does the same;
Great scorn of all such is!—
But Bedford's brave Duchess,
To get in her clutches,
Delighted the dame.

Lank Lady Anne brought her sister of Somerset;
The least she could do for the wages she clears:
If the merits of either were up to the hammer set,
They'd fetch much the same as Lord Archibald's ears.
Not so Lady Sarah,
For she, under care o'
Some Hume or O'Meara,
Lies sick in her bed;
Yet her name they twist in
By means they persist in
Of even enlisting
The names of the dead!

Then came the premature wife of her pen-man,
Her guide, her adviser—in short, Mrs. Brougham,
And then the spare rib of Go-sin-no-more Denman,
And sweet Mrs. Williams, and young Mrs. Hume;

Old Barber, and Taylor,
And Hood, could not fail her.
But the Muse can't detail, or
Discuss what remains;—
Except Mrs. Wilde,
Who, for roast and for boil'd,
While as cook-maid she toil'd,
Was the pride of Devaynes.

The Earl-King, fearing the tumult should ever end,
Sends her his brother, while he keeps away;
Honour'd by courtesy, by his gown reverend,
But neither by nature, came sanctified Grey,
With the Norwich Archdeacon,
Who thinks he may speak on,
Because, like a beacon,
His head is so light;
And sea-beaten Madocks,
And some other sad dogs,
Who (like stinking haddocks)
By rotting grow bright.

Damsels of Marybone, deck'd out in articles,
Borrow'd of brokers for shillings and pence;
The eye of vulgarity any thing smart tickles;
Drabs love a ride at another's expence;
So swarming like loaches,
In ten hackney coaches,
They make their approaches
And pull at the bell;
And then they flaunt brave in,
Preceded by Craven,
And, clean and new shaven,
Topographical Gell.

Next came a motley assemblage of what I call
Mummers, and mountebanks, wildly array'd;
Hod-men, and coal-heavers, landmen and nautical,
Tag-rag and bobtail, a strange masquerade!
A rout of sham sailors,
Escap'd from their jailors,
As sea-bred as tailors,
In Shropshire or Wilts:
But mark Oldi's smile and hers,
Greeting, as Highlanders,
Half a score Mile-Enders,
Shivering in kilts!

Noel and Moore are the pink of her quality,
Judge what must be the more mean partisans!
What sweepings of kennels—what scums of rascality—
Hired and attired to enact artisans;
Sham painters, and stainers,
Smiths, coopers, cordwainers,
And glaziers—chief gainers,
In such a turmoil,
Though chandlers and joiners,
And forgers and coiners,
And pocket-purloiners,
All share in the spoil.

Verdant green-grocers, all mounted on Jack-asses,
(Lately called Guildfords, in honour of Fred,)
Sweet nymphs of Billingsgate, tipsy as Bacchuses,
Roll'd in like porpoises, heels over head!
And the better to charm her,
Three tinkers in armour,
All hired by Harmer,
Brave Thistlewood's friend;

Those stout men of metal,
Who think they can settle
The State, if a kettle
They're able to mend.

Next come the presents—Whitechapel (where Jewsbury)
Sends needles to hem Dr. Fellowes's lawn;
Cracknells from Cowes—sweet simnels from Shrewsbury--
Rump-steaks from Dublin—and collars of brawn—
A pig—and a blanket—
A sturgeon from Stangate—
The donors all thank-ed
By Royal desire!
Old Parr gave his benison
To Parkins's venison,
But the pamphlet of Tennyson
He threw in the fire.

Last came the Lack-wit address of Sir Bunbury,
Bearding the Crown with his sinecure wrath!
'Twould look, I fear, too like a libel, to unbury
All the exploits of this Knight of the Bath:
From service retreated;
By Wilson out-prated;
Like him, self-created;
His star is his sin!
It's splendour is lost in
The honours of Austin,
And Hownam, who crost in
With faint-away Flynn!

And now, e'er I send off my song to the town sellers,
('Twill fetch rather more than the speeches of Hume,)
We'll give one huzza to her pure privy Councillors,
Lushington, Williams, Wilde, Denman and Brougham.

With Vizard and Cobbett,
And Hunt who would mob it,
And Cam who would job it,
As Dad did before;
With Waithman the prate-man,
And Pearson the plate man,
And Matthew the great man,
Who found us the *hare*.*

THE CITY CONCERT.

"Paulo Minora canemus."

Tune—"Alley Croker."

When Caroline, the great and big,
Was feasted in the City, Sir,
United Radical and Whig,
In malice or in pity, Sir,
Invited every Cockney dame
The Royal cause to lift on;
No matter what her rank or name,
If she had but a shift on.
Oh! such shifts! the flaunting belles of Drury
Are neat to those of Crooked Lane, Ram Alley, and Old Jewry.

A few there were, not so obscure,
Who boasted of clean linen;
But they, as all their friends assure,
Were driven by their men, in;

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* The last word is illegibly written in the manuscript—it looks like *hare*, but it seems that it ought to rhyme to *fore*—we leave it to the sagacity of our readers.—*Author's Note.*

Who thought that after such delay
The Queen would be extinguish-ed,
Unless the blustering *Times* could say,
That some few were "distinguish-ed."
Oh, poor *Times!* how sad a scrape you have got in,
Whose proud distinction is at best, 'twixt addled eggs and rotten.

To face at once so rank a crowd
The Queen was thought unable,
So Thorp, he begg'd to be allow'd
To hand her to a table,
Where wine, and something better still,
That smelt like Maraschino,
Might, if administer'd with skill,
Give courage to the Queen Oh.
Oh the Queen! the sober Queen of Britain,
She very soon was in a state an armed chair to sit on.

When safely seated in this chair,
The females were paraded,
And like a showman, the Lord Mayor,
The honours of the day did.
Mrs. Thorp herself came first,
("Her maiden name was Twigs, ma'am,")
Who curtseying low, cried, "May I burst,
But I adore your wig, Ma'am.
Oh your wig! your wig so black and curl'd, Ma'am,
That like the whiskers of a Jew it looks for all the world, Ma'am."

The Queen, who thought this speech a scoff,
Exclaim'd, "Mon Dieu quel fardeau."
So Mrs. Mayor was hurried off,
And up flounced Dame Ricardo.

Quoth Thorp, "This lady whom you view,
Her head so lofty carrying,
Is one, whom an Oporto Jew
Cut off his son for marrying."
Oh the son! his figure would not please ill
One whose taste might chance to lie between an owl and weasel.

The Queen, at seeing Mrs. Sykes,
Was ready to affront her;
No German Princess more dislikes
These gentry of the counter.
"But mean and vulgar as you think her,"
Said Thorp, "you needs must thank her,
Because her dad, though once a tinker,
Did become a banker."
Oh, the dad! fit sire of such a filly,
At the race-ball at Doncaster they call'd her orange-lily.

Next Mrs. Wilde the presence graced,
The splendour to increase, Ma'am;
"Though lowly born, she has a taste,
And been, like you, in Greece, Ma'am;
And though she wed a peaceful squire,
Was for a tar more fitted,
For she is used to standing fire,
And was brought up at Spit-head."
Oh, the fire of poor Devaynes's kitchen,
From whose hot coals she stole the blush that makes her so bewitching.

Scowling Williams next produces
What he calls his family;
It is a mode he oddly chooses
Down our throats to cram a lie;

His real wife is safe in bed,
  Not dreaming of such folly;
Perhaps the fellow, in her stead,
  Has brought his Vauxhall dolly.
Oh, the drab! her crime is doubly heinous,
Who could condescend to be that yellow Vulcan's Venus?

So far so well; but now the Quire
  For harmony enlisted,
"Threw all the fat into the fire,"
  (As Mrs. Wilde express'd it.)
The blundering dogs began to sing,
  With all their might and energies,
"God preserve our noble King,
  And confound his enemies!"
Oh, the Brutes! the Queen was well nigh fainting,
And would have blush'd, if one could blush beneath three
    coats of painting.

In anger, for her coach she roar'd,
  And into it, when ready,
She trundled, handed by my Lord,
  And followed by my Lady.
And so they drove home in the dark,
  The beau and his two graces,
Like (as a florist might remark)
  Under a Hood two faces.
Oh, the Hood! convenient garb for lovers,
For none but they can truly say how many sins it covers.

INVITATIONS TO DINNER.

On Lord Castlereagh's Calling upon his Friends to Attend Regularly, and not to Give or Accept Invitations to Dinner.

Hark ! I hear the sounds of sorrow
Fill each office corridor ;
Castlereagh cries—" From to-morrow,
Statesmen, ye must dine no more !

" No more let's see each office man on
Foot, about the hour of seven,
Teazing Arbuthnot and Duncannon,
To find a pair until eleven.

" No more let's hear Sir George, or Binning,
Or Huskisson, or Wellesley Pole,
Hinting, in sounds so soft and winning,
That soup and fish are apt to cool.

" Let Michael spread, in Privy-Gardens,
The board for Fergusson and Co. ;
Let Sefton's cook exhaust his lardings ;
They but allure away the foe.

" But some there are who never dine,
(Who ne'er are ask'd to dine, at least,)
Who swallow Ayles's tea like wine,
And reckon Bellamy's a feast.

" They can abjure risolles and pâtés,
And we must imitate their powers ;
Besides, they keep their vigils gratis ;
We are paid for keeping ours.

"But, Placemen! if ye heed my summons,
A mental feast I shall prepare;
Our House shall truly be, of Commons,
And Rickman's roll a bill of fare.

"Ley spreads upon the spacious table
A cloth—(no matter what its hue),
The Chaplain, fast as he is able,
Says grace, and bids us all fall to.

"Without four soups, I should be loth
Such splendid guests to entertain;
So Western shall be Barley-broth,
And Wood a *Potage à la Reine!*

"Mulligatawney, or Scotch porridge,
Either, Mackintosh may be;
And—(not his merits to disparage),
Spring Rice is *Printanier au ris.*

"For fish—that bench the Speaker's left on
Out-rivals Groves', to all beholders;
No one can see my good Lord Sefton
But thinks of a cod's head and shoulders!

"Brougham's crooked shifts, and talents boasted,
His slippery tricks no more conceal:
Dragg'd into light, cut up, and roasted,
What is he but spitch-cock'd eel?

"Calvert is Salmon—on a dish
Ne'er lay a thicker or a rounder;
Palmer's an undoubted fish,
And flat enough to be a flounder.

"Sir Ronald's Lobster, if you crack
His scarlet shell and straggling claws;
Old Markham is a muddy Jack;
And Warre and Davis Shrimps for sauce.

"Of Flesh and Fowl, too, there are plenty:—
Taylor is chick for Fricasees;
Coke's Norfolk bustard may content ye;
Rutlandshire supplies us Geese!

"Nugent would a meal afford one
Who liked Calves-head without the brain;
Rump-steaks we'll slice from generous Gordon,
There 'tis cut and come again!

"Creevey's Tripe, unsavoury stuff,
Fit meat alone for dog or cat he;
Henry Bennett is a Puff;
And Ossulston a *petit pâté*.

"Hobhouse is Cow-heel—which to cram
Would need a true Saint Giles's taste;
We'll put aside that dish of Lamb,
Too delicate for such a feast.

"Grant is a Sheep's pate broil'd and singed,
And none more empty or more hot is;
Hume is a monstrous bore's-head, fringed
And garnish'd round with many a nottice.

"Yorkshire puddings, rich in grease,
Are the types of Sykes and Wyvill;
Guise's brains are Gloucester cheese;
Peppery Lambton is a devil!

"Parnell's a potato, mealy,
Thick, as ever Ireland grew;
Newport's butter-milk; and Heley
Hutchinson's an Irish-stew.

"For the rest, as housewives tell us,
How they serve their broken trash—
Wilson, Bernal, Moore, and Ellice,
Make an economic Hash!

"Come, then, hungry friends, fall to 't,
And, if patiently ye dine,
Kind Liverpool shall find ye fruit,
And jovial Bathurst choose your wine!"

VACATION REMINISCENCES; OR, WHIG OPERATIONS UP TO EASTER.

Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."

A pack of Hounds of Whiggish breed, who sought to get their name up,
And all throw off in gallant style whene'er they put the game up,
At Brookes's met to form their plans "In vulgum voces spargere"—
Not Brookes's Club, as heretofore, but Brookes's great Menagerie. Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

When "loaves and fishes" form'd the only object of the chase, Sir,
No dogs had better noses, or could go a better pace, Sir;
And all excell'd in "giving tongue" whene'er they took their station,
To growl about the grievances of this unhappy nation.
Bow, wow, wow.

Small Bennet, Lushington, and Wood, engaged to raise the ghost of
A certain Royal Funeral, already made the most of;
While Wilson, in his grief at being laid upon the shelf, Sir,
Thought the most important subject for discussion was—Himself, Sir. Bow, wow, wow.

Says Joseph Hume, "Though Croker's cuts have made an
alter'd mon o' me,
I'll still be foremost in the throng for preaching up economy;
I'll hunt down all the charges in our armies and our
navies"—
"And I will be your whipper-in," cries gallant Colonel Davies.
Bow, wow, wow.

Then Curwen would repeal the tax on tallow, cheese, or
leather.
Says Calcraft, "I've a better plan, and let us pull together;
Vansittart means to ease the Malt, so let us work the Salt
Tax—
If Salt should be the word with him—why then we'll try
the Malt Tax." Bow, wow, wow.

Young Normanby—surprising change!—the motley party
graces,
And wars against his flesh and blood, to prate at useless
places;
And Hobhouse swears that every place and placeman he will
bark at,
Except the first Commissioner for Nabob's debts at Arcot.
Bow, wow, wow.

There's Joseph Yorke, while he a Lord of Admiralty flourish'd,
No patriotic schemes of close retrenchment ever nourish'd;
But since, O most unlucky day! his "stern was to the board-
room,"
He sternly vows for idle Lords we cannot now afford room.
Bow, wow, wow.

Then Calvert, who, of course, opposes all unfair monopolies,
Steps forth to regulate the sale of Bread in the metropolis.

"The poor," he says, "shall never have their quartern loaf
too dear, Sir,
If they will only hold their tongues about the price of Beer,
Sir." Bow, wow, wow.

Says Creevy, "I must needs confess, when I was at the
India Board,
I ne'er did much but read the news, or loll upon the
window-board;
But since my hopes of lolling there again are all demolish'd,
I'll prove the whole concern so bad, it ought to be abolish'd."
Bow, wow, wow.

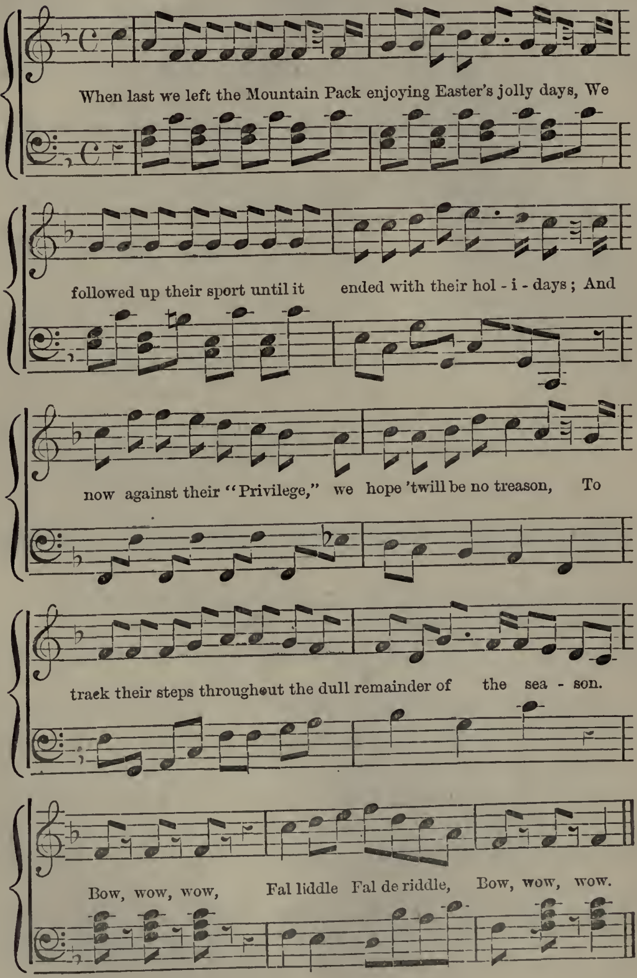
"I care not who," says Lawyer Brougham, "from place or
pension budges;
What salaries ye lower, so ye leave alone the Judges;
Who knows but I, by chance, may be hereafter for the
Bench meant,
Then *that* is surely not a proper object for retrenchment."
Bow, wow, wow.

"'Tis wisely said," George Tierney cries, who to the last
had tarried,
"Too far by patriotic feelings some of ye are carried;
Economy 'tis very well at times to snarl and bite for,
But have a care, lest bye-and-bye there's nothing left
to fight for." Bow, wow, wow.

But, spite of Tierney, they have things and notices in plenty,
too,
To keep the Mountain pack at work till June or July,
Twenty-two;
And there's no doubt they'll do as much to serve the grateful
nation,
As they had done before they parted for the short vacation.
Bow, wow, wow.

REMINISCENCES.

(*Continued.*)


When last we left the Mountain Pack enjoying Easter's jolly days, We
followed up their sport until it ended with their hol - i - days; And
now against their "Privilege," we hope 'twill be no treason, To
track their steps throughout the dull remainder of the sea - son.
Bow, wow, wow, Fal liddle Fal de riddle, Bow, wow, wow.

George Tierney is a cunning dog, and prudently does think it,
The wisest to run mute, and when a question rises, blink it;
To bunglers he has left it to "give tongue" and talk prophetics,
To Hume in figures, Cam in Greek, and Bennet in pathetics.
Bow, wow, wow.

Brougham vents a loud complaint, that Royal influence increases,
And holds that Members of the House should give up all their places;
But, shifting Master Harry, pray which way would int'rest turn you,
If George the Fourth forthwith was pleased to make you his Attorney? Bow, wow, wow.

Says Jarvy Sefton, "I've a charming little job *in petto*,
From Salford's ancient County Court some modern fees to get O!
Just help me through with that, and I'll cry aye to all your movements,
For war, the plague, economy, or any great improvements."
Bow, wow, wow.

Sir Francis Burdett next appears, once idol of the people,
Who says, the thought of raising rents should never make men sleep ill;
For, though so pure a patriot, his gains he would increase, Sir,
And does not care if quartern loaves five shillings were a-piece, Sir. Bow, wow, wow.

But what a noble stir he made on Hunt's incarceration,
Because his name he holds in such exalted estimation;
He always, to he sure, has shewn for him favour and affection,
As witness, how he praised him at the Westminster Election.
Bow, wow, wow.

Says Bridegroom Coke, "For speaking in the House I've
lost my head, Sir;
But never mind, I'll tell you what I mean to do instead,
Sir,
I'll work as hard as I'm allow'd by Anne and the physicians,
And send you once a week, at least, a bag full of petitions."
Bow, wow, wow.

Says Gaffer Western, "Though we once, amongst our many
whimsies,
Cried out with all our might for gold, and grumbled at the
"flimsies,"
Since Ministers now pay in cash, and think to cut a caper,
We'll turn about and badger them to pay again in paper."
Bow, wow, wow.

Then Johnny Russell made a speech, and some of it was
pointed, too,
About "Reform in Parliament," and "state of things in
ninety-two;"
But though 'twas call'd a sharp harangue, and he had clearly
read for't,
He never spoke of throwing open Tavistock or Bedford.
Bow, wow, wow.

Dull Joseph Hume, the stupidest of all the northern doctors,
Fell foul, in his good-natured way, of Royal droits and
proctors;
And hoped that then five thousand pounds at least disbursed
had been, Sir,
To satisfy some Captain's claims who—votes for Aberdeen,
Sir. Bow, wow, wow.

Then Courteney moved, and others thought they could do
much better,
Than vote a breach of Privilege, a certain printed letter;

But when they had its writer up, as all reporters teach, Sir,
The House forgot its privilege, and only shew'd its breach, Sir!
Bow, wow, wow.

Then Abercrombie gentle, seized with one of Quixote's frenzies,
Sets off, post haste in chaise and four, to call out Lawyer Menzies;
But when he got to Ferrybridge he long'd to join the pack again,
So after dinner, he and Althorpe—order'd horses back again.
Bow, wow, wow.

Wise Scarlett, who is just your man to browbeat, pose, or plead, Sir,
Produced a poor-bill, which, 'tis said, was very poor indeed, Sir;
And Denman spoke when he'd been made a serjeant in the morning,
And what he said betray'd that he'd been dining at the Horn Inn.
Bow, wow, wow.

While Whitbread, Calvert, Buxton all, kept up the price of beer, Sir,
Young Yellow Lambton seem'd to think the poor were charged too dear, Sir;
But, though he loves his countrymen, he'd not, to save their souls, Sir,
Make any alteration in the present price of coals, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow.

Grey Bennet having got a list of members holding places,
Began to foam of hospitals and of ophthalmic cases;
When "scissors cut as well as knives," when patients should take blue pills,
His oratory—"all my eye"—the dullest he of pupils.
Bow, wow, wow.

Then as for Davies, Lennard, Ellis, Hutchinson, and Creevy,
Ricardo, Williams, Curwen, Smith, or Moses Bernal Levi;
They've done as much as smirking Rice or Thanet's Pat Concannon,
Or gaiter'd Michael Angelo, or stiff-neck'd Lord Dungannon.
Bow, wow, wow.

Then Mackintosh (poor Gerald's friend), who doles out legal knowledge
Three times a week to Guinea-pigs at Haileybury College,
Conceived the penal laws too hard on rogues of all descriptions,
From those who only rob, to those who—carry off subscriptions.
Bow, wow, wow.

Great Matthew Wood, a citizen, who never can be idle,
Brought forward as a mighty hit—the case of Jailor Bridle;
Of several other things he spoke, the brightest he of Members,
But what they were, nor you, nor I, nor any one remembers.
Bow, wow, wow.

At length, then, for the present, there's an end to all their labours,
The Mountain Pack are now let loose to howl it with their neighbours;
And so we bid them thus adieu, until the next campaign, Sir,
When if they bark, or snap, or bite, we'll—whip 'em in again, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow.

GAFFER GREY.

A Song.

(With alterations and additions) written by the late patriotic Whig Citizen, Thomas Holcroft, and addressed to his Friend and Patron, the Head of all the Whigs.

Ho!—Why do'st thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Grey?
And why does thy nose look so blue?

"'Tis the people grow cold,
And I—prosy and old,
And my speeches, they say, are not new,
Well-a-day!"

Then clap a new tail on the rump,
Gaffer Grey,
Or the Whiggamores must go to pot;
"Nay, but credit I've none,
All the Grenvilles have run,
Except Nugent—who's not worth the shot,
Well-a-day!"

Then hie to the house—you know where,
Gaffer Grey,
And steal up the stairs—you know when.
"No, 'though roughshod, I swore
To march in, through the door,
I shall ne'er pass that threshold again,
Well-a-day!"

There's Brougham, who can shift, like his nose,
Gaffer Grey,
Who browbeats the Parliament down.
"Pshaw, he shifts for himself,
Whilst he pockets the pelf,
And would sell the whole squad for a gown,
Well-a-day!"

There's the Patriot in Ilchester Jail,
Gaffer Grey,
Who will talk by the job—or the day.
"He's a low-minded carl,
Fit only to snarl,
And just as well out of the way,
Well-a-day!"

There's Hume with his tots and his vots,
Gaffer Grey,
With his scalpel cuts through thick and thin.
"Oh, he's worse than the other,
He'd cut up his brother,
If only to keep his hand in,
Well-a-day!"

Little Michael has beeves and fat ale,
Gaffer Grey,
Buona Roti—surnamed by the pack.
"His dinners be d——d;
When the starvelings are cramm'd,
Duncannon can't whistle them back,
Well-a-day!"

There's Creevy, your crony of old,
Gaffer Grey,
Who shew'd up the Board of Control.
"He's heavy and lame,
And his speeches the same,
Are uncommonly prosy and dull,
Well-a-day!"

There's Wooler, the Bibliopole bold,
Gaffer Grey,
Who at laws and at lawgivers laughs.
"Very well in his way,
But I beg leave to say,
I've a mortal aversion to Raffs,
Well-a-day!"

There's Bennet the Arch Philanthrope,
Gaffer Grey,
Who weeps for man, woman, and brute.
"He may weep as he will,
If he'll keep his tongue still;

But your best sort of weeper 's—a Mute!
Well-a-day!"

There's Lambton, a sure card at hand,
Gaffer Grey,
Not given to blush or to flinch.
"He's a good sort of fellow,
Though rather too yellow,
And only of use at a pinch,
Well-a-day!"

There's Lushington, Denman, and Co.,
Gaffer Grey,
And their friend—what's his name—Mister Wood;
"No—the sweet Queen is gone,
Their vocation is done,
And they cannot do harm, if they would,
Well-a-day!"

There's Sefton the Good!—four-in-hand,
Gaffer Grey,
And there's Grosvenor the Great!—from his beeves.
"One wants for his head
A new lining, 'tis said;
And the other—some strawberry leaves,
Well-a-day!"

There's Ossulston, gallant as high,
Gaffer Grey,
Can prove his descent—without flaw.
"He was named for a stick,
'Twas a sad scurvy trick,
For he look'd like—a Frog with a Straw!
Well-a-day!"

Your chance is but bad, I confess,
Gaffer Grey,
But freedom may still be your butt.

"Talk of freedom—my eye!
If in the State Pie
I could get but a finger, I'd cut,—
Happy day!"

The times are not yet come to that,
Gaffer Grey.
What then?—"Whilst there's life there is hope:
Though John Bull turns his back
On the talented Pack,
You may still get Pat Bull from the Pope
By your play!"

THE IDLE APPRENTICE TURNED INFORMER.

A New Ballad, by T. C., Esq.*

Tune—"When I was Maid, oh then, oh then!"

I once was a placeman, but then, but then,
I once was a placeman, but then
'Twas in the pure day
Of Lansdowne and Grey,
And the rest of the talented men—men!
And the rest of the talented men!

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* Mr. Creevy, on bringing forward a motion for the reform of the Board of Control, March 16, 1822, took occasion to observe: "It happened that he had himself been Secretary, once upon a time, to this Board; during the thirteen months he was there, there was no board at all that he ever saw. His right honourable friend (Mr. Tierney) sat in one room, himself in another, and the gentlemen commissioners in a third. * * * He must also state, that during all the time he was there, there was not business enough for the situation." An admission which elicited the following sarcasm from Mr. Canning. "It seemed," said the latter, "a little extraordinary, that the idle secretary should be the person who called for such an inquiry. This was reform with a vengeance. This was no unfaithful picture of those principles on which reform was usually clamoured for. If they traced the principles of those who raised that clamour to their source, it would be found that *habites rem confitentem*, and that, nine times out of ten, the evil existed

I had been a lawyer, but then, but then,
I had been a lawyer, but then
    I hated the fag
    Of the wig and the bag,
And envied the Parliament men—men,
And envied the Parliament men.

So I married a widow, and then, and then,
So I married a window, and then
    Folks wonder'd to see
    That a woman could be
So fond of a face like a wen—wen,
So fond of a face like a wen.

But she had a borough, and then, and then,
She had a borough, and then,
    By the help of the dame,
    I got into the same,
But never could do it again—again,
Never could do it again.

So I found out another, and then, and then,
So I found out another, and then
    The worthy Lord Thanet,
    He chose me to man it,
As free——as a sheep in a pen—pen!
As free as a sheep in a pen!

At last we got power, and then, and then,
At last we got power, and then
    A salary clean
    Of hundreds fifteen,

---

only when the clamour was raised. It was beyond his hopes that any Hon. Gent. should be so blinded by his fancies as to come forward with such a notice under such circumstances, crying aloud, '*Me, me, adsum qui (non) feci!*' I am the man who did nothing; and I now call upon you to inquire why those men associated with me, and who were diligent, failed to follow my example."—*Barham.*

Made me the most happy of men—men,
Made me the most happy of men.

The first quarter-day came, and then, and then,
The first quarter-day came, and then
I reckon'd my score,
But I never did more
Till quarter-day came round again—'gain,
Till quarter-day came round again.

Despatches came sometimes, but then, but then,
Despatches came sometimes, but then
I handed them slyly
To Morpeth or Hiley,
And limp'd back to Brookes's again—'gain,
And limp'd back to Brookes's again.

If Ossulston call'd on me, then, oh then,
If Ossulston call'd on me then,
We stroll'd through the Park,
And the folks would remark,
We look'd like an owl and a wren—wren,
We look'd like an owl and a wren.

If I walk'd with dear Sefton, oh then, oh then,
If I walk'd with dear Sefton, oh then,
The people would stare,
And think us a pair
Of mummers, that parodied men—men,
Of mummers, that parodied men.

If I stay'd at the office, oh then, oh then,
If I stay'd at the office, oh then,
I damn'd all the Hindoos—
Look'd out of the windows—
And sometimes I mended a pen—pen!
And sometimes I mended a pen!

Such toil made me sulky, and then, and then,
Such toil made me sulky, and then,
    If I ask'd for old Wright,
    He came in in a fright,
As if to a bear in his den—den,
As if to a bear in his den.

This lasted a twelvemonth, and then, oh then,
This lasted a twelvemonth, and then,
    To end all our cares,
    They kick'd us down stairs,
As a hint not to come back again—'gain,
As a hint not to come back again.

The tumble was heavy, and then, oh then,
The tumble was heavy, and then
    I grew very sour
    At placemen and power,
And croak'd like a frog in a fen—fen,
And croak'd like a frog in a fen.

I vow'd to have vengeance, and then, oh then,
I vow'd to have vengeance, and then
    'Tis a vulgar belief,
    At catching a thief,
An accomplice is equal to ten—ten,
An accomplice is equal to ten.

So I turn'd informer, and then, oh then,
I turn'd informer, and then
    I tried to expose
    My friends and my foes,
As equally infamous men—men,
As equally infamous men.

The Whigs they cashier'd me, and then, oh then,
The Whigs they cashier'd me, and then

Grey haughtily swore
He'd trust me no more,
Not even with cutting a pen—pen,
Not even with cutting a pen.

Next Canning chastised me, and then, oh then,
Next Canning chastised me, and then,
If what is called shame,
Were aught but a name,
I could ne'er show my visage again—'gain,
I could ne'er show my visage again.

THE QUEEN'S SUBSCRIPTION.*

Tune—"The Black Joke."

Whoe'er knows St. James's, knows where the Whigs met
In behalf of the Queen, a subscription to get,
For her Black Wig and her Character white.
By Truth and by Wisdom supported she stood—
Truth's part play'd by Brougham, that of Wisdom by Wood—
They cursed, and they swore that she ne'er did amiss,
Though the Baron, they own'd, was so rude as to kiss
The Black Wig with the Character white.

At Brookes's they met—but demurr'd to the call
Of producing the cash—as they had none at all
For the Black Wig and the Character white.

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* On a motion being made, Jan. 31, 1821, in the House, respecting the Queen's annuity, Mr. Brougham rose and presented a message on the part of Her Majesty: "She feels it due to the House and to herself respectfully to declare, that she perseveres in the resolution of declining any arrangement while her name continues to be excluded from the Liturgy." A subscription equivalent to the proposed allowance was talked of; but her Majesty was eventually induced to reconsider her determination, and accept the £50,000 per annum.—*Barham.*

Coke growl'd about rents, swore the funds ought to pay;
But Baring grimaced, and Ricardo squeak'd "Nay!"
And the young ones exclaim'd, in a querulous tone,
They each had to pay for a Saint of their own,
With a Black Wig and a Character white.

But though the subscription was tardy, and they
Had nothing to give, they had plenty to say
For the Black Wig and the Character white.
Lord Tavistock stammer'd three words in her praise,
And Sefton his voice and his shoulders did raise;
And Calcraft his nose cock'd, and Grant cock'd his eye,
And hypocrite Bennet pretended to cry
For the Black Wig and her Character white.

Fitzwilliam, that reverend proselyte, rose—
(We'll make him speak verse since he cannot speak prose)
For the Black Wig and her Character white.
"You seem," quoth the sage, "all averse to give cash,
And, in truth, you are right—what is money but trash?
Let's give something better to end all these quarrels,
And raise a subscription of virtue and morals,
For the Black Wig and her Character white.

Besides, 'tis no merit one's surplus to share,
Then let us give *that* which the least we can spare
To the Black Wig and her Character white.
For me I have changed all my friends at the brunt,
From Fox, Pitt, and Burke, down to Cobbett and Hunt,
As fickle in age as I was in my youth:
So freely subscribe my political truth
To the Black Wig and her Character white.

Old Tierney set down, with a sorrowful face,
The hopes of his life, all the prospects of place,
To the Black Wig and her Character white.

The message which Brougham had advised and had penn'd,
Poor Tierney had rashly advanced to defend,
And not to subscribe would be rather uncivil,
So he gives very frankly—he gives—to the Devil
The Black Wig and her Character white.

Such cheap contributions delighted the pack,
And, for once, they were ready their leaders to back,
For the Black Wig and her Character white.
Silly Billy, God bless him! subscribed all his sense;
Of loyalty Grey made a gallant expense;
The Gospels, Lord Grosvenor flung down in a boast;
And Erskine gave nobly—himself, as a toast;
For the Black Wig and her Character white.

Bald Bedford, his still balder eloquence gave;
And Blessington thought that his *coup-d'œil* might save
The Black Wig and her Character white.
Big Nugent bestow'd all his graces upon her,
Ned Ellice his credit, and Guildford his honour;
The Heathcotes, their sense—both the old and the young—
And Hume gave—a notice, and Lambton gave—tongue
For the Black Wig and her Character white.

By Fergusson back'd, Michael Angelo Taylor
Supposed that his statesman-like views might avail her
Black Wig and her Character white.
Charles Calvert and Hurst their gentility join;
And Grenfell was ready, his visage to coin;
And Creevy, of other donations bereft,
Subscribed all the courage that Warrender left,
To the Black Wig and her Character white.

Grave Folkstone, who once before leap'd in the dark,
Transfers his devotions from Mary Ann Clarke
To the Black Wig and her Character white.

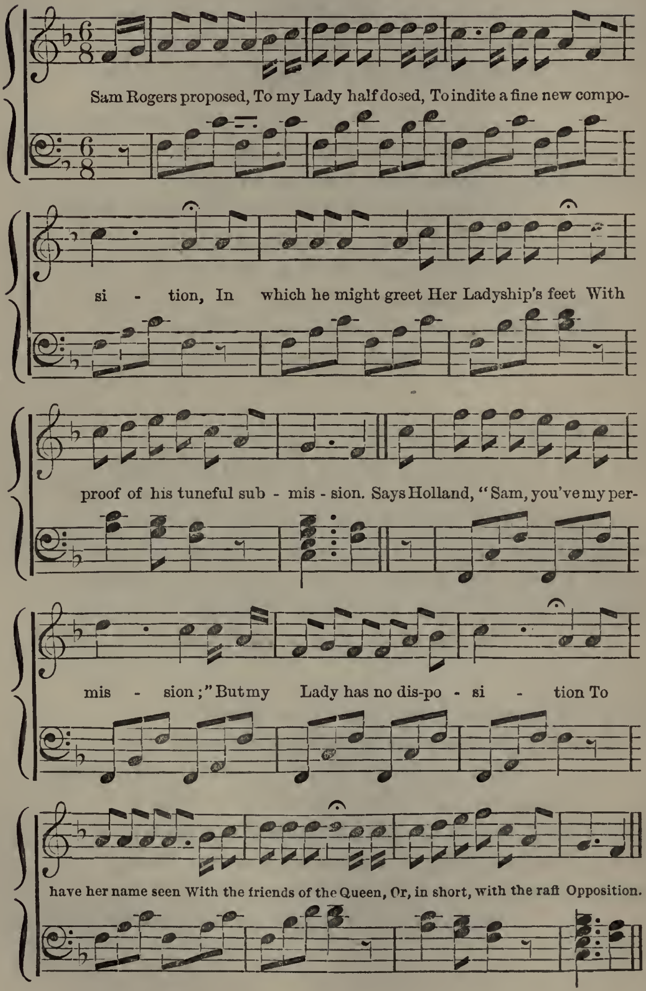
And Wetherell and Tennyson, *soi-disant* Lawyers,
Would give her their fees—if they had but employers.
Scarlett offers his law and his wit too,—for Scarlett
Chimes in—as he pleasantly tell us—with Harlot
In a Black Wig and a Character white.

But some with whom nominal morals ran low,
Contrived other modes their devotion to show,
To the Black Wig and her Character white.
Burdett gave the bond he recover'd from Scott—
And Wilson the thanks in the field he had got—
And Leinster a visiting card of his rib's—
And Foley a draft upon—Howard and Gibbs!
For the Black Wig and her Character white.

But as to the rest it were tedious to sing,
How they sacrificed love of their Country and King,
To the Black Wig and her Character white.
Such talents, such virtues, how much they surpass
Baring's stock, Grenfell's copper, or Lushington's brass!
Endow'd with such treasures, who would not dispense
With the paltry account of pounds, shillings, and pence,
For the Black Wig and her Character white?

But when the great Lady was told of the kind
Of efforts the Whigs made for raising the wind
For her Black Wig and her Character white,
She rose in a fury, and roar'd out, "God-zounds!
Run, Vizard, secure me Lord Liverpool's pounds;
Of the virtues of Whigs I have more than my share,
And their talents and truth are not worth half an hair
Of my Black Wig and my Character white."

OPPOSITION.


6/8
Sam Rogers proposed, To my Lady half dozed, To indite a fine new compo-
si - tion, In which he might greet Her Ladyship's feet With
proof of his tuneful sub - mis - sion. Says Holland, "Sam, you've my per-
mis - sion;" But my Lady has no dis-po - si - tion To
have her name seen With the friends of the Queen, Or, in short, with the raff Opposition.

We don't mean to rob
Poor Sam of his job,
But we have a shrewdish suspicion,
It will be fifteen years
Before it appears,
So painful is Sam's parturition;
He's not like the Northern Magician,
Who writes while he's shooting or fishing,
So we'll borrow Sam's hint,
And put into print
An ode to the Whig Opposition.

There's Tierney, the sly,
With his grey sunken eye,
Which rolls with a scowl of suspicion,
He hates all the Broughams,
And despises the Humes,
And sits with a look of contrition.
He pleads a sham indisposition,
And shirks in the House his position;
Nor can he be blamed
For feeling ashamed
To lead such a raff Opposition.

There is he whom they call
Squire Brougham of Brougham Hall,
Who would pass for a man of condition;
In blood, to be sure,
He may match Peter Moore,
But the Hall is a mere imposition;
The fellow's a hack politician,
A tailor in all but ambition,
Who offer'd to bilk
For a gown of black silk
The Queen—and her whole Opposition.

There's Wilson—poor Bob,
Who headed a mob,
And in consequence lost his commission,
Considers it hard,
That haranguing the Guard
Should be voted an act of sedition ;
Besides, 'twas his greatest ambition
To witness one real ignition ;
To shot and to danger
His skin was a stranger,
Till the day of the Park Opposition.

There's Sefton, who drives
His ladies by fives,
In a gig of the latest edition ;
Which looks like a cart
Of the Guards when they start
With their wives on a Dutch expedition :
He greases with anti-attrition—
Would his tongue had the same composition !—
For, whenever he speaks,
It hitches and squeaks
Like the drag of the Bath Opposition.

There's little Spring Rice,
Of Newport the Vice,
Who was painted in last Exhibition,
Was ready to swear
That Limerick and Clare
Were dying from pure inanition ;
But how did he mend their condition ?
Did he visit those scenes of perdition ?
No !—Erin was undone,
While he talk'd in London,
And smirk'd with the fat Opposition.

There's stultified Hume,
Who (some people assume)
Is an excellent arithmetician,
Began as a Tory,—
But honour and glory
Soon gave such an ass his dismission;
Now Joe was a sort of physician,
But being no frequent practician,
For want of another
Dissected his brother,
Though the corps made a strong Opposition.

There's the new *rara avis*,
The once Colonel Davis,
Now Statesman as much as Tactician,
He seems to presume
To emulate Hume,
But, in truth, there is no competition;
For Davis sold out his commission—
But Hume's more plebeian ambition
Is cribbing the winnings
Of Constantine Jennings,
The hopes of the whole Opposition.

Lord Althorpe, who bent
His way beyond Trent
To challenge a hostile collision,
At Ferrybridge found
He might choose his own ground,
And therefore abandon'd his mission;
Then—aware of the force of derision,
He spoke on some turnpike petition,
And explain'd, without end,
How he and his friend
Return'd to rejoin Opposition.

There's that little thing Bennet—
Once turn'd from the Senate,
On poor Tyrwhit Jones's petition,
The quack, from whom they,
Doom'd to Botany Bay,
So justly expect manumission.
For think what would be his condition,
If laws were to have no remission;
For, if folks don't tell fibs,
Messrs. Howard and Gibbs
Have claims on this pure Opposition.

The Grosvenor-gate fillies
May rail at Achilles,
And blush at his naked condition,
But Nugent's tight dress,—
Which we can't well express,—
Is, to us, a more gross exposition.
But strange are the freaks of ambition;
Which, when a man once sets his wish on,
If his head chance to fail,
He must try how his tail
Can give weight to a light Opposition.

There's Williams and Scarlett,
Who spoke for "The Harlot,"
With airs like the Greek Rhetorician;
Williams knows some small Greek,
But Scarlett can't speak
Plain English, without much tuition: *

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* It may not be known to many of our readers, that Mr. Scarlett, upon some little error in grammar, in the King's Bench, was referred to the authority of Lowth. "Lowth!" said the erudite lawyer, "what d'ye mean by Lowth?—it's no bull, and I never was in Ireland."—It is hardly necessary to remind our readers in general, though Mr. Scarlett was not aware of the circumstance, that Bishop Lowth, who wrote the English Grammar, was not a county in Ireland, which happens to be of the same name.—*Author's Note.*

In Cambridge, his great erudition
Stands as high as Lord Byron's Politian!
"Naked feet, naked feet"
Will kick through the street
Fat Scarlett and his Opposition.

There's Wood, who, for hops,
Goes offering to shops
An excellent new composition,
And proves that the plant,
The staple of Kent,
Is a Tory and vile imposition;
But he gets very little commission,
The folks eye his drugs with suspicion;
The profit much less is
Than getting Addresses,
Or plate from the Queen's Opposition.

There's Creevey, the crawler,
That under-bred brawler,
Once Clerk to the Indian Commission,
He told us himself
That the mere love of pelf
Had placed him in such a position!
A Negro exposed to vendition
Would have blush'd to have made such admission;
Yet the bird who at best
Bewrays his own nest,
Is the Phœnix of this Opposition!

If we could take part in
Debates like Dick Martin,
And venture to tell our volition,
We should certainly pray,
By night and by day,
For men in their present position.

The country has made its decision,
Which needs neither change nor revision;
May the King, of his grace,
Keep out the whole race
Of this wonderful wise Opposition!

THE INVITATION.

(From One of the Patronesses of the Ladies' Fancy Ball.)

Tune—"Run, Neighbours, Run," &c.

Come, ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd;
We, with French dances, will overcome French vapouring,
And with ice and Roman punch amaze the world:
There's I myself, and Lady L. you'll seldom meet a rummer set,
With Lady Grosvenor, Lady Foley, and her Grace of Somerset,
While Lady Jersey fags herself, regardless of the bustle, Ma'am,
With Lady Cowper, Lady Anne, and Lady William Russell, Ma'am.
Come, ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

Oh, such a treat—'twill be pleasant, past conception, Ma'am,
Such a crowd of patriot dames were never, never seen;
Most of them at Brandenburgh have met a warm reception, Ma'am,
And were boon companions of our gracious Queen!

In smiles array'd, my Lady Grey, with such a noble work elate,
The lemonade, and water-ice, will undertake to circulate,
With meat in slices, laid on bread, about the rooms to hand which, is
Of course the task of Lady S., the head of all the Sandwiches.
Come, ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

Then, Ma'am, for company !—there ne'er has been a rush in town
Half so great as there will be to this Whig thing:
Mrs. Brougham and Mrs. Wilde, the Doctor, Mrs. Lushington,
Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Baring, Lord and Lady King;
The Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Forster, little Colonel Higgins, Ma'am,
Mrs. Barber Beaumont, Mrs. Byng, and Mrs. Figgins, Ma'am ;
Lady Morgan, Lady Stanhope, old Sir Robert Baker, Ma'am,
And Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Frith, and Lord and Lady Dacre, Ma'am.
Come, ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

Then for amusement, so charmingly diversified ;
Poets, painters, patriots, peers, will all be there,
Wilson's wise letter, by Tommy Campbell versified,
Cammy Hob will give us to an old Greek air ;
Lord Nugent, in silk pantaloons, will dance a grand bolero,
And little Moore, to patriot words, will sing us Lil'bulero,

And Doctor Hume, his spirits raised by half a pint of Farintosh,
Will stump a Highland *pas de deux* with Gerald's Jemmy Macintosh.
Come, ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

The supper will be Pic-nic—I'm sure I scarce can pen it, Ma'am,
But calf's-head soup I know is sent by Doctor Hume;
Syllabubs and trifles from Mr. Henry Bennet, Ma'am;
And lamb in various shapes and ways by Mr. Brougham.
The Maberlys' send mushrooms and saddles two of mutton, Ma'am;
A cod's head and shoulders Sefton volunteers to put on, Ma'am;
Chicken-pies from Taylor come, and lobsters from Sir Ronald, Ma'am,
And gooseberry fool in Scottish pints from Mr. James Macdonald, Ma'am.
Come, ladies, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

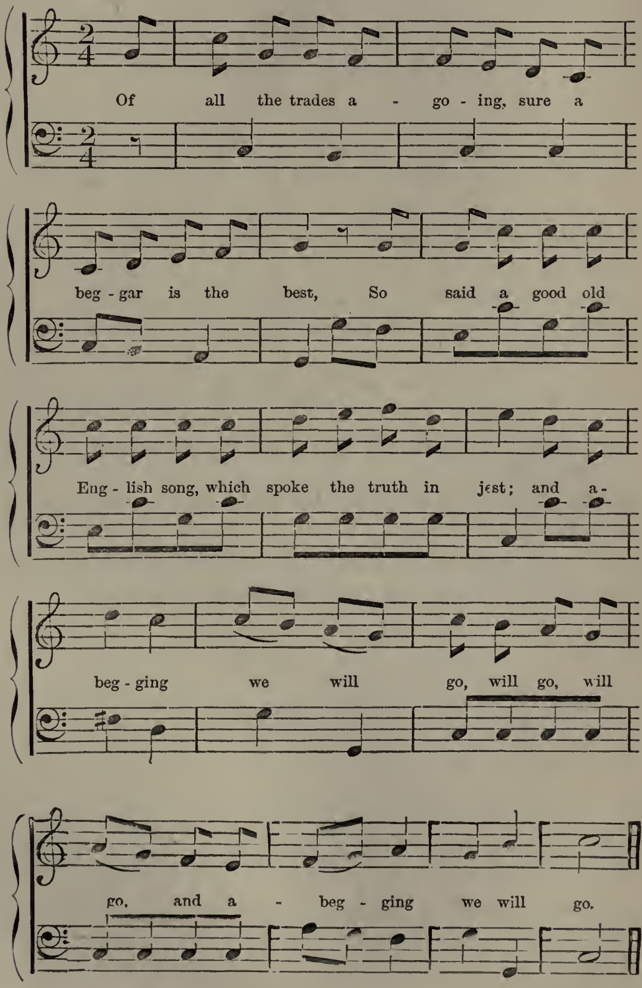
Silly Billy volunteer'd to get a royal stag shot,
To treat the Whigs with venison, but it would not do;
His Highness was unlucky—so he sent a goose from Bagshot,
While little Rice has furnish'd us with Irish stew;
Lord Nugent sends a round of beef with cucumber and mustard, Ma'am,
And Lady Anne from Holkham sends us up a fine old bustard, Ma'am,

Peter Moore finds pipes and punch, while Lambton makes the
gravies, Ma'am,
And many little nameless items come from Colonel Davies,
Ma'am.
Run, ladies, run, 'tis now the time for capering,
Freedom's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

As for the Spaniards, the Cortes, or King Ferdinand,
I hope, dear Ma'am, you'll not suppose I care one
pin,
A motley ball at Almack's is consider'd quite "a bird in
hand"
By those, who on the decent nights cannot get in!
Then come yourself, I hope you will, and bring your eldest
daughter, Ma'am,
And Susan Smith, who ran away, if Mr. Smith has caught
her, Ma'am;
Our husbands wish it, and they pay for every-thing to cram
us with,
The principle's the same as that which took us all to Hammersmith.
Come, madam, come, 'tis now the time for capering,
Pleasure's flag, at Willis's, is just unfurl'd.

THE BEGGARS.

A New Song.


Of all the trades a - go - ing, sure a
beg - gar is the best, So said a good old
Eng - lish song, which spoke the truth in jest; and a -
beg - ging we will go, will go, will
go, and a - beg - ging we will go.

Of all the beggars going, who prey on public pence,
The Whig excels in wants and woes, in tricks and impudence;
So a begging we will go, will go, will go, so a begging we will go.

The beggar in the public ways, his ills, as merits shews,
Is lame, or blind, or idiot-struck, or wants his hands or toes;
When a begging he will go, will go, will go, when a begging he will go.

So, by their faults, the starving Whigs attempt to raise the wind,
In Council, fools—in action, lame—in understanding, blind;
And a begging they do go, do go, do go, and a begging they do go.

Old Charles was the leader, the Bampfylde Moore Carew,
Of that audacious, lying, tricking, filthy, drunken crew;
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

This cunning Fox, he pray'd, and whined, and swore from door to door,
That fall'n from a good estate, his virtues kept him poor;
So a begging he did go, did go, did go, so a begging he did go.

In fact, the rogue play'd, wench'd, and drank two sinecures away,
And only begg'd to have the means to wench, and drink, and play;
So a begging he did go, did go, did go, so a begging he did go.

And all the Club at Brookes's, most generous of men—
Gave readily, what they were sure of—winning back again.
When a begging he did go, did go, did go, when a begging he did go.

Scots Gerald next went begging, a sufferer by the law;
He sent the French red cap about, sedition's alms to draw;
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

But, whether this subscription succeeded ill or well,
We never heard; but some folks say that Mackintosh could tell;
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

When bloody Bellingham destroy'd a man he ne'er had known,
On the lamented felon's grave their sanguine alms were strown;
And a begging they did go, did go, did go, and a begging they did go.

To take man's life, by law or war, Whigs count a horrid thing,
But this was an assassin of a servant of the King;
So a begging they did go, did go, did go, so a begging they did go.

When vulgar Hone to market brought his pointless parody,
And season'd his sedition with a spice of blasphemy,
Then a begging he did go, did go, did go, then a begging he did go.

His graceless Grace of Bedford the bold example sets,
And pays his mite to comfort him—I wish he'd pay his debts;
For a begging they do go, do go, do go, for a begging they do go.

And by his sire's example led, my Lord of Tavistock,
Subscribes ten pounds, to prove himself—a chip of the old block:
And a begging they did go, did go, did go, and a begging they did go.

And Sefton on his death-bed, as it was thought to be,
Encouraged the blasphemer, just to vex the Ministry;
When a begging he did go, did go, did go, when a begging he did go.

When Cobbett stole the bones of Paine, it was with the intent
To raise a penny rate, to buy a seat in Parliament;
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

But the pure Whigs of Coventry had quite another sense,
And much preferred receiving pounds to giving him their pence;
For a begging they do go, do go, do go, for a begging they do go.

When guilty of a libel, the bold Burdett was found,
And sentenced by a Tory Judge to pay two thousand pound,
A begging he did go, did go, did go, a begging he did go.

He afterwards refused the aid; but not till the account
Had shewn him that they ne'er could raise a quarter the amount,
Though a begging they did go, did go, did go, though a begging they did go.

From begging for the poor they took to begging for the Great,
And begg'd that they might buy the Queen annuities and plate;
And a begging they did go, did go, did go, and a begging they did go.

We have not heard if their success in this was bad or good,
But hope it was the latter, for the sake of Matthew Wood;
For a begging he did go, did go, did go, for a begging he did go.

A begging he did go indeed, this patriot and sage,
But 'twas for his own profit when the Queen went off the stage;
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

But we have reason to suspect that this subscription pines,
And is about as profitable as his Cornish mines;
So a begging he will go, will go, will go, so a begging he will go.

And next, lest any class of crime, unhonour'd, should escape,
The tender Waithman recommends the case of Mr. Snape;
And a begging he does go, does go, does go, and a begging he does go.

We know not whether Brougham has yet subscribed, but think he must,
The crime being only forgery—a petty breach of trust;
So a begging they will go, will go, will go, so a begging they will go.

When Captain Romeo ran away from Naples, in a funk,
With nothing but a pound of maccaroni in his trunk,
A begging he did go, did go, did go, a begging he did go.

To keep this pilot of the cause of Italy afloat,
Enthusiast Bennett's generous hand subscribes—a one-pound note!
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

We have not breath to spend on all the vicious or the vile—
On Wooler, Watson, Waddington, Hunt, Honey, and Carlile,
But a begging they all go, all go, all go, but a begging they all go.

From all the jails, in all the land, their begging-boxes spread,
And e'en the grave, at Faction's call, delivers up its dead;
And a begging they do go, do go, do go, and a begging they do go.

But lastly comes a beggar-man, who would be knighthood's shame,
But that the title he assumes is only a false name;
When a begging he does go, does go, does go, when a begging he does go.

The soldier, or the sailor, who accosts one in the street,
Can shew the scars he got, or tell the enemy he beat;
When a begging he does go, does go, does go, when a begging he does go.

But here's a bold impostor, the sauciest of the batch,
Who never won a fight at all, and never got a scratch;
Yet a begging he does go, does go, does go, and a begging he does go.

He has not dealt in blows and blood as silly people think,
But is a very hero,—in the way of pen and ink;
But a begging he does go, does go, does go, but a begging he does go.

And thus he can produce us, of the battles he has seen,
Certificates on paper—having none upon his skin,
When a begging he does go, does go, does go, when a begging he does go.

While other soldiers Paris took, and France at freedom set,
This rival hero storm'd a jail, and rescued Lavalette.
And a begging he did go, did go, did go, and a begging he did go.

So as from no French foeman's head he ere won laurel leaf,
He hires a French advocate to praise him from his brief;
And a begging he does go, does go, does go, and a begging he does go.

Thus we have seen subscriptions which disgrace our factious times,
For every shade, both light and deep, of follies and of crimes;
When a begging they do go, do go, do go, when a begging they do go.

For drunkards, gamblers, libellers, thieves, smugglers, defamators,
For forgers and blasphemers, and for murderers and traitors,
A begging they do go, do go, do go, a begging they do go.

To Wilson's list we wish success; because we hope the money
Will go to the poor families of Francis and of Hopney;
Since a begging they do go, do go, do go, since a begging they do go.

For all folks must agree, else differ how they may,
That they were kill'd upon the field, whence Wilson sneak'd away;
Though a begging he does go, does go, does go, though a begging he does go.

BUBBLES OF 1825.

Tune—"Run, Neighbours, run."

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share,
In all the famous projects that amuse John Bull;
Run, take a peep on 'Change, for anxious crowds beset us there,
Each trying which can make himself the greatest gull.

No sooner are they puff'd, than an universal wish there is
For shares in mines, insurances, in foreign loans, and fisheries:
No matter where the project lies, so violent the mania,
In Africa, New Providence, Peru, or Pennsylvania!
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

Few folks for news very anxious at this crisis are,
For marriages, and deaths, and births, no thirst exists;
All take the papers in, to find out what the prices are
Of shares in this or that, upon the brokers' lists.
The doctor leaves his patient, the pedagogue his Lexicon,
For mines of Real Monte, or for those of Anglo-Mexican:
E'en Chili bonds don't cool the rage, nor those still more romantic, sir,
For new canals to join the seas, Pacific and Atlantic, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

At home we have projects too for draining surplus capital,
And honest Master Johnny of his cash to chouse;
Tho' t'other day, Judge Abbott gave a rather sharpish slap at all,
And Eldon launch'd his thunder from the Upper House.
Investment banks to lend a lift to people who are undone—
Proposals for assurance—there's no end of that in London;
And one amongst the number, who in Parliament now press their Bills,
For lending cash at eight per cent. on coats and inexpressibles.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

No more with her bright pails the milkman's rosy daughter works,
A Company must serve you now with milk and cream;
Perhaps they've some connection with the advertising water-works,

That promise to supply you from the limpid stream.
Another body corporate would fain some pence and shillings get,
By selling fish at Hungerford, and knocking up old Billingsgate ;
Another takes your linen, when it's dirty, to the suds, sir,
And brings it home in carriages with four nice bits of blood, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

When Greenwich coaches go by steam on roads of iron railing, sir,
How pleasant it will be to see a dozen in a line ;
And ships of heavy burden over hills and valleys sailing, sir,
Shall cross from Bristol's Channel to the Tweed or Tyne.
And Dame Speculation, if she ever fully hath her ends,
Will give us docks at Bermondsey, St. Saviour's, and St. Catherine's ;
While side-long bridges over mud shall fill the folks with wonder, sir,
And lamp-light tunnels all day long, convey Cockneys under, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

A tunnel underneath the sea, from Calais straight to Dover, sir,
That qualmish folks may cross by land from shore to shore,
With sluices made to drown the French, if e'er they would come over, sir,
Has long been talk'd of, till at length 'tis thought a monstrous bore.
Amongst the many scheming folks, I take it he's no ninny, sir,
Who bargains with the Ashantees to fish the coast of Guinea, sir ;

For, secretly, 'tis known, that another brilliant view he has,
Of lighting up the famous town of Timbuctoo with oil gas.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

Then a company is form'd, though not yet advertising,
To build, upon a splendid scale, a large balloon,
And send up tools and broken stones for fresh Mac-Adamizing
The new discover'd turnpike-roads which cross the moon.
But the most inviting scheme of all, is one proposed for carrying
Large furnaces to melt the ice which hems poor Captain Parry in;
They'll then have steam-boats twice a week to all the newly-seen land,
And call for goods and passengers at Labrador and Greenland!
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

THE GRAND REVOLUTION!

Tune—"The Tight Little Island."

"Ye Whigs, now attend, and list to a friend,
If you value a free Constitution,
Every nerve let us strain for the patriots of Spain,
And cry up their brave Revolution.
Huzza! for the brave Revolution!
Success to the brave Revolution!
We'll all to a man, bawl as loud as we can,
Huzza! for the brave Revolution!

"When Boney invaded their country, and waded
Through oceans of blood to make Joe king,
We ne'er made a push, and cared not a rush
If Spain had a king, or had no king:
But then there was no Revolution!
No enlightening, wise Revolution!
They only fought then, for their king back again,
And not for a brave Revolution!

"We once made a rout, most valiant and stout,
For Naples to throw off her yoke, sirs,
But Tories so wary, vow'd base Carbonari
Were thieves, and their valour all smoke, sirs!
To nought came their grand Revolution!
Upset was their grand Revolution!
Poor, thick-headed calves, they were rebels by halves,
And made nought of their grand Revolution!

"Then we spouted for weeks, in aid of the Greeks,
But they proved rather lax in their works, sirs,
For the brave Parguinotes, in cutting of throats,
Excell'd e'en the murderous Turks, sirs;
So we gave up the Greek Revolution,
None thought of the Greek Revolution,
Folks cared not a straw whether Turkish Bashaw
Ruled the roast—or the Greek Revolution.

"But Spain, with true bravery, spurning her slavery,
Vows she'll have freedom, or die now,
And all that she'll need will be trifles indeed,
Such as arms, ammunition, and rhino!
Success to her brave resolutions!
And just to collect contributions,
At dinner we'll meet in Bishopsgate-street,
In aid of her brave resolutions!"

So to feasting they went, on a Friday in Lent,
And muster'd what forces they could, sirs;
There was Duke San Lorenzo, with plenty of friends, O,
Great Sussex, and Alderman Wood, sirs!
The Spaniards push'd hard their petition
For money to buy ammunition,
But they met with a balk, for Whigs are all talk,
With nought else would they help their petition.

They didn't ask Hume, for fear, in a fume,
At the cost of the war he'd be nibbling,
So they left him to fight in the Commons all night,
With Palmerston's estimates quibbling.
He there with much circumlocution,
Moved many a wise resolution,
While the still wiser Whigs were feasting like pigs,
In the cause of the grand Revolution!

Don Holland of Kensington, while his Whig friends in town,
Grand tavern-speeches were planning,
Wrote a note just to tell the brave Arguelles
How much wiser the Whigs are than Canning.
"All England one feeling displays, sir,
Never mind what the Minister says, sir!
At him you may hoot—and the Council to boot,
For England is all in a blaze, sir!"

As the Whigs had for years rung peace in our ears,
When for war the whole nation did burn, sirs,
'Twould surely be hard, if they now were debarr'd
From crying for war in their turn, sirs!
So Mackintosh made an oration,
As bold as a war proclamation,
Then finish'd his boast, with this apposite toast,
"May peace be preserved to the nation!"

Then leave 'em to prate, and spout, and debate,
We all know there's nought but a show meant;
Let 'em blow hot and cold—be shy, or be bold,
As the humour prevails at the moment:
Let 'em cry up the grand Revolution!
The gallant and brave Revolution!
And all to a man—bawl as loud as they can,
"Huzza! for the brave Revolution!"

THIS IMITATION OF BUNBURY'S "LITTLE GREY MAN,"

Preserved among the Tales of Wonder, is, without permission, inscribed to a Major-General of the British Army, Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, Agent for the Ionian Islands, and a Pensioner of the present Administration, &c., &c., &c.

Oh! deep was the sorrow, and sad was the day,
When death took our gracious old Monarch away,
And gave us a Queen, lost to honour and fame,
Whose manners are folly, whose conduct is shame;
Who with aliens and vagabonds long having stroll'd,
Soon caught up their morals, loose, brazen, and bold.

She had traversed the globe in all quarters, to show
To what depth of debasement a Princess could go;
And with front unabash'd, when her guilt was display'd,
The altar insulted with impious parade;
Whilst sick with disgust at a scene so profane,
Not one decent female would move in her train.

She paid a vile rabble to shout round her car,
Her teachers, so pious, were Fellowes and Parr;
Her councillors, Aldermen Waithman and Wood,
Could she find nothing worse? She might try if she could.
Abroad there was nothing more low than her groom,
At home there are Wilson, Moore, Hobhouse, and Hume.

Oh! what will the rancour of party not do!
Ye Howards and Russells, this sigh is for you!
To an union so base can ye bend your proud will?
Yes, great though the peril, unmeasured the ill,
Through the country delusion and clamour must ring,
And your rivals to strike, you must menace your King.

In Suffolk, to aid in so loyal a plan,
From Mildenhall upstarts a little dark man;
His hue it was bilious, his eyes they were ghast,
Long and pale were his fingers that held a quill fast,
And grimly he scowl'd, whilst his rancour and spleen
Distill'd in a spurious Address to the Queen.

How spotless and pure was this paragon shown!
How safe, through its friends, an attack on the Throne,
Their motives were wicked, their actions were base;—
Some wonder'd, no doubt, at so alter'd a case,
Who cannot forget, though 'tis plain that *he* can,
The favours they heap'd on this dark little man.

From childhood the imp in the Palace was rear'd,
Its bounties his parents, his kindred all shared;
With rapid advancement, too rapid by half,
He outstripp'd the foremost of line or of staff;
But soon from the chances of service withdrew,
With the profits and safety of office in view.

To Liverpool, Bathurst, and colleagues he bow'd;
He courted their smiles, and attachment he vow'd;
Obtain'd a snug place, with the means to do ill,
To some who despised, but remember it still:
He was fearlessly trusted, and laugh'd in his sleeve—
"Those you mean to betray you must ever deceive."

Indulged by his patrons, the confident elf,
No talent imagined except in himself;
Of the merits of others a censor severe,
Even Wellington might not escape from his sneer;
But they trusted him still, not suspecting his plan,
Ah, little they knew of the dark little man!

Next a General's apparel he put on, so new,
The coat of fine scarlet, the facings of blue,
With gold all embroider'd so costly; and last
The loop with the plume that waved high in the blast,
'Twould have vex'd you at heart, if such sights ever can,
To have gazed on the dizen'd-out little dark man.

That Order, of Heroes the dying bequest,
Its ribbon that blush'd as it cover'd his breast;
The Star and the Badge that tried valour should wear,
As if he had earn'd them, he took to his share:
Like a pigmy he climb'd up on Honour's high tree,
And blazon'd his name with a large K. C. B.

Now the battle of battles was won!!—O'er his foes
Triumphant the lion of England arose,
And gave peace to the world.—No longer, 'twas plain,
The little dark man could his office retain;
Reluctant he went, but he pocketed clear,
In pension and place, fifteen hundred a year.

He growl'd and intrigued but in vain—he is gone!
Soon forgotten by most, and regretted by none:
But to sink in oblivion he cannot endure,
The moment seems tempting, the victims secure.
Strike! strike at your friends! The foul blow it was sped,
And with terrible justice recoil'd on his head.

The little dark man then he set up a yell,
And the Hundred of Lackford was roused by the spell;
He raised up his head, and he raised up his chin,
And he grinn'd, and he shouted a horrible grin,
And he laugh'd a faint laugh, and his cap up he cast;
But pension and sinecure still he holds fast.

When a score and three days make the age of the year,
To St. Stephen's, the Lords and the Commons repair:
E'er a score and three more, so the King might decree
The country another election may see.
But the brave men of Suffolk have seen through his plan,
And will baffle the arts of the little dark man.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

Rich and furr'd was the robe he wore,
And a bright gold chain on his breast he bore;
But, och! his speaking was far beyond
Waithman himself, with his snow-white wand.

"Humpty! do'st thou not fear to stray
With the Lady, so far from the King's highway?
Are Britain's sons so dull or so cold,
As still to be cheated with tinsel for gold?"

"Mistress Dumpty! I feel not the least alarm—
No placemen ever dare do me harm;
For though they vote her and me a bore,
They love their own heads, and their places more."

On he went—in her coach to ride,
While he cozen'd the Lady who sat by his side;
And lost for ever was she who was led
By Humpty's honour—and Dumpty's head!

PARODY.

While Johnny Gale Jones the memorial was keeping,
Of penny subscriptions from traitors and thieves,
Hard by at his elbow, sly Watson stood peeping,
And counting the sums at the end of the leaves.
But oh, what a grin on his visage shone bright,
When, after perusing whole pages of shame—
'Midst his *soi-disant* betters,
In vilely-form'd letters,
The Doctor beheld little Waddington's name!

"Hail, imp of sedition!" he cried, while he nodded
His head, and the spectacles drew from his eyes,
"Magnanimous pigmy! since Carlile's been quodded,
We wanted some shopman, about of your size!
For, though many we've had, yet unbless'd was their lot,
When Murray and Sharpe with the constables came,
And for want of good bail
They were sent off to jail,
And their mittimus sign'd with an Alderman's name."

Then come, the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The greatest, the grandest that thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task my placard-board sustaining,
Still prouder to utter placards of thine own!
High perch'd on that counter, where Carlile once stood,
Issue torrents of blasphemy, treason, and shame,
While snug in your box,
Well secur'd with two locks,
We'll defy them to get little Waddington's name.

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

(A PARODY.)

THE Old Whig Club is meeting, Duke,
'Tis now the time for eating, Duke,
How sweet to joke,
To sing and smoke,
While these foolish men stand treating, Duke!
Then harangue, and not in vain, my Duke,
At them again and again, my Duke!
The best of all ways
To speak in these days,
Is to steal a few thoughts from Tom Paine, my Duke!

Now all the Whigs are sleeping, Duke,
But the mob, through the casement peeping, Duke,
At you and your star,
Which we really are
Surpris'd at your meanness in keeping, Duke!
Go home, your task is done, my Duke,
The watchmen's boxes shun, my Duke,
Or, in watching the flight
Of traitors by night,
They may happen to take you for one, my Duke!

DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE Aldermen! list to my lay—
Oh, list, ere your bumpers ye fill—
Her Majesty's dead!—lack-a-day!
She remember'd me not in her will.
Oh, folly! oh baneful ill-luck!
That I ever to court her begun;
She was Queen, and I could not but suck—
But she died, and poor Matty's undone!

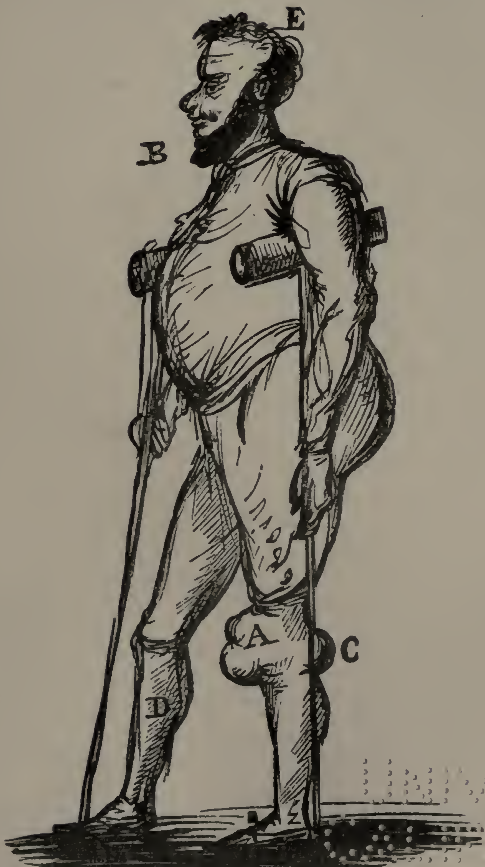
Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a Queen so complete would be sought
By a courtier more knowing than me.
But self-love each hope can inspire,
It banishes *wisdom* the while;
And I thought she would surely admire
My countenance, whiskers, and smile.

She is dead though, and I am undone!
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Oh let me instruct you to shun
What I cannot instruct you to cure:
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! that her lawyers e'er met,
They alone were the cause of my woes;
Their tricks I can never forget—
Those lawyers undid my repose.
Yet the *Times* may diminish my pain,
If the *Statesman* and *Traveller* agree—
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain—
Yes, the *Times* shall have comfort for me.

Mrs. W—d, ope your doors then apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I must hide my poor woe-begone face,
I must vanish from every eye.
But my sad, my deplorable lay,
My reed shall resound with it still:—
How her Majesty died t'other day,
And remember'd me not in her will.

THEODORE OF PUT-KNEE.



A my bad knee.
B my beard.
C my crural tendon,
,, or muscle—
,, or artery—
,, or something,—as big as your fist.

D my well leg.
E the place where
my hair was when
I was young.

TENTAMEN.

1820.

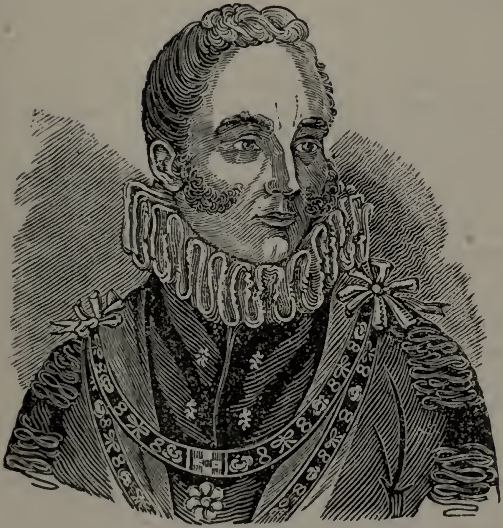
TENTAMEN;

OR,

AN ESSAY TOWARDS THE HISTORY

OF

WHITTINGTON,



Some Time

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

BY

VICESIMUS BLINKINSOP, L.L.D., F.R.S., A.S.S., &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM WRIGHT,
46, FLEET-STREET.
1820.

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"Hook had returned to England penniless; but he brought with him stores, the result of increased knowledge of the world and of an observation active under every vicissitude of fortune, which, with his singular facility in composition, were readily reducible to current coin. According, notwithstanding the harassing and protracted business at the Audit-office, he found time to strike off a succession of papers and pamphlets, the proceeds of which for some months formed his sole income. These, for obvious reasons, were published anonymously; and from this fact, and that of their being for the most part mere hits at the politics of the day, they have, with scarcely an exception, been swept from the face of the literary globe, and are only to be met with in the museums of such curious collectors as Tom Hill and the like.

"One of these *jeux d'esprit*, entitled '*Tentamen;* or, an Essay towards the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London, by Dr. Vicesimus Blinkinsop,' produced no little sensation, and ran rapidly through two or three editions. Hook, however, we believe, was not suspected to be the author. This *opusculum*, which is now extremely rare, and a copy of which would fetch quadruple its original price, was an attack, conducted in a strain of elaborate irony, equal to the happiest efforts of Martinus Scriblerus, upon the worthy Alderman Wood (a portrait of whom adorned the title-page), and his royal *protégée*."—*Barham.*

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, DUKE OF SUSSEX,

Earl of Inverness, and Baron Arklow;

President of the Society of Arts; Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of the Ancient Masons of England; Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company; Colonel Commandant of the Loyal North Britain Volunteers; Vice President of the Bible Society; of the Infirmary for Asthma, Union Street, Bishopsgate; of the London Dispensary, Artillery Street, Bishopsgate; and of the Public Dispensary, Bishop's Court, Chancery Lane; of the Universal Medical Institution, Ratcliff Highway; of the *Original* Vaccine Pock Institution, Broad Street, Golden Square; of the Free Masons' Charity, St. George's Fields, and one of the Trustees of the same; Patron of the Mile End Philanthropic Society; Vice Patron of the Westminster General Dispensary, 32, Gerrard Street, Soho; of the Society for the Relief of the Ruptured Poor; of the Universal Dispensary for Children, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons; of the Lancasterian School Society, Borough Road; Patron of the Choral Fund, and of the Northern Dispensary, Duke's Road, New Road; Vice President of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, Lisson Green; of the Benevolent Institution for delivering Married Women at their own Habitations, Hungerford Coffee House, Strand; and of the General Central Lying-in Charity, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Knight of the Garter; President of the Beef Steak Club; One of His Majesty's *most* Honourable Privy Council; and a FISHMONGER.*

Sir,—Your connexion with the fine arts and the city of London so honourably celebrated in the preceding enumeration of your titles, is a combination of merits wholly unexpected and unprecedented. You alone, Sir, among the members of scientific bodies, can glory in being a Fishmonger; and you alone, among Fishmongers, can boast of being President of the Society of Arts.

Glorious, and more truly honourable, than rank or ribbons, is the list of the numerous charities of which your Royal Highness is the ostensible head. It may seem, at first sight, inconsistent with the Christian precepts to give so much notoriety to benevolent actions; but, even in this view, your Royal Highness's conduct is above all imputation: that precept applies to the hand, and not to the head; and though your Royal Highness gives your great personal weight to the chair of those associations, your worst enemy cannot say that you were ever known to give any thing else. Your left hand (which, agreeably to the scriptural suggestion, is as discerning as your Royal Highness's intellect) does certainly not know of any particular charity, performed by your Royal Highness's right hand.

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* "Do you know me?"
"Excellent well; you are a *fishmonger*."
Hamlet.

You are thus enabled, Sir, to extend the sphere of your utility and beneficence. Actual donations must have had a limit; but the charity which costs nothing, may, as we see in your Royal Highness's case, be indefinitely extended, to the great encouragement and increase of the contributions of others.

To all the above mentioned distinctions, equally high, equally honourable, and equally deserved, your Royal Highness, on the principle just stated,—that you have still countenance enough to bestow on meritorious institutions,—has intimated your gracious intention of succeeding Sir Joseph Banks as President of the Royal Society. Amongst your many and obvious claims to this situation, the first is, that you are a *fishmonger;* for thus your Royal Highness will be in a condition to solve that celebrated problem propounded to the Society by its Royal Founder Charles the Second, and which has not been yet satisfactorily explained, relative to the respective gravities of fish, dead or alive. Nor if the late President had been a fishmonger, would the Society have been involved in the failure and disgrace of that experiment which the indignant poet has immortalized by the line

> "Fleas are not lobsters—Damn their souls!"

But though I could not avoid touching upon these matters, it is as a citizen of London, and as the condescending friend of our most patriotic magistrates—our modern Whittingtons—that I presume to address your Royal Highness, and to solicit your favour to an essay towards the history of that great man, the honour of which cannot fail to be reflected on his successors; and in addition to this gracious patronage for myself, I am charged by others to solicit your Royal Highness, to be pleased to lend your name as President to a new literary and most useful association, held in Bearbinder Lane, at the back of the Mansion House, called "The Whittington Institution, for teaching Aldermen to read, write, cypher, and dance, on Mr. Lancaster's system."

In humble hope of your Royal Highness's most gracious condescension, I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

Most devoted and obedient Servant,

Vicesimus Blinkinsop.

* * *

TENTAMEN, &c.

IN looking at the propensities of the age we live in, comparatively with those of times past, one cannot fail to observe a laudable love for the noble science of antiquities: of which it may be truly said, that it is conversant with peaceful and unoffending yesterdays, while the idle votaries of the world are busied about to-day, and the visionaries of ambition are dreaming of to-morrow.

Connected with this grave and useful pursuit is the general inclination to search into the minutiæ of history, which never before prevailed amongst us in so ardent a degree. The smallest information upon traditional points is received with an avidity more salutary and commendable than that which is the result of a commonplace love of novelty; and the smaller the information, the greater the merit of the painstaking author; who, like a skilful clock-maker, or other nice handy-craftsman, is lauded in proportion to the minuteness of his work.

Such are, for instance, the valuable discoveries which that excellent philosopher and novelist Mr. Godwin hath made and edited, of and concerning the great poet Chaucer; and, inasmuch as the nice and small works of clock-makers, which we have mentioned, are carefully placed in huge towers and steeples, beyond malicious or impertinent curiosity, so this prudent philosopher hath disposed his small facts in two tall volumes, equally out of the reach of the vulgar.

Such also are those valuable illustrations of the private lives of public men which have issued from the Press under the titles of "Ana," "Remains," and "Memoirs," and which have so admirably answered the purposes for which they were put forth—namely, that of being sold—while they at the same time maintain a discreet silence on all matters which the ingenious subject of the biography might wish to conceal, agreeably to that excellent maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum:* by these means, such treatises become a delectable kind of reading, wherein nothing is admitted which can hurt the feelings of any of the worthy persons mentioned in the course of the work, particularly if they be deceased. This mode of writing conduces to good humour and charity amongst men, and manifestly tends, as Dr. Johnson observes on another occasion, to raise the general estimate of human nature.

On these principles and considerations have I been induced, at no small cost of time and labour, to endeavour to throw a new light upon the life of Matthew Whittington, some time Mayor (or Lord Mayor, as the courtesy goeth) of this worthy City of London,—a man, whose fame needs no addition, but only to be placed in a proper point of view, to challenge the admiration of a grateful posterity of Mayors and Aldermen.

In humble imitation of my aforesaid friend Mr. Godwin, and of divers other well-reputed authors, I have written this life in one hundred and seventy-eight quires of foolscap paper, in a small and close, but neat hand; which by my computation, having counted the number of words therein contained, as well as the number of words in the learned Bishop Watson's life of himself (which made my excellent friend Dr. Snodgrass, who lent me the same, facetiously declare, that I was the only man he ever knew who could get through it); I say, having counted all these words, I find that my life of Mr. Whittington (including thirteen quires on the general history of Cats) would, if duly printed after the manner of Mr. Davison, who never puts more than sixteen lines into a quarto page, make or constitute five volumes of a similar size and shape to Dr. Watson's life, which, with cuts by Mr. John Britton, author of several curious topographical works, might be sold for the reasonable sum of £31 10*s*., being only six guineas the volume; and if it should please the Legislature, in its wisdom, to repeal the Copy-right Bill (by which costly books are made accessible to poor students at the Universities, who have no business with such sort of works), my said work might be furnished at the reduced price of £31 4*s*. 6*d*.

But small as this sum is, it is with grief I say, that such is the badness of the times, occasioned by the return of peace, and the late long succession of plentiful harvests, that I find booksellers strangely reluctant to embark in this transaction with me.* They offer indeed to print my work if I can get it previously praised in the *Edinburgh Review;* and the Reviewers say, that they are not unwilling to praise it, but that it must, of a necessity, be previously printed.

I have observed to Mr. Jeffrey in my seventh letter to him on this subject, that this condition is not only new and injurious to me, but, by his own showing, clearly gratuitous and unnecessary; because, for aught that appears in the generality of his articles, he may never have read the work which is the subject-matter of them; nay, it hath sometimes been proved from the context, that he never hath even seen the work at all; and as this little accident hath not hindered his writing an excellent essay under colour of such work, so I contended, that he need not now make the preliminary *sine qua non*, as to having my work printed; for "de non impressis et de non lectis eadem est ratio."

But I grieve to say, that all my well-grounded reasoning hath been unavailing; and as neither party will give up his notion, I stand at a dead lock between the booksellers and reviewers.

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* The badness of the times, according to that Venerable Bede of modern days, Mr. Cartwright, is owing to the Septennial Parliament Bill (1 Geo. I. cap. 38); but according to the better opinion of Mr. J. C. Boghouse, to the battle of Waterloo. (*vide* Panegyr. Nap. Bon. passim.)

In this dilemma, I should—like Aristotle's celebrated ass—have starved till doomsday; but that, through the kindness and prudent advice of my learned friends Mr. Jonas Backhouse, Jun. of Pocklington, and the Rev. Doctor Snodgrass of Hog's-Norton, I have been put upon a mode of extricating myself, by publishing, in a small form, a tentamen, specimen, or abridgement of part of my great work, which I am told Mr. Jeffrey will not object to review, he being always ready to argue "à particulari ad universale:" so that, in future time, the learned world may have hope of seeing my erudite labours at full length, whereof this dissertation is a short and imperfect sample or pattern.

The whole history of the illustrious Whittington is enveloped in doubt. The mystery begins even before he is born; for no one knows who his mother, and still less who his father, was. We are in darkness as to where he first saw the light, and though it is admitted that he most probably had a Christian name, *adhuc sub judice lis est*, as to what that Christian name was.

This important point, however, my revered friend, the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass of Hog's-Norton hath enabled me to decide.

Tradition has handed down to us that Whittington was a charity boy, as it is called, and received the rudiments of letters at the parish school of Hog's-Norton aforesaid; this clue directed the Doctor's researches, and by that enlightened zeal for which he was conspicuous, he has been so fortunate as to discover rudely carved on the wainscot by some fellow-pupil,

M. W. IS A FOOL;
M. W. IS A DUNCE;
And one, which is more satisfactory,
M.———W, W. IS A STUPID DOG,
1772.

This date seems at first sight to apply to a period long posterior to Mr. Whittington; but when we recollect how often the wisest men, the most careful copyists, the most expert printers, mistake dates and transpose figures, we are not to be surprised at a similar error in an unlettered and heedless school-boy; and therefore, as Dr. Snodgrass judiciously advises—(a noble conjecture indeed, which places the critic almost on a level with the original writer)—the mistake may be corrected by the simple change of placing the figures in their obvious proper order, 1277, which, as Mr. Whittington is known to have been Sheriff or Mayor about the year 1330, when he was probably near sixty, shews that he was about seven when at Hog's-Norton; and proves incontestably, that to him and him alone these ancient and fortunately discovered inscriptions refer.

Having established their authenticity, it is easy to show that Mr. Whittington's name was not Richard, as the vulgar fondly imagine; R, and not M, being the initial of Richard; and we might perhaps have doubted between Matthew, Mathias, Moses, Melchisedec or Mark; but the concluding W. of the last inscription seems to settle the matter in favour of Matthew, which is the only name that I know of in ordinary use which begins with M, and ends, as all the world sees, with a W.

I shall say little of an erroneous supposition—built on the strength of the words "fool," "dunce," and "stupid dog;" and on the manifestly mistaken date,—which would refer these characteristic sentences to a worthy alderman now alive; (with whose initials they do, indeed, by a strange accident, agree.) Such a supposition is clearly false and untenable, as may be proved by one decisive observation, *inter alia;* that they appear to be the work of some jealous rival, displeased at Mr. Whittington's superior ability: perhaps they were even engraved by a fraud on the parish furniture, after Mr. Whittington's rise had given some handle to envy; whereas it is well known and universally admitted, to be the happiness of the worthy alderman now alive, that no human being either ever did, or could envy *him:*—this sets that important question asleep for ever.

It may seem to some readers that these epithets,—opprobria, as some may think them,—do not redound to the credit of Mr. Alderman Whittington's intellect; but even if they are not, as before suggested, the production of envy, they are by no means inconsistent with Whittington's successful progress in life; on the contrary, they seem to designate him as a person who would naturally rise to City honours. It is grown to be a proverb, and admitted by the best writers on the subject, that Lord Mayors are "stupid dogs."* The City hath a prescription to choose "fools," for places of honour therein; and, as Matthew was at least twice Lord Mayor, he might with great propriety have been twice as great a fool as any of the others.

This leads me to the important consideration of how often the illustrious Matthew had the honour of so worthily filling the Civic throne.

An ancient and well-known ballad has this beautiful, and indeed important, rhyme,—

> " ————Whittington,
> *Twice* Lord Mayor of London." †

Some copies indeed, and one in particular, (penis R. Pria Knight, F.R.S.) have it "thrice." This, however, on a careful collation with all the best MSS. and some very fair black-letter editions, has been most satisfactorily disproved: it has crept into the old versions, either from the well-known predilection for the *trine* number; or, from the writer's having composed the work during Matthew's second Mayoralty, when, as it appears from some old papers in the

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* Vide Caius de Canibus Britannicis c. de Majoribus.

† Vide *Restituta* by the learned Sir Egerton Brydges, Knight of St. Joachim, A.S.S.

Tower, he, as well as many of his zealous friends, had a notion that he would have been again elected to the dignified office which he had for two successive years filled so satisfactorily—to himself.

That such a re-election would have delighted him, nobody can doubt, who is aware of the fact of his being so anxious to discharge correctly the duties of his great office, that he practised the part,—or, as it is in one account quaintly phrased, *played at Lord Mayor*,—for some time before he had attained the station; and for many years after he had passed the chair, evinced his gratitude by keeping up the same laudable practice. An old account of one of his private dinners states, that even to the day of his death, when he was at home, he sat in state at the head of his table, with his loving spouse beside him, and his chief guest, if it were but the deputy of the ward, upon his right, while the other members of his family were ranged as regularly in order as if they had been at the Easter dinner in the Mansion House.

As it affects Mr. Whittington's character, the little variation between twice and thrice is at present quite immaterial. He that deserved to be twice Lord Mayor could hardly have been additionally ennobled by having been so three or more times; and, considering that the statements rest on public rumour, and, perhaps, the partiality of friends, of which not one-half is generally true, it seems a not unfair proportion to believe two-thirds.

But, proud as Matthew naturally was at his double elevation, for he had sitten on the two forks of the civic Parnassus, it seems that in a subsequent period of his life he began to grow weary of his legitimate honours, and bursting from that civic chrysalis, the alderman's gown, strove to soar by gaudier flights into what it may be imagined he deemed better company. But the City Icarus tried his wings, there is reason to suppose, in a temperature somewhat too glowing; and if it were not for that indulgent principle of modern biography to which I have alluded, of saying nothing disagreeable either of the living or dead, I might be able to show that Matthew had earned the detestation of some, the ridicule of others, and the contempt of all, and forfeited much of that grave respect which aldermen are heirs to, by presuming to meddle with things the which he could of no possibility understand.

The several particulars of his life upon which the old Chronicles are at variance, and which in my large work I think I may—*absit invidia*—say, I have reconciled and explained, are these:—

1. His political principles.
2. His trade, and what it really was.
3. The quality of his intellect.
4. The quantity * of his intellect.
5. Whether the bells did preternaturally ring his recall to London; or, whether it were merely the force of his own vanity which gave this favourable meaning to an idle sound.
6. Whether he really was maltreated, as tradition reports, by a kitchen-maid.
7. What sort of company he kept.
8. What the Cat was by which he rendered himself chiefly notorious, and whether his famous expedition to catch the Cat was undertaken prior, or subsequently, to his second Mayoralty.
9. And lastly, whether he died a natural or disgraceful death.

All these are points at issue, and will probably so continue till the publication of my great work, except one, namely, the 8th, which relates to his memorable Cat, upon which it is my intention to offer in this *opusculum* some lights and solutions.

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* In this chapter Mr. Edward Dixon has favoured me with a dissertation to show that the proverb "more knave than fool," was first used in Whittington's time, and that there is strong reason to suppose that the true reading is, "more fool than knave." Lest this learned dissertation on so curious a topic should be lost, or even delayed to the world, I have furnished it to my worthy and most erudite friend Mr. Macvey Napier, as an article for his forthcoming Encyclopædia Edinburgensis.

History cannot perhaps be impartially written during the lives of those to whom it relates, and the nine-fold term of existence assigned to the feline species has probably been the cause of much of the misrepresentation which we are, alas! doomed to deplore; but sufficient time has now elapsed since Whittington, and even since his Cat, left the world, to have destroyed every particle of prejudice, and it is a great satisfaction to me to be able to speak plainly upon the subject, without the fear of an imputation of any feeling, other than a strict love of truth and justice, tempered and directed by that candid resolution which I have avowed, of not saying a harsh thing even of a dead Cat.

As some of the hypotheses upon the very intricate subject of the Cat, suppose her to have been a human female, it seems proper, *in limine*, to satisfy the fair sex, by setting at rest the disputes which have hitherto existed as to Matthew's personal appearance. We always feel more interested in a hero after he has been described to us, even if (as it is in this case) his *tout-ensemble* should happen not to be particularly engaging; indeed, who can be so extravagant and preposterous as to look for personal beauty in an alderman? It is therefore not derogating from his great character to confess that Matthew Whittington, to judge of him by a woodcut (the only genuine likeness extant), had one of those hard and vulgar faces which resemble the heads of certain clumsily-carved walking-sticks, or tobacco-stoppers, in which a fixed smile relaxes (by the mere comicality of its brisk and vulgar self-satisfaction) the muscles of the beholders. Mr. W. seemed to smile eternally at himself, and the smile was so contagious, that few could look at him without laughing.

It is also necessary towards understanding what is to follow, that I should touch a little on the progress of this great man to the mercantile eminence which he afterwards (whether by means of the Cat or not) attained.

It is known that the Kings of England have a private, or rather a notoriously public, mark, whereby they distinguish their property, known to the initiated as the King's *Broad Arrow*, but vulgarly called the King's Broad R. This mark is held up by all "dealers in marine stores" of these our days to their children as the Scylla of their voyage through life. They are taught never to purloin (if there be any other within reach) any timber, thick stuff, or plank, or iron or copper bolts, belaying-pins, gudgeons, stauncheons, fastenings or sheathing, or any other article having on or about it the King's Broad Arrow by "stamp, brand, or otherwise," and carefully to abstain (as far as possible) from meddling with any cordage of three inches and upwards wrought with a white thread the contrary way (which thread is improperly called the rogue's yarn) or any canvas wrought or unwrought with a blue streak in the middle; or any bewper wrought with one or more streaks of raised white tape, as they believe in and fear the 22 Charles II., cap. 5; the 9 and 10 William III., cap. 41; 9 George I., cap. 8; 17 George II., cap. 40; 39 and 40 George III., cap. 89, sects. 5 and 6 most especially.*

Unfortunately, Mr. Whittington early in life formed an intimacy with a man whose name was Joshua, who, for want of proper tuition, had fallen foul, not exactly of the above-named statutes (inasmuch as they were enacted long after his demise, and were therefore, strictly speaking, not applicable to him) but of sundry others, partly confirmed and partly repealed by the 31 of Elizabeth, cap. 4, which unfortunately affected him, since he was detected in the fact of adapting to his own use sundry marked articles appertaining to our then liege sovereign, Edward I. This Joshua was of a very low origin, and was ironically called Joshua the son of *none*, never having an ostensible father or mother;

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* See also on this interesting subject the Pepysian MSS. in Magd. Libr. Cantab.—Report of the Commissioners of Naval Revision, Folio LIV.—And the Earl of Darnley's late Speech on the state of the Fleets, in which last particularly, the whole matter is treated with that clearness, ability, knowledge, and conciseness for which the noble and learned peer is remarkable.

to which untoward circumstance may be charitably attributed the errors into which he was occasionally betrayed. The first notion of property which a child receives, is from being told, I am *your* parent; you are *my* son; this is *your* milk; that is *his* bread. The poor innocent who does not receive this early instruction is naturally deficient in this particular; whence it happens that such persons are generally found rather lax in their principles of *meum* and *tuum* to the end of their lives; which, however, by an equal dispensation of Providence, are usually shortened by a special interposition of the law.

Matthew's affection, we are led to believe, was less for this man's qualities than for his property; and with that characteristic prudence injuriously called cunning, he resolved to live on good terms with him, so that, although he should never run the risk of engaging actively in the acquirement of capital, he might (knowing how bare of branches Joshua's family tree was) at some future period get possession of whatever this receiver-general might have accumulated: indeed, while quite a lad he continually used to say when shewing Joshua's cellars full of iron to any acquaintance—"I consider that one day or other these will all be mine, Sir;" and so eventually they were.

It was in allusion to these hoards, and the means and times by which they were collected, that in the quaint biblical facetiousness of that age it used to be observed, that if Joshua of old had known how to do his business by night, as well as his modern namesake, he need not have desired the sun to stand still; a witticism which Speed records with great delight.

It is after this era in Matthew's life that all the writers are puzzled; it has been ascertained that he was apprenticed to a trade, but what that trade was, or what affinity it bore to the traffic he subsequently carried on, nobody has yet decided. The incident which drove him from his master's house was, as is generally allowed, a beating (or more technically speaking a basting) which the kitchen wench gave him as a punishment for purloining a sop in the pan, a mode of acquiring, to which his admiration of Joshua's proceedings had probably given him a turn.

It is also added, that Whittington had a sneaking kindness, or what is politely called a *tendre* for the housemaid of the family, who espoused his cause in this very quarrel, and that he never ceased to retain a feeling of gratitude towards one of his fellow-servants commensurate with his just animosity towards the other.

There is a probability on the face of this fact, which is opposed to the story of his attachment to Miss Alice Fitzwarren, his master's daughter. Affections or antipathies formed in youth, and nurtured through life, always manifest themselves in the more marked peculiarities of age, and certain it is that Mr. Whittington when in very different circumstances, maintained his rooted dislike to a Cook, while his favourite remembrance of the housemaid's kindness evinced itself in the respect he openly professed for a Broom, (however cracked or crazy it might be) wherever he saw one.

Having thus selected such preliminary observations as were necessary by way of introduction in the nature of prolegomena, I now approach with equal awe and interest to the main point, which is, as I said before, to ascertain what the Cat was by which Whittington made himself to be so well remembered, and which is inseparable from him in history and imagination. Who thinks of Whittington without thinking of a Cat? Who with any love of sacred antiquity can see a Cat without thinking of Whittington?

An English author records a speech made by a very erudite orientalist and profound scholar, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquarians, which was preserved in the minutes of that society, through the generous care of Mr. S. Foote, and which I am enabled to lay before my readers, by the favour of Sir Richard Phillips, who, for the trifling sum of fifteen shillings, obliged me with the works of that eminent Grecian, for so I presume he was, from his having acquired the surname of Aristophanes.

"Permit me," says the orator, "to clear up some doubts relative to a material and interesting point of the English History. Let others toil to illumine the dark annals of Greece and Rome; my searches are sacred only to the service of Britain.

"That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord Mayor of London, is equally true; but—as to HIS CAT—that, gentlemen, is the Gordian knot to untie—and here, gentlemen, be it permitted to me to define what a Cat is—a Cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice; but let a Cat have been ever so subtle, ever so successful, to what could her captures amount?—no tanner could curry the skin of a mouse—no family could make a meal of the meat—consequently, no Cat could give Whittington his wealth—from whence does the error proceed? Be that my care to point out.

"The commerce this wealthy merchant carried on, was chiefly confined to our coasts—for this purpose, he constructed a vessel, which, from its aptness and lightness, he christened A CAT; nay, gentlemen, to this day—all our coals are imported from Newcastle in nothing but CATS—from thence it appears that it was not the whiskered, four-footed—mouse-killing Cat—but the coasting, sailing, carrying CAT—that, gentlemen, was Whittington's Cat."

Vide *opera omnia* Sam. Foot. Tit. Nabob.——

I cannot, however, consent in this instance to judge "ex pede Herculem." However ingenious this learned gentleman's view of the case may be, we are upon one particular decidedly at issue; and I think I shall be able to shew, that Whittington not only did not derive his wealth from the renowned Cat, but that the Cat was the ultimate cause of his ruin.

One writer, (Ibbotson on Quadrupeds, vol. viii. p. 381,) says, that "Shee was no other than a female of highe ranke and singular kinde harte, who for that shee had a *feline* dysposition myghtelie affected Masterre Whyttingtone"—— "which mistake in the orthography," says my learned friend Backhouse (who seldom errs), "*feline* being put for *feeling*—has deluded many into the belief, that it was in truth a four-footed, whiskered, mouse-catching Cat." This ingenious conjecture is supported by the other obvious errors of the same nature *in loc. citat.* and not a little validated by a curious ballad of the times, which is to be found at this moment in the British Museum (Messalina 2.) and of which I subjoin a copy:—

ANN EXCEEDINGE, EXACTE, AND EXCELLENTE GOODE BALLADE, WRITTEN BY MEE GEOFFRY LYDGATE, UPONNE MASTERRE WHYTTINGTONE HYS CATTE.

Yee Cytyzens of Lundun toune,
Ande Wyves so faire and fatte,
Beholde a gueste of high renoune!
Grete Whyttingtone hys Catte!

Ye kynge hathe ynn hys towre off state
Beares, lyones and alle thatte;
But hee hathe notte a beste soe grate
Ass Whyttingtone hys Catte!

This Catte dothe notte a catte appear,
Beeynge toe bigge forre thatte,
But herre attendaunts alle doe weare
Some tokyn off a Catte;

Ye one hathe whyskerres, thick ass burrs,
Moste comelye toe looke atte:—
Anoder weares a gowne of furrs,
Ye lyverye off ye Catte!

Shee dothe notte creepe along ye floores,
But standes or else lyes flatte:
Whyles they must gambole onne all fours
Whoe wyshe to please ye Catte!

A conynge monkeye off ye lawe,
Ass bye ye fyre he satte,
Toe pick hys nuts oute, used ye pawe
Off Whyttingtone hys Catte!

But Whyttingtone discovered playne
Whatte this vyle ape was atte;
Whoe fayledde thus hys nuttes toe gayne,
And onely synged ye Catte.

Thenne Whyttingtone ynn gorgeous state,
Syttynge wythoute his hatte,
Broughte toe hys house atte Grovner-gate
Thys moste yllustrious Catte.

She ys so graciouse and soe tame
Alle menne may strooke and patte;
But yt ys sayde, norre mayde norre dame,
Have dared toe see thatte Catte.

Fulle hugelye gladde she seemeth, whenne
They brynge herre a grete ratte,
But styll moe gladde atte katchynge menne
Ys Whyttingtone hys Catte.

A Catte, they saye, maye watche a kynge;
Ye apotheme ys patte;
Ye converse is a differente thynge:
Noe kynge maye watche thys Catte.

Thenne take, eache manne, hys scarlate goune,
Ande eke hys velvette hatte,
And humblye wellcome yntoe toune
Grete Whyttingtone his Catte.

This undoubtedly original and authentic document will be of vast use in elucidating many of our difficulties, as I shall hereafter abundantly observe; it is here only quoted in the order of proofs, as supporting Mr. Backhouse's most acute conjecture; which is also greatly strengthened by that profound scholar Mr. Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," who, however, gives a different and more classical ground for the vulgar error——"This great Lady," he says, "was *Catta;* that is, a *German*, one of the people called *Catti*, who inhabited that part of the ancient Germania now called the Duchy of Brunswick."

In opposition to all these opinions, Doctor Snodgrass (whose copious history of the interior of Africa, and genealogy of the kings of Gambia, sufficiently, as the modest Mr. Bowdich * justly observes, stamp his merits) inclines to think that a person of Matthew's original habits never could have been thrown into the society of any lady of high rank, who had a regard for her character or respectability. He treats the hypothesis of the *Cattean* Lady with great contempt, considers the authority of the ballad as trivial and obscure; and maintains with all that power of argument, so characteristic of his works, that it was a *bona-fide* Cat, on which Whittington's hopes at one particular period were placed, but which had no connexion whatever with his pecuniary affairs, and which hopes were moreover in the sequel frustrated.

A more ancient writer still ("Prendergast on Sorcery") makes an assertion which at once confirms and refutes all that has been advanced by my two learned friends, for he distinctly states, that, that which rendered Whittington famous, was both a Cat and an illustrious Lady. Not, indeed, at the same time; but that, being endowed with magical potency, she was competent to assume both forms at pleasure, displaying either the savage temper of the quadruped, or the winning softness of her lovely sex, as best suited her purpose.

The same author says, that while under the appearance of a human being she was capable of performing what in those days passed for miracles; at one time metamorphosing menials and washer-women into Lords and Ladies; causing unknown and portentous *stars* to appear, and changing by "*arte magicale*" white into black, and black into white. He also more fully explains in the same way, the strange facts alluded to in the ballad, of her putting off at pleasure the form of a cat, and transforming the several feline attributes and appearances to her followers; giving to one supernatural whiskers; to another, a covering of fur; to a third, eyes that can see best in the dark; to a fourth, the faculty of falling on his legs, whatever may happen, and so forth.

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* "Mission to Ashantee," p. 431, last edition.

We now live in an incredulous age, and it is not for me to decide whether magical interferences with the ordinary course of nature are to be believed or not. I would rather refer the curious reader to the Dæmonologia of the royal and erudite James; for my part, I neither wholly reject, nor wholly admit, the multitudinous affirmative evidences, which all histories of all countries, in all ages, afford on this subject; but I may be allowed to say in support of Prendergast's hypothesis, that this change of form has, it appears, been by no means uncommon. Le Père Jacques d'Autun says, "Baram Roi de Bulgaire prenoit par ses prestiges la figure d'un loup ou *d'un autre animal;*" and Job Fincel mentions that, "on attrapa un jour un loup garou qui courait dans les Rues de Padoue: on lui coupa ses pates de loup et il reprit au même instant la forme d'homme—mais avec les bras et les pieds coupés." These are staggering authorities! *

I must regret that Prendergast has not explained the origin, so obscurely hinted at in the ballad, of Whittington's connexion with the Cat; but it is at the same time a satisfaction to think, that by the use of the words "would," "could," and "should,"—"likely," "possibly," "probably," and "naturally," "fancy," "research," "inquiry," and "no doubt," (the use of which is so admirably displayed by Mr. Godwin,) I may be enabled to throw some light—*lucem*

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* Barthol. de Spina. Quest. de Strigibus, cap. 8. Mal. Malefica, tom. 2, disputes at large the transformation of Witches into Cats, and their sucking *spirits* as well as blood, which Godelman, lib. de Lamiis, would have à stridore et avibus fœdissimis ejusdem nominis; but, as I think, without good reason.

dare ex fumo—on several dark parts of this difficult subject.

It can easily be imagined that Whittington, who, with a truly philanthropic disposition, possessed a mind scantily cultivated, would naturally have a turn for the marvellous—indeed, the preternatural interference of the bells of Bow steeple (of which a published life of our hero says, there were then but six),* with his destiny and the good fortune resulting from their suggestion, may naturally be supposed to have favoured his predisposition for the miraculous; and therefore when he heard from various sources the stories which were related of the wonderful enchantress in foreign parts, he was animated and delighted, and having more taste for female beauty than knowledge of his native language, was persuaded she was not only the most ill-used personage, but the most lovely woman on earth, from hearing that,—

> "She was a *Charmer*, and could almost read
> The thoughts of people"———†

Prendergast indeed goes so far as to hint, that Whittington himself, from the rapid acquirement of his wealth, lay under the imputation of sorcery, and that he aimed at the attainment of some secrets from the Enchantress to carry on his schemes, which was the chief cause of his devotion to her. The same author says, that he was taxed with concocting a liquor made from noxious weeds and deadly herbs, with which he was enabled to steal away men's senses, and lead them according to his will; but I must be allowed to doubt the truth of this charge,—it seems to be a vulgar revival of the old story of Circe. Looking at the events of his life, there appears to me abundant proof that Matthew was no conjuror.

That Prendergast may have been a victim to superstition I will not deny—that he wrote in the full belief of the lady's preternatural powers is evident; but it is only justice to his historical veracity to say, that in all his commendations of her merits, he falls far short of a French author, the Marquis de St. Cas, who was one of the favourites of Margaret de Valois, the repudiated wife of Henry the IVth, and who wrote a History of a Cat, which has hitherto been mistakenly supposed to be a covert defence of the scandalous life of that lascivious princess; but which, as it now appears, is a sober and discreet history of Whittington's Cat.

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* Edit. Lond. Dean and Munday, 1819, p. 17.

† Probably not in these words, because they are Shakespeare's.—*Printer's Devil.*

One singular and interesting fact to be ascertained from this work, which, let us observe, was not written above two hundred years after the time, and is therefore entitled to great credit on the score of tradition, is, that the French most indubitably allude to the Enchantress we are now treating of, in their celebrated history of *The White Cat*, which indeed to me appears little other than a version of Whittington's adventures, the English origin of which, that vain and disingenuous people have as carefully suppressed as they since have that of the guillotine—wash-hand basons—the steam engine—snaffle bridles, and the telegraph.*

In the Marquis's book may be found recorded the exaggerated accounts of the Enchantress, which were zealously circulated in her own times by the French, and which inflamed and animated Matthew; St. Cas most gallantly repeats (as if he believed) all the praises which his forefathers had lavished upon her, and pictures her as the most fascinating being on earth, so condescending in her manners that the lowest orders of society were more readily admitted to her confidence and acquaintance than those of noble birth and superior qualifications, and of a disposition so forgiving, that if she could anyhow light upon men (no matter who) who had been the creatures and favoured followers of any person or family who from time immemorial had been the bitterest enemies of her house and the country she most loved, these were the particular objects of her care and protection—for thosé were all her powers exerted, the magic of all her charms displayed. This predilection for the destroyers of her relations, the Marquis adduces as one of the most amiable traits of "La belle Sorcière."

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* A complete exposure of their unfairness on the latter point, has been lately given in the life of the celebrated Mr. Edgeworth by himself and his daughter; in which he shows, that he had invented telegraphs some years before the French, though he had with a blameable modesty kept the secret entirely to himself till the French had infamously pirated his invention.

And here again we are presented with a confirmation of Mr. Backhouse's hypothesis, that all the vulgar mistaken notions about this great lady are occasioned by errors of the press; for in the first edition of St. Cas (Lyons, 1609) the word *sorcière* is printed *souricière*, which means, as the learned reader well knows, "a mouse-catcher."

Perhaps, however, the printer may not be wholly to blame on this point, inasmuch as the Marquis himself distinctly alludes to her having assumed the form of a Cat, which he seems to consider a state of honour—"The Cat," says he, "is a privileged animal;" and then proceeds to narrate the following story in support of his assertion:—

"Mahomet avoit beaucoup d'égards pour son Chat.—Ce vénérable animal s'était un jour couché sur la manche pendante de la veste du Prophète, et semblait y mediter si profondément que Mahomet pressé de se rendre à la Prière, et n'osant le tirer de son extase, coupa la manche de sa veste. A son retour, il trouva son chat qui revenait de son assoupissement extatique, et que s'appercevant de l'attention de son maître à la vue de la manche coupée, se leva, pour lui faire la revérénce, dressa la queue, et plia le dos en arc, pour lui témoigner plus de respect. Mahomet qui comprit à merveille ce que cela signifiait, assura au saint homme de chat une place dans son Paradis. Ensuite lui passant trois fois la main sur le dos, il lui imprima, par cet attouchement, la vertu de ne jamais tomber que sur ses pates."

Hence the Marquis argues, that his favourite Enchantress did by no means degrade or bemean herself by the abandonment of her character as a woman, if it were to answer any sufficient purpose she assumed that of a Cat.

The accounts which tradition brought down to the Marquis's time, and has even to our own, would naturally have spread from mouth to mouth all through Europe, at the time when facts so surprising occurred; and Whittington was one of those men who are disposed to believe every thing they do not rightly comprehend, the consequence of which disposition was his almost boundless credulity, and after inflaming his mind with the descriptions of the Enchantress, and the implied restraint under which she laboured, he resolved (from what motive nobody has completely succeeded in discovering) to induce her to visit England.

It is concluded, that a desire for notoriety had no weight with him in this resolution, for never did any man of his time shrink from the applause of the vulgar with such delicate sensibility as Whittington. Hearing his own name spoken aloud in the streets, caused him the greatest uneasiness, and he was moved to anger if any wandering minstrels who were singing his praises, chanced to pass near his residence.

This is stated by Ibbotson (before quoted), and is highly satisfactory, inasmuch as the general impression upon the minds of all those versed in the history, was that most of the little songs of which he was the hero were written either in his house or at least at his suggestion. The friend who favoured me with the copy of the ballad quoted above has furnished me with two stanzas of another, which he found in the same volume, and which proves that Ibbotson's account of Matthew's modesty is perfectly just, for his indifference about, not to say dislike to, popularity (as it is called) was so strong, that such of his partisans as chose to celebrate him in poetry were, in compliance with his scrupulous wishes, compelled to designate him by the initials of his name.

Serche Englonde round, naye all the Erthe,
Itte myghtelie would trouble you
To finde a manne so ryche in worthe,
As honeste Matthewe W.

He's notte thee manne to doe you wronge
Nor wyth false speeches bubble you,
Whyle Beef grows fatte, and Beer grows strong,
Long lyfe to Matthew W.

With this proof of his retiring disposition we are the more puzzled in looking at his conduct with respect to the Great Lady, because really, if we had not such powerful evidence as Ibbotson and others have adduced, one could hardly fancy any other incitement to her introduction into the country, than an officious desire to be meddling with things which did not at all concern him, for the mere sake of creating a sensation, of withdrawing the attention of his countrymen from the pursuit of their occupations, to the idle speculation of star-gazing and conjuring, and, in short, of making himself at any rate the Hero of a Story, by which his name might go down to posterity. In this, he has certainly succeeded; but the price he has paid for notoriety appears (considering how he disliked it,) to have been rather high.

One circumstance has been mentioned, as having probably given his disposition a turn, which is this: the Countess of Mountfort, or as she is called, Jane of Flanders, had visited England about five or six years before the period at which Whittington undertook his renowned expedition. This extraordinary woman, roused by the captivity of a husband to whom she was faithfully attached, had quitted the confined circle of domestic life, to which she was an ornament, and risked everything in the cause of her beloved Count: her party, however (spite of her personal success), declining on every side, she came to London, to solicit succours from the King of England, and to the reception she met with from the populace, and the praises bestowed on Sir Walter Manny, who suggested her appeal to the British Court, is by very many persons attributed the anxiety of Whittington to introduce his Cat or lady to the notice of the people.

But a much more probable account is suggested by the old ballad, and indeed countenanced by other authorities, namely, that a certain knavish lawyer who had, by some means, now unknown, and probably at no time very avowable, got about the Cat, and became intimately connected with all her secrets and mysteries whatever they were, had contrived to get the Cat into a bag, and so far from letting her out of the bag, as she and her followers no doubt expected, he is supposed to have formed the base design of selling the Cat to her enemies.

This account would naturally rouse the indignation of a man, even less high-minded than the illustrious Whittington, who combining, like many modern citizens, generosity with an eye to profit, justly oonsidered that if the Cat were worth anything, he might as well have the gain as the lawyer; and with this magnanimous intention he resolved to get possession of the Cat. Not very much, it would appear, knowing or caring, in the blindness of his enthusiasm, whether she was a Cat or a witch; a great lady, or the devil.

What she really was, appeared afterwards, when the bag came to be opened.*

The *zealous* desire of possessing at all events this demi-human personage, made Whittington quite careless of the consequences of his blind bargain. He anticipated advantages to himself from exhibiting her, which (probably from the apprehension of being laughed at) he never ventured to mention to his nearest friends; a gentle hint on the subject thrown out to his better and bigger half, was received by her with all the rapture one might expect an obscure person to express at the prospect of becoming notorious; for though certain it is that Matthew's views and desires throughout the whole business were untinctured by the smallest wish for *éclat* or distinction, we are not prepared to say that his wife might not have cast a longing eye towards the Enchantress's banquets and gaieties, of which such splendid accounts had been given, or that her ambition (for these sort of people are ambitious in their sphere) might not have led her to hope that by the aid of the great lady's magic, her daughter (who had been some time on hand) might attain such an accession either of real property or personal attraction, as might get her respectably established in life.

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* Ray, in his "History of English Proverbs," states this circumstance to have originated the subsequently familiar saying of "to let the Cat out of the bag."

For the means of carrying his plan into execution quietly and securely, Matthew had recourse to a stratagem, which, although, under the circumstances, perfectly fair, to him was eminently distressing, for the exquisite sensibility with which he shrunk from anything like disguise—equivocation—misstatement, or deviation from the plain fact, had obtained for him the appellation of honest Whittington; and to maintain his claim to that honourable distinction, was the constant effort of his life.

The stratagem which he adopted is stated to have been this:—It will be recollected, that at the period of which we treat, the staple of wool, leather, and lead was fixed at Calais, whither all foreigners were specially invited to traffic, and whence no English merchant was permitted to export English goods. The intercourse between this port and Dover at the first institution of this mart was frequent and general. Thither went Whittington as on a mercantile speculation.

In the various histories of our hero considerable confusion appears to have arisen at this point. The majority of the innumerable authorities which I have quoted in my large work, I think bear me out in declaring that Whittington actually saw his commodity before he brought it to England, and that it assumed the appearance of a woman in order to deceive him.

The difficulty of deciding arises from the improbability that a great lady should so suddenly have abandoned the guidance of her counsellors, who (as they were paid for it) were bound to give her proper advice, and put herself under the care of a "feu Lord Maire;" but that difficulty is met by the consideration that Matthew's eloquence was very celebrated in his day, and that, as his mind was set upon bringing over the prodigy, he doubtlessly exerted its whole force and energy in representing to her the respectability which would infallibly attach itself to her through the rest of her life, from the circumstance of her having been brought into the capital of England under the immediate protection of a man renowned as he was both in his mercantile and political character, and whose important station in the country was so well suited to the introduction of such a personage.

Add to his arguments, his conduct on the occasion; and our surprise at her complying with his wishes will be materially diminished. Could a woman of sense and feeling refuse to throw herself into the care of the man, who, with that wonderful intrepidity and almost incredible presence of mind, which obtained for him the appellation of the *brave* Whittington, ventured his existence for upwards of three hours and a half upon the water, and undertook a voyage of nearly thirty-two miles (starting late in the evening), in a vessel of not more than one hundred and seventy tons burthen, for her sake! an enterprise which, though in these enlightened days we might be inclined to ridicule, was in those times considered the most surprisingly valorous feat ever compassed by an Alderman.*

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* Higgins in his Treatise on Oyster-Shells (by the way, a remarkably shrewd and entertaining work), mentions the story of Whittington and his Cat, and attributes her easy compliance with his wishes to a charm, which he says was afterwards adopted by Ben Jonson in his Masque of Queens, celebrated Feb. 6th, 1609, beginning with these words:—

> "The weather is fair, the wind is good,
> Up, dame, on your horse of *Wood*."

As for the Cat, whatever shape she took (and there can be little doubt, as my readers will hereafter see, which form she really did assume), she suffered not much from the effects of the water carriage. She had been a great traveller in her time, and, amongst other good company into which she had fallen during her progresses, had been admitted into the Serail at Algiers, where, according to an old poem, it appears, she

"Passed herre tyme amydst ye throng,
As happie as ye deye was long." *

Nevertheless, Whittington, after he had been in her society for a short time, began to doubt (as well he might) her supernatural powers. He argued, from a knowledge of the sex's little weaknesses, that if she had had the ability to have assumed any form she had chosen, she doubtlessly would have adopted a more agreeable one than that which she actually appeared under; but then, on the other hand, he contended with himself, that by as much as her real claims upon notice and attention were weak and groundless, by so much must her magic be potent, for that unless the Devil himself had taken possession of the rabble (at her instigation) they never could have seen anything to admire or respect about her.

Still, however, with that good taste so perceptible in all his conduct, Matthew, in order to keep up the dignity of his Enchantress, and to induce spectators to respect her, never ventured to approach her without the most marked actions

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Delrio. Disq. Mag. lib. 11, Quæst. VI. has a story out of Triezius, about this horse of Wood; "but that which our witches call so is usually the staff, or *handle of a Broom!*" Vide Remiq. Dæmonol. lib. 1, cap. 14. Boden, 1. 2, cap. 4.

* I am informed that Lord Holland has a very interesting Tract touching this subject, called "Thee Siege of Windsorre," which I confess I should have much liked to have consulted; but Mrs. Blinkinsop is one of those old-fashioned women who choose to be particular, and I have been by her prevented from making the only interest through which I could have hoped to have obtained the loan of it.

of humility, never would be covered in her presence, nor treat her with less deference than though she had been a queen.[*]

The more Matthew began to doubt her powers, and to suspect he had been in some sort duped, the more he raved about the excellent qualities of his great Lady—Penthesilea, with all her "magna virtutis documenta" at her back, was not fit to be named in the same day with her. Berenice, Camilla, Zenobia, Valasca the Bohemian, or Amelasunta, queen of the Ostrogoths, had neither fortitude, nor temperance, nor chastity, nor any good qualities to put in competition with hers. And as for the modern ladies, your Laura Bossis or Victoria Accarambonis, or even the renowned Donna Maria Pacheco, Bianca Hedwig, Lady of Duke Henry the beardy of Ligniz, they would have been considered the small fry, the mere white-bait of the sex, compared with Whittington's Enchantress.[†] Matthew daily grew more and more uneasy about his charge: instead of aspiring to dignity, or performing any of those astonishing feats which he expected, she appeared addicted to vulgar habits and coarse pleasures, attracted no respectable admirers, and passed her time in obscure corners, choosing either woods or barns for her lurking-places, to which she was followed only by the very lowest of the rabble.

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[*] How easy it is to trace the source of good-breeding at this epoch, when one would have supposed that a man in Matthew's sphere (through ignorance), would have seated himself snugly by the side of his *protegée*, with as much familiarity as if she had been Mrs. Whittington; but the Black Prince had just at the time set such an example to the people, in his behaviour to the French king; to whom he declared, "that being a subject, he was too well acquainted with the distance between his own rank, and that of Majesty, to assume such a freedom as to sit in its presence."—(Hume, vol. iii. p. 88.) That the tone of good-breeding pervaded all classes, and reached even Matthew, who by the excessive delicacy and respect with which he had attended his lady, not only raised himself in the eyes of everybody, but practically upheld the claim she had on their interest and affections.

[†] The name of the last of these modern ladies, (the histories of all of whom may be found in Messrs. Vandenhok and Ruprecht's Gallerie Merkwürdiger Fraunzimmer, Ed. Gottingen, 1794 and 1798) reminds me of a jest, which, though modern, is not without its whimsicality. Mr. Perry, proprietor and editor of the newspaper called the *Morning Chronicle*, having one day descanted somewhat freely on politics, was asked by one of his hearers to what party he professed to belong. "To the Whigs, to be sure," said Perry. "So do I," rejoined his friend, "but not to the *Perry-Whigs.*"

It was a matter of delicacy with Matthew not to hint that he should be glad to see some proof of her powers, for by the murmurs which he heard, in bettermost life, he apprehended that the Legislature would interfere, in order to put a stop to her imposition.

Matthew now stood in a very awkward situation: he had brought an unwelcome object into England, contrary to the advice of all those about her, and in direct opposition to the feelings of all the respectable part of the community, and had, in fact, drawn himself into the disagreeable certainty of being wrong under all circumstances.

If she really were what he boasted her to be, he was amenable to the laws, which, as Blackstone says, both before and since the Conquest, have been equally severe, ranking the crime of sorcery and of those who consult sorcerers in the same class with heresy, and condemning both to the flames. If she were not, he had foisted a deception upon the mob, which they never would forgive.

This he knew, and therefore felt his full share of agreeable sensations arising from the alternative, which presented itself of being burned alive in one case, and universally laughed at in the other; not but that it must be allowed that Mr. W. possessed amongst other characteristics of fortitude, a surprisingly stoical callousness to ridicule.

His apprehensions about the interference of the Legislature were by no means groundless. It was evidently necessary to open the eyes of the country to the flagrant imposition which was carrying on, and to which poor Whittington most innocently and unintentionally had made himself a party. The *brave* man, however, began to feel a few fears, which had hitherto been strangers to his *great* heart: testimonies of his enchantress's charlatanerie were forthcoming from every quarter, of which she was perfectly aware, but advised Matthew to put a good face upon the matter and brave it out, assuring him, that if it came to evidence, she could produce a great many more witnesses of her innocence than her opponents could bring forward of her guilt.

This mode of exculpation has been recorded by a very popular writer of much later days.* He relates an anecdote where a murder was clearly proved against a prisoner by the concurrent testimony of seven witnesses: when the culprit was called on for his defence, he complained of want of evidence against him; for, said he, "My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury, you lay great stress upon the production of seven persons who swear that they saw me commit the crime. If that be all, I will produce you seven times as many who will swear that they did not see me do it." Much on a par with this was the favourable evidence on which this eminent piece of injured innocence relied for exculpation.†

The most singular part of the story is, that with all Matthew's well-known intelligence, good sense, prudence, amiability, and virtue, his zeal got the better of his consistency. He and his friends who most warmly espoused the cause of the great impostor, were those who from time immemorial had upheld the democracy of the constitution, had rung the changes upon all the virtuous attributes of low life, "Honest Poverty," and "The Sovereignty of the People;" but, strange to say, in their excessive zeal for their new idol, these equalizing politicians decided unanimously, that all the witnesses who were to prove her misdeeds, were perjured villains and infamous rogues, even before they had said a syllable on the subject, because, forsooth, they were poor and shabbily clothed, as if a fine coat were essential to truth and justice, or that a poor man could not speak truth.

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* Josephus Miller, edit. Lond. (no date) page 42.

† The crime she was charged with, it may be necessary to say, was sorcery, not murder:—putting people *out* of the world she had never been accused of.

Now really to me their poverty (if one may judge by the accounts which have been handed down of them,) appears one of the strongest proofs of their honesty; for, had they been tampered with as Whittington insinuated, it is not improbable that some part of their earnings would have been expended in the purchase of such habits as might at least have protected them from insult in the streets.

There was one objection to their evidence, which, inasmuch as it is patriotic, is honourable—they were foreigners, and therefore not to be believed.——Now, touching the justice of this sweeping decision much may be said; and it is by no means unpleasing to see that even in these days there is still a national prejudice against foreign habits and manners; the looseness of conduct, and general want of delicacy of the continental nations, are at variance with the pure and better regulated habits of our countrymen and countrywomen; and in Whittington's days it clearly appears that morality had so firmly established itself in England, that a foreigner was not to be credited on oath.

In the instance of this nondescript lady, this feeling certainly had not so much weight as it might have had in many others, nor was the expression of it over-gallant, considering that she herself was a foreigner and educated, if St. Cas and other authors are to be believed, in one of the most licentious schools of continental incontinence.

One strong argument against the credibility of these persons was the general venality of all the natives of the country they came from, which was so flagrant that a man might be bought for five shillings to swear any thing. The witnesses which the Cat lady intended, it appears, to produce in her defence, were all from the same nation—this objection, unfortunately for her, tells both ways.

Be that as it may, it appears pretty evident, that at the period to which I am now alluding Whittington, whether voluntarily or not I cannot pretend to determine, was separated from the object of all his hopes and fears;—indeed, how the separation between them was brought about has puzzled all who have hitherto considered the subject: some writers suppose that she never had any superior or supernatural powers, but that she was altogether an impostor, others positively maintain (particularly one) that she was a person of prudence, wisdom, delicacy, and virtue.*

Those who deny her existence at *any time* in human shape are by no means few; amongst their number is, as we have seen, my excellent friend Doctor Snodgrass: these aver with every appearance of truth, that she was neither more nor less than a domestic cat, but that she was stolen from Whittington by the monks of the monastery "*Sancti Stephani apud Westmonasteriensis*," for the purpose of catching certain great rats which infested their chapel and the adjoining house, and that the poor Alderman cut a very ridiculous figure when deprived of his favourite raree-show.

Some, on the other hand, incline to believe that Mr. Whittington got sick of his bargain, and assert that what with caterwauling and bringing crowds of followers into the gutters of his residence, she turned out to be so troublesome an inmate, that he got rid of her as soon as he could, and prevailed on an old maid in the neighbourhood to take care of her.†

For me, however, till now, has been reserved the important, the enviable task of unravelling all the mysteries in which this subject has been hitherto involved. To me it is granted to reconcile all contending opinions, and to simplify all the difficulties which have baffled my predecessors in the attainment of truth. I am enabled, as I firmly believe, beyond the power of contradiction, to declare to the world *who* the Cat was, and *what* she was. I am competent to display in its true colours the character of Mr. Matthew Whittington, to illustrate and make clear his views, his motives, and the other eight points which I have before noticed to be in dispute, even to the cause and nature of his death, an event hitherto equally obscure with his birth.

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* Palæphatus de incredibilibus.—Ed. 1649.

† The strongest contradiction to the assertion that she *never* assumed the human form may be found in a work intituled *Institutione di uno fanciullo nato nobilimente.*—Ed. 1558.

Gifted as I am with this power to illuminate the literary world, is it not natural that I should feel anxious to make use of it for their advantage? One consideration alone checks me in my desire to afford the purchasers of this Tentamen all the information I possess; that consideration I trust I shall not be censured for attending to. I confess it is a prudential one, inasmuch as were I in this small specimen to give my readers all the details, narratives, and general information I possess, I am apprehensive that the work itself would not meet with that encouragement which is at present promised, and which alone can repay me for the labour of years, and that ceaseless anxiety which an undertaking so diffusely elaborate naturally has entailed upon its author.

MISCELLANIES, IN VERSE AND PROSE.

MISCELLANIES.

MR. WARD'S ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF WATERLOO.*

We have the highest respect for the arts and for artists; we are perfectly aware of the numerous qualifications requisite for a painter—we know and feel the difficulty, and duly consider the quantity of talent necessary to the painting even of a bad picture. The years of probationary labour expended before even the palette comes into use, the days and nights of watching, and toil after it is assumed, and the variety of chemical, mechanical, and scientific knowledge which must be brought to bear upon a subject before the idea of the painter can be transferred to the canvas.

These feelings, and this respect for the art, and professors of painting, make us slow to censure; and, although we have long had our eyes upon some of the public exhibitions of the season, we have refrained from commenting upon them till the common curiosity of the town had repaid, in some measure, the care and anxiety of those in whose studies they had their origin.

Mr. Haydon, a sonnet-writing Cockney, ranking high in the administration of the smoky kingdom of Cockaigne, distinguished himself last year, by exhibiting a picture of the "Entry into Jerusalem," which, like Tom Thumb's Cow, was "larger than the largest size." Elated with the success of this immense performance, (of which one group only was at all finished,) Mr. Haydon, this year, put forth a work representing "the Agony in the Garden:" the divine subject saved the silly artist, and we were upon that account silent; else, for Mr. Haydon, who wears his shirt collars open, and curls his hair in long ringlets, because Rafaele did so, and who, if it did not provokingly turn down over his mouth, would turn up his nose at the Royal Academy, indeed we should have felt very little tenderness.

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* *John Bull*, Oct. 14, 1821.

But with respect to Mr. Ward's allegorical picture of Waterloo, we had different feelings—the picture had good principle about it, and the weeks, months, and years which have been bestowed upon it demanded some recompense; the idlers of Piccadilly did not feel the occasional disbursement of a shilling. In pleasant society Ward's exhibition-room was as good a place wherein to "laugh a sultry hour away" as any other; and anxious that Mr. Ward, after having expended so much time, canvas, and colour, should get something by it, we have patiently let him draw his reward from the pockets of those good easy folks, who read newspaper puffs and believe them; and who go and vow all over London that a picture is wonderful and sublime, merely because the painter, at the trifling charge of seven shillings and sixpence, has thought proper to tell them that it is so, in the public journals.

But when we find that this picture was painted for the directors of the British Institution, founded "for the express purpose of encouraging the Fine Arts," and is about to be engraved and disseminated throughout the country, as a specimen of the works taken under the especial care of that Institution; it really becomes a duty to save the nation from a charge of bad taste so heavy as must arise out of the patronage of such a ludicrous daub.

This may be a picture painted for the Institution at their desire, and the execution of it is no proof of their want of judgment, because they desired to have such a picture, and they have got it, and we have thereby no proof of their approbation; but since they have got themselves into a scrape, they certainly should not allow a print to be made from it, even if they suffer the painting to remain in existence.

If it be possible to imagine one thing upon earth more irresistibly ridiculous than another, it is the composition of this enormous thing—the size of it is thirty-five feet by twenty-one—in the centre appears the Duke of Wellington in a pearl car—under his feet are legs and arms, and heads in glorious confusion—before him rides a pretty little naked boy upon a lion—over him in the clouds are a group of young gentlemen with wings, representing the Duke's victories, who look like Mrs. Wilkinson's Preparatory Academy turned out for a bathe; and amongst these pretty little dears are Peace and Plenty, and a great angel overshadowing the whole party.

But this very absurd jumble (at which, through a little hole, Blucher and Platoff are looking with some surprise,) is by no means the most ludicrous part of the affair—in the clouds are two persons, called by Mr. Ward, Ignorance and Error, (one of whom has a dirty handkerchief tied over his eyes,) beneath whom are dogs' heads with wings—a tipsy-looking cock-eyed owl trampling a heavy stone Osiris into the earth —a little calf without a head—a red night-cap—a watchman's rattle—an old crow—Paine's "Rights of Man"—Voltaire's works, a sick harpy—a devil sucking his fingers—a hobby-horse's head, and a heap of chains—here is the allegory—all of which we shall attempt to explain in Mr. Ward's own words, for he is an author as well as a painter, and, absurd as are the productions of his pencil, the nonsense of his pen is, of the two, the most exquisite.

In the foreground of the picture is a skeleton evidently afflicted with the head-ache, before whom runs a little wide-mouthed waddling frog with a long tail, and beyond these a group which defies description.

The horses (particularly the near wheeler) have a very droll and cunning expression about the eye; but the four persons leading them, whether considered as to their drawing or colouring, are beneath all criticism: a pupil of six months' standing ought to have been flogged for doing anything so bad.

In short, the whole thing in its kind closely resembles the overgrown transparencies painted to be stuck up at Vauxhall, or the Cumberland Gardens, or for public rejoicings, and ought, as soon as it has answered its purpose like those, be obliterated, and the stuff worked up for something else.

In a book published upon this performance, Mr. Ward modestly says, that he is not ambitious to be considered an author, and adds, that there exists some insuperable objection to his ever being one; but still, he professes to attempt in his own simple style an explanation of his own ideas. He feels quite confident of public favour and indulgence, and then gives us his view of the thing:—as a specimen of this said style, we shall quote his notions about envy—its beauty, we confess, is evident—its simplicity we are afraid is somewhat questionable.

> "Where shall we find a safe retreat for envied greatness, from the miry breath or slander's feverish tongue; dark in the bosom of the ocean's fathomless abyss, on the cloud-cleaving Atlas, or at the extremity of east or west. High on the gilded dome, or palace pinnacle, should merit's fairest hard-earned honours shine, once seated there, the sickly eye of speckled Jealousy, or Envy's snaky tribe, with iron nerve, and cold in blood, well scan the mark, and the envenomed javelin cast, with secret but unerring aim, and what is to screen him from the foul attack? The shield of Worth intrinsic, bound about with truth, and conscious innocence, and where that lives, all other covering only tends to hide its blushing beauties from the rising sun, and dim the face of day.
>
> "So the firm oak's deep roots, eccentric, winding through the

heaving earth, fast bound and chasmed deep, with many a widening gap, by blazing Sol's mid ray, at summer's sultry noon, opposes strength to strength; or round the impervious rocks, in weighty balance to its broad branch, and highly-lifted head, up to the mountain's summit, shrinks not from the prospect of the blackening storm, and while it sends its sweeping arms around over the circling numerous acres, shadowing under its expanded greatness, fears not the threatening blast, nor for protection looks to man. Too great to need a screen; it were children's play to throw a mantle over its full broad majesty, to try to save its foliage luxuriant from the rude element. The attempt would be as weedy muslin's cobweb insipidity; its flimsy partial covering would only hide its full matured richness; and the first breeze of whirlwind's opening rising tempest, tear from the disdainful surface to streaming raggedness the feeble effort, and open to the eye the golden fruit, freshening by the tempest, and glittering in the storm."

We know very little of human nature, if Mr. Ward, in spite of his disclaiming any wish to be considered as an author, does not think all this very fine. By way of simply explaining his allegory, it is particularly useful;—of Mr. Ward's view of the necessity of such explanation we may assure ourselves by his very apposite allusion to Milton, Walter Scott, Homer, and Burn (as he calls him). This paragraph we must quote:—

> "It is contended by some, that a picture should be made up only of such materials as are capable of telling its own story; such confinement would shut out the human mind from a depth of pursuit in every branch of art. Poetry requires prose fully to explain its meaning, and to create an interest; for who would be without the notes in Walter Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' or a glossary to the poems of Burn, the argument to Milton or Homer? If then it be necessary to make use of language to explain poetry, should not the same medium be used to explain personification? It has been thought necessary on the stage to send a person between the acts as a comment on the past, and a preface to the future, and can we, I ask, understand what is going on even in nature, by dumb show? If we see a crowd of people assembled in the streets, do we expect that the action and expression should inform us the cause of their congregating in an unusual manner? Experience proves more than volumes of argument. We ask 'what does all this mean?'"

To which we most candidly reply, we really do not know.

Mr. Ward then proceeds in the following manner:—

> "Wellington has his hand upon the tri-coloured cross, on the shield of Britannia, expressive of the Christian's emblem, and the three colours of which it is composed are the colours answerable to the three principles in Trinity ! ! !
>
> Red is the first fiery principle in the Godhead;
> Blue the second in the Saviour, or Mediator;
> White the third in the Dove of Peace."

This ingenious explanation of the mysteries of the Union Jack must be highly satisfactory to every thinking Englishman: there is, indeed, but one drawback to the holy pleasure we feel at Mr. Ward's sublime discovery, which is, that the Revolutionary flag of France was composed of the same three colours.

The enlightened artist then informs us—speaking of Britannia, "that the twisted lock of hair *laying* in front upon her bosom, and over the right arm, is emblematic of"—what do you suppose, reader?—"of the spirit of justice."

> "Justice, stern and unrelenting, whose sword is forward, and whose plaited hair is answerable to that sword, and makes in the person of Justice the number three, as expressive of the Trinity, or the whole of Godhead manifested in the awful administration of justice. That sword is serpentine, as expressive of flame, Deity in its principle of fire."

This is "finely confused, and very alarming;" but observe:—

> "With the other hand she points through the medium of the Trident to the Trinity in Unity, commanding him to look up to Providence as alone able to give success to his efforts."

This puzzles us; pointing through the medium of "the Trident" appears to us to be something like looking at the Sun through the medium of a toasting-fork; but we may be wrong.

Mr. Ward then continues :—

> "The cat and broken spear are emblems of rebellion and anarchy."—P. 11.
>
> "The British Lion is majestically observing the effects of his own operations; his countenance shows no symptom of the reign of passion—anger is alone signified by the movement of his tail."

For this illustration of natural history Mr. Ward appears to be indebted to Mathews, who, in his "At Home," told a capital story of a showman and one of the noble beasts in question, in which, while his head is in the lion's mouth, he anxiously inquires of a by-stander, "Doth he wag his tail?" That bit of waggery being indicative (as Mr. Ward has comically painted it) of the ire of lions generally.

Mr. Ward, as matter of information, tells us, page 19, that "the palm-tree grows to the height of five hundred feet, and bears the date and cocoa-nut." What date the trees Mr. Ward alludes to might have borne we cannot say; but certain it is, that modern palms have left off growing to the height of five hundred feet; which, considering it to be about three times the height of the Monument, and one hundred feet more than the height of St. Paul's, is not so very surprising.

The following information, conveyed in page 20, is likely to be very interesting from its importance :—

> "Juvenile antagonists in the streets dare not strike an unfair blow, take the other by the hair, or maltreat him when fallen upon the ground. In such case, he not only loses his battle, but also—his character!!!"

At page 22 we have, perhaps, the most finished description of docking a horse that ever was put to paper; it is somewhat lengthy, but it will repay the lover of the sublime for his trouble in reading it :—

"Can any thing be so far from true taste, as to round the ears of a dog, or to cut them off; whatever may be the beauty, breed, or character, to cut off the thumb, or fifth toe, and call it a Dew claw, and consider it of no use! To chop off the tail of a waggon-horse, so necessary and useful to that class of creature; above all, to separate every joint of the tail, with all the misery attending upon it, in order to reverse the order of Nature, and make that turn up which ought to turn down, all equally show the want of taste, as the want of humanity? Who has ever witnessed the operation last alluded to, if not, pause; and in your imagination, behold a nobly-formed, and finely-tempered creature, led from the stable in all the pride of health, and all the playful confidence of being led out, and held by his master and his friend, view the hobbles fastened to his legs, his feet drawn to a point, and himself cast to the earth, so contrary to his expectations and his hopes; observe the commencement, and the lingering process; behold the wreathing of the lovely and as useful animal; how does his heaving breast manifest his astonishment, while his greatly oppressed and labouring heart beats high with resentment, at being thus tampered. His quivering flesh sends through every pore streams of sweat; his open nostrils are bursting with agony of body and spirit, while his strained eye-balls flash as with the fixed glare of expiring nature. Heard you that groan? poor animal. They have began the deed of barbarism! he faintly shrieks, 'tis as the piteous cry of the timid hare, when sinking under the deadly gripe of the fierce, agile, and ravenous greyhound. How he grinds his teeth, and bores his tightly-twitched and twisted lip, and smoking nostril, into the thick litter, or grovelling, rubs his aching forehead into the loose sand; now the sudden and convulsive effort! what a struggle! every nerve, sinew, tendon, stretched to its full bearing, with fearful energy! Oh! that he could now disencumber his fettered limbs, and spring from his tormentors. Those limbs, that would joyfully bound over the broad plain, or patient bear the cumbrous load, nor utter one complaint in the deep toil; or drag with unwearied submission, harnessed, galled, and parched with thirst, the lumbering machine to the very borders of his opening tomb. He groans again, the struggle's over, and he again lays down; while the hoarse breathing and his panting sides, prove that all his energies, his mighty energies, have failed: and the work goes on, still continues, and now another and another gash, and now the iron hook, to tear out from among the separated complicated bones, the tenacious ligament that binds the strong vertebræ; and lastly the burning steel to staunch the streaming blood. Tedious process!—but at length it ceases, and the noble, towering, majestic steed is led back, tottering, trembling, reeling, and dejected, to repose apparently in peace; but ah! another torment, the cord, the weight, the pulley, day o'er day, and week after week, to keep the lips of the gaping, throbbing, aching wounds asunder, to close no more for ever. Enough ! enough ! our country's shame, for cruelty is not our natural character, our country's vice."

We by no means intend to ridicule Mr. Ward's humanity ; but, we confess, as throwing lights upon an allegorical picture of the Duke of Wellington's triumphs, we do not consider the passage quite as much to the purpose as it might be.

At page 29, Mr. Ward states (and with every appearance of believing it) that " Cicero was once a lisping infant, and Sampson, at one period, could not go alone ; "—to which assertions we must beg to add, for Mr. Ward's satisfaction, that " Rome was not built in a day."

In his simple style, at page 30, Mr. Ward, speaking of ignorance, says,—

> "Loose veins of thought, imaginative intellects, evaporation. As the school-boy's frothy bubble, rising from the turbid elements" soap and water, " its inflated globule exhibits in proud mimicry the Rainbow's gaily painted hues, and calls rude mirth to dance upon its glittering surface, when suddenly it bursts, and all is gone !"

We shall conclude our extracts from this explanatory pamphlet with the following :—

> "SHAPELESS FORMS OF DEATH.—Perhaps no part of picturesque representation is so difficult as this. The poet here has much the advantage. Ossian may, by a language all understand, throw the imagination into a delirium, and there leave it bewildered and wandering, in all the confusion of material immateriality ; but in painting it is necessary to give a substantial shape to a shapeless form, and substance to a vision. It is not for him to give the ghost of my father as a misty cloud covering a whole mountain, or enlarging itself to the broad expanse of the capacious plain, like the flaky layers of a thick fog, on the opening dawn of a mist-dispersing sunbeam. But the painter must embody disembodied beings, and give 'to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name.' Here the various shapes of blood and carnage are to be contemplated, in the imagery depicted, as cannon-balls, bomb-shells, fiery rockets, swords, spears, and bayonets, with all the horrible effects of their opera.

> tions; as moving in the conflicted elements; from the head of death's gloomy tribes, the large death-bat, under the arm of the fell monster Death, who is grinning with savage pleasure at the havoc he is making. The monsters are breathing fire, and from their pestiferous dugs dropping streams of blood, as the milk of their nourishment."

Having given some of Mr. Ward's ideas as they are written, we leave those who have not seen his picture to judge what such ideas must be, upon canvas, with a clumsy hand, and the worst possible taste.

To say that Mr. Ward is mad, is not what we would pretend to say; but coupling his painting with the articles which we have caught and preserved, from his pen, we must believe that there are many very worthy persons at present in Bedlam, who could paint allegories full as well, and describe their meaning afterwards with infinitely more perspicuity.

All we have to do in this affair is to call upon the Directors of the British Institution, if they mean to patronise real merit, or to make their rewards honourable and of value, to disclaim all approbation of the most illustrious and full-sized specimen of pictorial Humbug that ever drew shillings out of the pockets of John Bull.

We have indeed been told that the Institution have (somewhat too late) discovered that they employed an animal painter, to paint them an allegorical picture—they were not aware of their mistake in the outset; but in order to rectify it and induce Mr. Ward to rub out his allegory, they have resolved, it is said, to give him an opportunity of showing his talents in his own line, by sitting to him for their likenesses,—it is added that the portrait of Mr. Richard Payne Knight is already in a high state of forwardness.

LETTER FROM A GOOSE.

To John Bull.

Farm Yard, Claremont, Friday, Sept. 27, 1822.

Sir,—These are the last words I shall ever have an opportunity of addressing to you; my doom, alas! is fixed. I am sentenced to die this evening; neither Alderman Waithman, nor Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, can save me; I am waiting in the condemned coop, the *coup-de-grace* of my illustrious master's chicken-butcher.

Probably you anticipate the cause of my death: Sunday is the feast of St. Michael, my blood is required in the mysterious celebration of the ceremonies observed in all well-regulated families on that anniversary. This very day twelvemonths my excellent and amiable mother, and my respectable father, perished on the same account.

At this critical juncture, I pick a quill from one of my wings to assure you of that resignation to my fate, which I truly feel:—that it is not unalloyed, Mr. Bull, I must, however, confess. Those who know our family know that we are patriots, that we have souls; and I cannot quit the world without regretting my future destiny. Brought up, sir, as I have been; educated upon the English system in the farm-yard of a Foreign Prince; fattened as I have been at the public expense; I did expect (as all patriots say they do) that the sacrifice of my life might have been of some utility to the country;—but, alas! no: pampered, fed, stuffed as it were by anticipation. What is my doom? Am I to be yielded as a tribute to the nation, whence I have derived my weight and flavour? Am I to gratify the palate of the illustrious Prince, my nominal patron? No; I am to be sold and eaten by some base venal hind in this neighbourhood, who, in these times of wretchedness, cannot dine on Michaelmas-day without me.

What my sensations are at the treatment I have met with you may, perhaps, comprehend. Will you believe it, sir, I have never seen the illustrious Personage in whose service I have wasted my days. I have never beheld the amiable Prince, to whom, for many reasons, I am warmly attached: first, because I am a goose; secondly, because, thanks to the generosity of the nation, I am his Royal Highness's goose; and, thirdly, because I am a goose of high feeling, honour, and, above all, of gratitude.

What a consolation it would have been to have seen his Royal countenance!—what a disgrace to my family to quit the world without having attained to such a favour! It is true I have received a great deal of pleasure in the occasional society of Sir Robert Gardiner, whose attentions have been very much devoted to our comfort and accommodation in our Royal Master's absence. I certainly found him in pens; which, as you know Sir Robert is fond of writing, was no small return for his civilities—civilities, which I begin shrewdly to suspect were, after all, interested, and more insidious than I apprehend at the moment.

I ought to apologise for trespassing at such length upon your patience; but, having been for a considerable time a constant correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, I am habituated to what are vulgarly called long-winded letters; and when a goose prints his own grievances he is generally somewhat diffuse. My wrongs are now strongest in my recollection, and I am anxious that my family reputation should not suffer in my person, and therefore devote my last moments—my last words to you.

If you were a goose, Mr. Editor, how would you bear with indignities like those I have suffered? Sir, the Heralds' College could prove, and would prove, if they were sufficiently well paid for it, that I am lineally descended from the noble bird who saved the Roman Capitol; and it is in consequence a common observation amongst the poulterers at Kingston, that "there are Capitol geese at Claremont;" which classical saying of that erudite body has been garbled into the more vulgar observation, that "there are capital geese at Prince Leopold's;" inferring thereby that part of his Royal Highness's capital consists of geese!

It is needless to tell you, that the branch of my family which has settled itself in Norfolk is in the most flourishing state, and that at Holkham, at this present moment, there is an old Goose held in high estimation amongst the Whigs. At Woburn Abbey, another set of my connexions are in high force, and admirably calculated for cutting up and roasting; while in the North, the Grey Geese are reckoned invaluable as a cross breed, the head of that coop being the identical bird celebrated in the Fable of the Fox and Goose, to which the Tories have subjoined a very salutary if not pleasant moral. To the notice of these most honourable birds I may add one of the younger scions of our stock, the Goslings—who, as everybody knows, are a most excellent and respectable firm in the City of London.

These things disturb me. I have contributed to the funds of my Master, I am about to lay down my life for his advantage, and, I repeat, he has never seen me. There are thousands of geese, I am ready to grant, labouring under the same disadvantage, and thousands of human beings too, but to them the disappointment is not of the same nature as to us: none but geese would contribute to support an absentee as we do; and yet, supporting him, none but a goose would care about ever seeing him again.

I must cease—the poulterer's cart and my end approach. I have heard that the only modification of my sentence which I ventured to request—the change of strangling into decapitation—is refused me; His Royal Highness's ministers here declaring that I cannot be sent off the premises without a bill. It matters little, Mr. Bull, but I must say, it is not what I expected. Publish my letter, that my Prince may see how he is beloved and respected, and by whom;—he has been at Rome, but never thought of me or mine; perhaps he never heard of the story which connects us with that once mighty city. Adieu!—One of my sisters has already suffered: would I were a swan, I would sing my own elegy—they come nearer—they have seized my pens—I can only give—what we occasionally have here—a great quack, and subscribe myself,

Your affectionate Gander,

Billy.

P.S.—No *anser* will reach me; but in making any further inquiries about me, be cautious, as there is a much greater Goose than myself of my name, living at Bagshot, which, being in this neighbourhood, might cause some confusion.

THE HUM-FUM GAMBOOGEE SOCIETY.*

The first general meeting of this excellent society took place on Thursday, at the residence of one of its most powerful supporters; and, considering the skeleton state of the metropolis, was satisfactorily attended. We have received an account of the proceedings, under a promise not to mention the names of the committee; and the word "confidential" written diagonally in one corner of our correspondent's letter, prevents our giving the report as fully and satisfactorily as we could wish.

The great Gamboogee himself, however, was present, and explained the nature and intention of the society very succinctly. It may perhaps be necessary to quote for our readers this account of their general views, as detailed by his Lordship.

In the first place, it appears to the excessively correct persons who compose this grave body, that a Christian should never be merry—that it is the bounden duty of all well-disposed persons to groan and sigh, and make themselves as uncomfortable as possible during their stay upon earth; and in order to render themselves apparently subservient to the regulations which they propose to lay down for others, the members have their seats provided on the hardest possible benches, the president being compelled to sit in very thin silk breeches, upon a horse-hair bottomed stool, without either arms or back, *i.e.*, while they are in public!

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* *John Bull*, Oct. 13, 1822.

Every member is bound, on similar occasions, to wear large worsted stockings, with the tightest possible shoes, stiff stocks, and hats considerably too small for their heads. Thus accoutred, it is their intention to effect, under the authority they very frequently have on their tongues, a total reformation in society.

They intend to begin with Brookes's and Boodle's, which are to be consigned forthwith to the superintendence of four respectable Dowagers; and the direction of Almack's is to be vested in the hands of six able ministers, to be selected by the great Gamboogee himself for that purpose, next May, previously to the commencement of the ensuing winter season.

In order to prevent the shameful impositions practised upon the credulity of minors of fashion and fortune, by unprincipled women of no property, the Hum-Fum Gamboogees have opened establishments for the reception of young gentlemen of worldly propensities, which are to be placed under the surveillance of most active and pious men.

Similar receptacles for young ladies, whose flagrant desires lead them into the abominable vices of dancing or singing, will be prepared, where, in rooms hung with black, and from which the much too comfortable glare of day will be excluded, they will be taught to see, in their proper colours, the enormity of those crimes of which they have been guilty, and which their sinful mothers, grandmothers, and great grandmothers, have been rash and vile enough to commit in a similar way.

It appearing to the Hum-Fum Gamboogees that the sun is by far too great a blessing for such wretched creatures as we are, they recommend a careful seclusion during the day, and suggest that wet or windy nights are the most suitable occasions for taking exercise.

A total abstinence from wine is earnestly desired to be observed by the young gentlemen of London, whose interests the Hum-Fums have very near their hearts; and they mention weak black tea as a substitute, or a proportion of that excellent succadaneum for Hyson, chopped hay, which was seriously recommended to the attention of the world, a short time since, through the columns of the *Morning Post*.

Several well-dressed and respectable elderly gentlemen, with umbrellas, will attend in Hyde Park every day, until the abomination of frequenting such places be utterly abolished, to escort young men to pious ordinaries, where it is recommended they should dine, in order to prevent those unnatural sins, flirting, dangling, and making the amiable.

A vast many devout minor agents of the society will be employed to divest the pockets of persons of snuff-boxes, it never having been required by nature to feed one's nose.

It is strongly recommended that every one should abstain from frequenting play-houses, and in order to effect this great object, or at all events to render the performances sufficiently disagreeable to be quite correct, it is suggested that the company of performers, who acted at the Haymarket Theatre last season, be the only persons licensed to exhibit in the metropolis.

The Hum-Fums will visit the houses of their neighbours, after the fashion of that most excellent brother corporation, the Bible Society, and will make it their business to enquire into the state of every man's domestic affairs; in order, if possible, to rescue from degradation the servants of London, whose subordination (although, by the active endeavours of similar unions, they are getting gradually independent of their masters and mistresses,) is derogatory to the dignity of the human character.

The Hum-Fums will distribute amongst the domestics such works as may tend to elevate their minds, open their intellects, make them dissatisfied with debasement, and enable them, by the blessing of Providence, to rise superior to that oppression by which the sinful luxuries of society have humiliated them. Several Hum-Fums of the highest character for dulness and gravity will attend in the kitchens and servants'-halls of each parish, to edify their tenants every evening from eight till twelve.

It will be the study of the Hum-Fums to impress upon the soldiers of this kingdom the sin and shame of carrying muskets and bayonets for pay, and of slaughtering their fellow-creatures for no cause whatever; and by the way in which they expect to be enabled to make their light shine, they hope to convince their brethren in arms that officers are but men, and that obedience from one man to another is by no means necessary to salvation.

The sailors they intend to leave entirely to the pious society called the Bethel Union, convinced that nothing the Hum-Fums can do will more effectually emasculate and sanctify at the same time the sea service, and purge it of its worldly power to do mischief, than the blessed exertions of that inestimable institution.

Riding in carriages, especially on Sundays, they most energetically denounce; and it is proposed to solicit the several lessees of the turnpike trusts round London to allow ministers, selected by a council of Hum-Fums, to be placed at the different toll-gates, to dissuade the infatuated people from enjoying the sun and air of heaven on the only day which they have to themselves, and on which, in obedience to the Decalogue, they do no manner of work.

Night agents of the society will be regularly posted at the doors of all public-houses within the bills of mortality, to check the ingress of sinners to such places; and in order more effectually to promote the devout intentions of the society, Messrs. Whitbread (whose very name inspires respect), Mr. Calvert, and Mr. Buxton have intimated a zealous desire to leave off brewing the liquor which the wretched sinners are so depraved as to swallow in those receptacles for vice.

No rank of society will be free from the surveillance of this pious body. At the Opera, a superior class of agents will be always in attendance to superintend the friendly intercourse of the best families, and by an assiduous watchfulness over the manners and conversations of the various parties, many of those heartrending divisions in society which shock morality will be doubtless prevented.

The Hum-Fums earnestly recommend frequent physicking and bleeding, with a view to the moderation of worldly appetites; and suggest, in the hope of keeping up an incessant feeling of the wretched state to which we are reduced, that all persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty should wear perpetual blisters.

The Hum-Fums earnestly request subscriptions to carry their spiritual benefits into effect, and they would impress upon the minds of those who are hastening to perdition in the same abominable and destructive road, which every one of their ancestors and relations have taken, that all things are subservient to the principles which the Hum-Fums teach, and that without money the Hum-Fums cannot exist.

After the proceedings in which this development of their views was made, the Hum-Fums nominated thirty-five treasurers and sixty-eight secretaries at respectable salaries. Most of the Hum-Fums being decidedly hostile to the establishment in State as well as Church, this was considered the only virtuous mode whereby to provide for those persons, who, though in humbler life had always relied upon the Hum-Fums for support, and whose laudable exertions in exciting a proper melancholy, and a substantial discontent, deserve the highest praise.

The Hum-Fums, after this part of the ceremony, proceeded to sing psalms and hymns, the productions of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Penzance, whose meritorious conduct under his call, from the station of boatswain in His Majesty's service, to the ministry, demanded their warmest admiration.

Miss Rebecca Engleheart presented the society with a small pasteboard windmill, in the hopper of which were three shillings and ninepence halfpenny, which she had collected by the exhibition of her little toy.

The great Hum-Fum Gamboogee was extremely gratified by this specimen of pious ingenuity, and put the sails of the model into rapid motion, which excited great gratitude and applause.

Two Otaheitean watermen and a New Zealand coppersmith were elected Hum-Fums: they spoke at length of the benefits which their respective nations had received from the exertions of the society, and the latter presented to the society the heads of his elder brother and his sister-in-law, which he had cut off since his notions of property had been matured under its benign influence.

At this period of the proceedings an interruption took place which threatened the unanimity of the society; this, considering the society, as we do, to be one, of which all the members ought to hang together, created a very unpleasant feeling.

One of the members, more lukewarm than the rest, inquired by what authority the Hum-Fums were to take upon themselves the charge of correcting their neighbours, and setting the world in general to rights; adding a doubt as to the obedience of a nation like England, famed for its independence, and envied for the blessings of religious toleration, to the *dicta* of a committee of Hum-Fums. "For," said the pious member, "although I speak under correction, and with all due deference to the great Hum-Fum Gamboogee and my sanctified brethren, I do not see the right by which we, being only men like themselves, are, in a country of liberty, to control our fellow-creatures in their recreations and amusements; seeing, that if they are to go to perdition for doing that, which has been ordinarily done in Great Britain for the last four or five centuries, we are to conclude that all our forefathers have forfeited their hopes of happiness hereafter, because the system of Hum-Fumism did not exist; which reflection is not only melancholy, but, as I am bound to trust, not founded in fact. Moreover, sir," added the brother, addressing himself to the most venerable Gamboogee, "your Lordship must know, that in Roman Catholic countries the Sunday is universally a day of gaiety; that dances, and even plays, are performed on that day; and since, I believe, many of the great Hum-Fums who now hear me, voted in another place in favour of the Roman Catholics, they should be cautious, while they cry for the admission of such levities with one breath, not to condemn, with another, to eternal punishment the Protestants, who, although it must be confessed they contrive, even in these times of distress, to enjoy themselves on Sundays, confine themselves to a walk or drive into the country, with their wives and children, and a harmless regale of their pipes and their pots, their buggies and their bottles, or their carriages and their claret, as the case may be——"

"Harmless!" said the great Hum-Fum, the buckles of his wig standing on end!

"And I doubt much," continued the former speaker, "whether the very proceedings we are about to adopt will not sicken those of moderately pious lives, and——"

"Sicken, sir!" interrupted the great Hum-Fum—"look at the navy, sir! Do you not perceive that the blessed institution, the Bethel Union, of which Master Phillips and myself are the main props, has taken the navy under its care—that we are to control the pleasures of the sailors—to correct their propensities—dock them of their girls and their grog—and allowance them even in pig-tail? If this experiment succeed—if the navy submit to this most proper control and purification, why should not the army and the laity generally submit to it too? What did Oliver Cromwell do, sir? Had not he a preaching army?——"

Here a considerable noise of coughing took place; for though the ultra Hum-Fums were too much involved in zeal to think of analogies, the designing and radical Hums, who had merely joined the society for political purposes, felt that the mention of old Noll might throw the more moderate into a train of thoughts for which they had not as yet been sufficiently prepared.

The confusion caused the great Gamboogee to cease; when a servant entered and whispered his Lordship. What the communication was we were unable to learn, as an adjournment was immediately moved and carried. The fact is—dinner was ready.

MORAL THEATRICALS.*

We have once or twice alluded to a scheme (forwarded to us by the Author) for rendering theatrical entertainments strictly moral; and, it appears to us, that no season can be better suited to its development than the present.

The gentleman, to whose exertions in the behalf of virtue and decency, the public are even now greatly indebted, and whose plan, if carried into effect, will entitle him to the gratitude of the nation at large, is the Rev. Mr. Plumptree, who has published a volume of dramatic pieces illustrative of his purpose, which blend with deep interest a purity of thought and propriety of language rarely to be met with in the theatrical works of the day.

The first of the dramas is called "Royal Beneficence, or the Emperor Alexander," and is founded on an event which occurred to his Russian Majesty, on the banks of the Wilna, where he restored a drowning young man by the means prescribed by the Humane Society, which means of restoration are published with the play—evidently with the best

* *John Bull*, March 30, 1823.

intentions. Mr. Plumptree offered this piece to Covent Garden and to Drury Lane, but it was by both rejected; then Mr. Hindes, the manager of the Norwich playhouse, had the refusal of it; but he, like the London proprietors, objected to its appearance, because a living character was introduced.

Mr. Plumptree reasons very fairly upon the futility of this excuse, and prints the detail of the Emperor's indefatigable exertions, upon which his play is founded, together with many other interesting documents concerning the valuable charity to which the piece is dedicated.

The drama is full of interest and good feeling; and although, in the present state of the stage, there is, perhaps, a want of bustle, still the affecting incident at the end of the first act, where the dead body of the hero is dragged out of the water, and stripped upon the stage, under the immediate inspection of the Emperor, who says,—

> "Lose no time in fruitless ceremony: this is our duty now; strip off his clothes; wipe him dry, and rub about his heart, his temples, wrists, and everywhere,"—

appears to us likely to have produced a great sensation in a British audience.

We must say, that the rejection of such a piece by the London managers reflects equally upon their taste and delicacy.

The next drama is called "Winter," and is founded upon the story of Elizabeth Woodcock, who was buried in the snow for upwards of a week, and is extremely pretty. "The Force of Conscience," a tragedy, follows, which ends with the execution of Mr. Morris, a blacksmith, on the new drop, during which awful ceremony he is assisted in prayer by the Rev. Mr. Jones; the spectators make comments, and the culprit his last dying speech, when the drop, or rather the curtain, falls, which ends "the strange eventful history."

The next play is called "Mrs. Jordan and the Methodist," and is founded upon a benevolent action (one of many) performed by that incomparable actress. We have too much affection for her memory to make a single comment upon Mr. Plumptree's delicate attempt to commemorate her good qualities.

The next is a comedy, called "The Salutary Reproof, or the Butcher!" from which we intend to make a few extracts, in order to give a fair specimen of Mr. Plumptree's dramatic talent and virtuous intentions; and we certainly do hope that one of the London theatres will afford the town an opportunity of judging for themselves the benefits likely to arise to their morals by such representations, without any curtailment of their amusement.

The play opens with a view of a country village; a public-house—sign the Salutation, on one side; on the other side, a baker's house and shop, and next door a butcher's house and shop; trees and a seat before it.

Enter the Rev. Mr. Shepherd—goes to the inn, and is shut out—he tries the baker, who will not give him a lodging—whereupon he proceeds to the butcher's. As he advances, he hears a hymn sung by the butcher's family, accompanied on the oboe. He is shortly after received by the butcher, and the scene changes to the inside of the butcher's house, where, as it is described, there is "everything remarkably neat, and even elegant in a plain way."

Enter Mrs. Goodman, George, and Ruth—then Goodman and the Rev. Mr. Shepherd.

The following conversation occurs:—

GOODMAN. Mary, here is a gentleman will lodge here to-night. Muggins is in one of his surly fits, and has denied him. Put clean sheets on the bed, and you shall sleep with Ruth, and I with—George!

MRS. G. What will the gentleman be pleased to have? Pray, be seated, sir—take this great chair. Shall I do you a mutton chop, sir?

GOODMAN. Bring the ease-and-comfort, George.

In a long note Mr. Plumptree elaborately describes this machine, and benevolently observes, that no house should be without at least one of them.

MR. SHEPHERD. I thank you—if it will not be giving you too much trouble, I should prefer tea before everything—nothing refreshes me after fatigue like tea.

MRS. G. By all means, sir; the fire is not out in the back-house. Ruth, put on the kettle; it is hot; and get the tea-things.

GEORGE. (*Bringing the ease-and-comfort.*) Here, father.

GOODMAN. Will you rest your legs on this, sir? we call it ease and comfort.

MR. SHEPHERD. 'Tis ease and comfort, indeed. I know it by the name of rest-and-be-thankful. I will beg, if you please, when I go to bed, the patriarchal hospitality of water for my feet, and that warm.

This conversation, which is quite refreshing from its naturalness, continues till it takes a turn in this manner:—

It will be observed that Goodman is a butcher.

GOODMAN. It is said that our laws do not allow a butcher to serve upon a jury in a case of life and death—supposing, from his business, that he must have less humanity than others.

MR. SHEPHERD. But that, I believe, is not the case; and within my own confined experience I have known several truly respectable and humane butchers. Our laws themselves are sanguinary; and they do not make the same exception to the military or naval characters, both which professions have too much to do with the effusion of blood.

* * * * * * * *

GOODMAN. What do you think, sir, of the post-boy who cuts and over-drives his horses?

MR. SHEPHERD. What do I think of the gentleman who sits behind him, and permits it—nay, encourages him, and pays him extra for distressing them, merely to bring him a few minutes sooner to the end of his stage?

GOODMAN. Sir, I had rather be what I am.

MR. SHEPHERD. And so had I—it is a consolation to me often, in my journeys on foot, that no beast suffers for my accommodation.

The vein of morality which runs through the dialogue is exquisitely touching, and in the hands of Terry or Macready we think Goodman might be made highly effective—Young would be excellent in the "Rev." Mr. Shepherd, and in the latter part of the act, where Goodman discovers in the clergyman a friend who "put up at the Wheat Sheaf, at Blessbury, twenty-five years before," would make a decided hit—when pushing away his ease and comfort, the Reverend Gentleman returns thanks for having made the butcher what he finds him.

The conclusion of the first act is happily imagined, and highly theatrical :—

MR. SHEPHERD. If you please, I will retire to rest—I heard your evening hymn, and interrupted your prayer in the hope of joining in it. Of whose devotions do you make use ?

GOODMAN. Bishop Wilson's, sir—but you will be so good as to lead for us.

MR. SHEPHERD. If you please—but in general I know not that you can do better than make use of the pious bishop.

GOODMAN. George, bring the book.

MR. SHEPHERD. I will have it in my hand, if you please, but our own peculiar circumstances require our own peculiar thanks and petitions.

[*George brings the book, and gives it to Mr. S., and whilst they are looking at him, as if waiting for his kneeling first, the curtain drops.*]

It is impossible not to feel such a scene deeply—its dramatic quality and the powerful effect that such a style of representation could not fail to have upon a thinking audience.

In the second act Goodman dispatches a leg of mutton to Lord Orwell's, and puts up a prayer—Mrs. Goodman inquires if the gentleman's shoes are cleaned, and mentions that she must go and look at the rolls in the camp oven : subsequently to which we are presented with a scene at his Lordship's, who desires the butcher to sit down, and enters into conversation about "Fiorin grass," which Goodman says will produce six ton per acre. His Lordship then recommends a work called "The Experienced Butcher," published by Darton and Harvey, Gracechurch Street, price 6s.—in return for which Goodman mentions the arrival of Mr. Shepherd, and recommends him for the curacy of Gladford, the new rector having refused to countenance him. Whereupon Lord Orwell says to the butcher (taking his hand), "Mr. Goodman, this, like every part of your conduct, raises you in my esteem; depend upon my services wherever they can be useful."

GOODMAN. Your Lordship is too condescending—too good—to *me* too.
[*Exit, putting his hand to his eyes, to wipe away the tears.*

LORD ORWELL. No profession, I see, however rude, can prevent the growth of humanity, where religion affords its kindly influence. Even conversation with this butcher I perceive to improve my humanity!

Enter SIR WILLIAM RIGHTLY.

Good morning to you, Sir William; you rested well, I hope?

SIR W. Quite so, I thank you; your Lordship is well this morning, I hope? You have been sending your butcher away in tears, I see. I passed him in the hall; he gave me a look that spoke I know not what; I felt it at my heart.

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LORD ORWELL. I think you must have heard me mention this butcher before; he is not only the best butcher for many miles round, but one of the best men!

His Lordship then characterises Goodman thus:—

I have a great regard for him. In addition to all I have said, there is a civility and gentleness in his manner—an ease and frankness—civil without servility—ease without familiarity, and gentle, with much animation!

SIR WILLIAM. It seems, then, that the butcher, if not a gentleman, has much of the gentleman about him.

LORD ORWELL. Exactly so. But let us join the breakfast party.
[*Exeunt.*

There is so much genuine nature in all this, that we certainly should have no hesitation in foretelling the reception it would meet with on the stage, if acted. The *denoûment* may easily be anticipated; Mr. Shepherd, instead of being continued as curate, gets the rectory at Gladford; and Lord Orwell and Sir William Rightly having walked down to the butcher's, there conclude the play thus:

[Lord Orwell and Sir William alternately shake hands with Mrs. Shepherd and Mrs. Goodman; Mr. Shepherd and Goodman then take each other cordially by the hand, in the centre, while Lord Orwell takes Goodman's hand and Mrs. Goodman's; Sir William takes Mrs. Shepherd's and Ruth's; Mrs. Goodman takes Muggins's, and Muggins George's; Ruth takes Crusty's, and Crusty his wife's. The curtain drops.]

As we have already said, the great charm of these pieces is the perfect representation which they give of *real life*. The intimate knowledge of human nature, and of society, which shines throughout all of them; and, above all, that consummate skill which, while it affords the richest dramatic treat, conveys the purest moral lesson.

It certainly is not for us to prescribe to Mr. Elliston; but we do think that if the play, whence we have made the above extracts, were acted at Drury Lane, the effect produced would be extraordinary. To Mr. Plumptree we return our thanks for his volume, which having read with admiration, we lay down with infinite satisfaction; and if every author were to pursue *his* plan and publish the piece, which managers have refused, it would very soon put an end to all doubts as to the cabals and intrigues which agitate, divide, and govern theatrical cabinets.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF PUBLIC MEN.

With considerable exertion, and at a great expense of capital and research, we have been fortunately enabled to gratify the prevalent taste for diaries and correspondence; a gentleman of the highest literary character, moving in the first circles as well of the political as fashionable world, has been kind enough to furnish us with no less than twenty-four volumes of MS. letters and memoranda, the production of all the leading personages of the last and present century.

It is from the unreserved communication of their thoughts and feelings that the characters of great men are to be justly appreciated; and with the addition of the notes, explanatory and critical, of our highly-gifted friend, we think we shall do the world a service, and our readers a pleasure, by submitting portions of the great collection entrusted to our care.

It must be observed that the whole of the correspondence of which we are possessed is strictly of a private nature, and certainly has never appeared in print before. We give a few specimens:—

No. I.

"From the Right Hon. William Pitt to Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Pitt will be glad to see Mr. Smith to-morrow at twelve.

"Downing-street, April 4, 1800."

I have not been able to ascertain precisely who this Mr. Smith was, and the envelope, which possibly might have shewn the address, has been unfortunately lost—the name of Smith is by no means an uncommon one; it is possible that this note might have been written to a relation of Lord Carrington, who was created a Baron on the 15th of July, 1796. His Lordship married a Miss Bernard, by whom he has had one son and eleven daughters.—Ed.

No. II.

"From David Garrick, Esq., to Dr. Goldsmith.

"Southampton-street, April 9, 1775.

"Dear Goldsmith,—Mrs. Garrick will be glad to see you here at dinner to-day, at three o'clock. "Yours, D. G."

The authenticity of this short letter is unquestionable; for although the initials of this British Roscius only are affixed to it, the date, and the known intimacy which existed between Garrick and Goldsmith, put all doubt at rest as to the real writer. It is a curious transcript of the times, as it marks the hour of dining in the year 1775, in what may be considered the best authority. Garrick retired from the stage in 1777, and died in 1779; his widow survived him nearly half a century. The house at Hampton was purchased by a Mr. Carr, Solicitor, as I believe, to the Excise, one of whose daughters was married to Dr. Lushington.—Ed.

No. III.

"From Mrs. Letitia Barbauld to Miss Higginbotham.

"Mrs. Barbauld will thank Miss Higginbotham to let her have the silk gown home by Saturday night at latest.

"Thursday evening."

This interesting remain is without date, but it bears the evidence of truth on its face. Mrs. Barbauld, who was the daughter of Dr. Aikin, was a highly-talented lady; her "Beggar's Petition" itself is enough to immortalize her. The desire to have home a new gown on Saturday night, in order that she might wear it at church the next day, has a naturalness in it which is quite refreshing—a feminine anxiety operating upon a masculine mind.

I have endeavoured by every possible means to ascertain who the Miss Higginbotham was, to whom the letter is addressed, but hitherto in vain. By reference to the files of newspapers kept at the Chapter Coffee House, in St. Paul's Church-yard, I see that in the year 1780, a Mrs. Hickenbotham kept a milliner's shop in Hanway-yard, as it was then called. But I can hardly fancy it the same person, because in the first place Mrs. Barbauld distinctly calls her Miss, whereas the person in question was married; and secondly, because the name of the milliner to whom the newspaper refers, is spelt Hickenbotham, whereas Mrs. Barbauld makes the Hick, Hig, and spells her *bottom*, *botham*, after the manner of the landlord of the Windmill Inn, at Salt-hill, near Eton in Buckinghamshire.

No. IV.

"From the Right Hon. Edmund Burke to Mr. Burns.

"Burns,—Get something for dinner by four o'clock to-morrow, and tell Simmons to have a fire lighted in my bed-room early in the day.

"E. B."

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke, one of the most distinguished of our British worthies, was born at Limerick on New Year's Day, 1730; he was educated by a Quaker, got into Parliament in 1765, and died at Beaconsfield July 8, 1797. Burns I imagine to have been a servant of his, but I have no particular reason for believing it, beyond the evidence of the letter before us. The direction to get dinner ready, comes evidently in the way of a command; and the unadorned style of address quite justifies my suspicions. Simmons is unquestionably a domestic servant, and a female. In the registry of marriages in Beaconsfield church, I find an entry of a marriage between Thomas Hopkins and Mary Anne Simmons, spinster; which Mary Anne I take to be the individual referred to by Burke. The date of that marriage is June 15, 1792. Now, although this letter is without date, it is fair to infer from the reference to "making a fire in his bed-room," that it was written much earlier in the year than the month of June; so that even if we were able to fix the date of the letter in the same year, it is quite within the range of possibility that the marriage did not take place till several months after the servant was spoken of, by her maiden name of Simmons. I took occasion to visit Beaconsfield twice, concerning this little doubt, and I think it but justice to make my acknowledgments to Mr. Thomas Fagg, the deputy-sexton of the parish, for his urbane attention to me, and the readiness with which he afforded me all the information of which he was possessed. —Ed.

No. V.

"From Sir Philip Francis to Mr. Perkins.

"My dear Sir,—The weather is so hot, and town so dull, that I intend flying from all its ills and inconveniences to-morrow; I shall be happy, therefore, to join your pleasant party.—Yours, "P. F."

This very curious letter is not more valuable on account of the matter it contains, than as conducing to throw additional light upon the mystery of Junius—it would occupy too much space in a note to enter into a disquisition concerning the various conflicting opinions upon this subject, but as far as a comparison of hand-writing with some portions of the MS. of Junius's Letters, which I had an opportunity of seeing, and a strong similarity of style in the writing, go, I have no hesitation in settling the authorship upon Sir Philip—there is such vigorous imagination displayed in the description, in nine words, of the state of the weather and the metropolis, and such a masculine resolution evinced in the declared determination to "fly from all its ills and inconveniences" the very next day, that one cannot but pause to admire the firmness which could plan such a measure, and the taste which could give such a determination in such language. The cautious concealment of the place to which the supposed party of pleasure was to go, is another evidence of the force of habit—I have reason to believe it to have been Twickenham, or as Pope spells it, Twitnam, but I have no particular datum whereon to found this suspicion, except, indeed, that I think it quite as probable to have been Twickenham, or Twitnam, as any other of the agreeable villages round London.—Ed.

No. VI.

"From Sir Joshua Reynolds to Caleb Whitefoord, Esq.

"Leicester Fields, Saturday.

"My dear Sir,—I have received your witty note, and am extremely obliged to you for your present of venison. I trust you will favour me with your company on Tuesday, to meet some of your friends, to join them in discussing it.—Yours, very truly, "J. Reynolds."

There can be little doubt that the note referred to by Sir Joshua was full of those quibbles and quaintnesses for which Whitefoord was so well known. Whitefoord was a man of considerable attainments, and was distinguished by the peculiarity of his dress; a French grey coat with black frogs, a small cocked hat and an umbrella—he was the constant frequenter of auctions, and has the credit of being the inventor of the now hacknied conceit called "Cross readings." It is certain, that in his note sent with the venison, he called Sir Joshua his deer friend, hoped it would suit his pallate, recommended him to take some cuts from it and transfer them to plates, spoke of the current sauce being jelly, and perhaps signed himself his Buck friend (for at that period the words Buck and Maccaroni were the distinctive appellations of two classes of persons in London). I surmise this, because he was a confirmed punster, a character somewhat prized in those days. Goldsmith said it was impossible to keep company with him without being infected with the itch of punning. He is celebrated in the postscript to "Retaliation:"—

"Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I'd almost said, wit.
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
Thou best-temper'd man, with the worst-temper'd muse."—Ed.

It is impossible for us to spare more room to day, but we think we have offered a specimen of a work which will be found at least equal to many others whose pretensions are much more formidable, and which, after all, do not exhibit so faithfully the peculiar characteristics of the private lives of public men.

THE COCKNEY'S LETTER.

The following letter has been transmitted to us, as written by a Cockney gentleman late in the train of Lord Byron,* but now discarded—we are not sufficiently acquainted with the style of the writer to vouch for its genuineness, but we give it as we have received it:—

My dear———,—I am astonished at what you write me. So then, notwithstanding all the strong articles in our last Liberal Magazine, neither Government nor people has made a stir; England is still a monarchy, England is still a monarchy, and not even a single change in the ministry has been effected! Jeffrey, (Byron's new friend,) who is always sanguine, thinks the next Number must do it, but I begin to despair; and the worry-one's soul-out, as it were, effect of the disappointment on my health is very visible. I pine, and grow thinner and paler every day. My appearance, by the way, is very interesting and Tasso-like, and I think an engraving of me would sell well in

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* The reader will scarcely require to be informed that Leigh Hunt is the person alluded to—*Ed.*

England, where a "how-does-he-look" sort of inquiry must be in everybody's mouth just now. But let that pass for the present, I have matter of still greater moment for you.

The only subject of conversation now in England, and indeed in all those parts of Europe where tyrants are not *as yet* allowed to send in fellows with bayonets to stop people's mouths whenever they mention my name, must be the coolness between me and Byron, and it is proper the rights of it should be known, which is better than folks going about with a he-said-this—and then-he-said-t'other sort of report of it. The fact is, that Byron is the aggressor, for he began first, as the children say, and all about a piece of patrician pride, very unbecoming among us radicals. Some time ago, seeing him in conversation with the Earl of——, at the end of the Strada di——, I hopped down the street, and, just to shew the intimacy which subsisted between us, slapped him on the back with a "Ha! Byron, my boy!" He darted at me one of his look-you-through sort of glances, and turned from me without speaking; and it was not till after a decided cut of eight or ten days that, wanting something done, he sent for me. I went; he began by a tread-you to-dirtish, as it were taking of me to task, said something about the "coarse familiarity of your radicals;" and then told me that I might stop and dine with him that day, which I did. You will gather from this that these lords are not to be depended upon, they are but a half and half sort of radicals—the cloven foot of nobility is perpetually peeping out, they won't give altogether into that hail-fellow-well-metishness, which we expect from them. Again: at dinner that day, happening to say to him, "I and you, Byron, who are called the Satanic School:" he cut me short unceremoniously, and said, "Who the h—ll ever called *you* Satanic? —Cockney, if you please;" and reminded me of the fable of the apples swimming. Now, putting radicalism out of the question, this was very ungenteel from one great poet to another—then he is jealous of me. We have had a disagreement about which of us should have the most room to write in the Liberal Magazine. He wanted all; which (though I never contradict him, or he'd have cut me long ago,) I almost remonstrated against, so he allowed me a corner here and there, as it were. Thus he flatly attributes our slow sale to my poetry—then to my prose—and in short, he was lately so insulting that I had "ever such a mind" (as we used to say at school) to tell him the fault was all his own; for between ourselves he has grown as stupid and as vulgar as the best of us. But worst of all, I find he has been making a mere tool of me, and he quizzes me to my very face. Some weeks ago I told him I had thoughts of writing his life, to which he replied with a smile, "Do;" but when I added that he ought in return to write mine, he exclaimed with a sneer "Pooh!" and went away in a turn-on-the-heel sort of fashion. But this is of a piece with his refusing to call me Tasso and Ariosto in exchange for my calling him Dante in our next poems.

Doubtless you have heard of the verses I addressed to him ; I suppose there is an I-wish-I-could-get'-em sort of anxiety about them in England, so I send you a copy :—

"LINES TO MY FRIEND BYRON.

"Dear Byron, while you're out walking, I'll just say
Something about ourselves in my off-hand way,
Easy and Chaucer-like ; in that free rhyme
They used to warble in the olden time,
And which you so chucklingly listen to when I
Pour out a strain of it, as 'twere, chirpingly ;
Full of all sorts of lovely, graceful things,
Smacking of fancy, pretty imaginings,
Which I trick out with a Titian-like sort of air,
And a touch of Michael Angelo here and there ;
For though the graceful's wherein I excel,
I dash off the sublime, too, pretty well.

"Now, let me see—I have it—I'll suppose,
(Though you're there in the garden plucking a rose,)
That, after travelling many and many a day,
You are wandering in some country far away,
When, being tired, you stretch beneath a tree,
And take from your pocket my Rimini,
And read it through and through, and think of me ;
And then you take some other work of mine,
And con it daintily, tasting it line by line,
Pausing 'tween whiles, as one does drinking port,
And smack your lips, saying, 'This is your right sort.'
And when it has grown too dark for you to see,
You close the book and wish for your dear Leigh :
Then comes a little bird, fluttering near,
And perches, fairy like, on the tip of your ear ;
Then up you jump and would hunch it away ;
But, spite of all, the little bird will stay,
And then——(But what I'm writing all this while
Is a fancy in my wild Ariosto style)—
And thus this little bird turns into me,
And you rush forward to me in ecstasy,
And grasp my hand, as it were, clutchingly,

And call me your 'dear Leigh;' while I, e'en bolder,
Cry, 'Ah, my dear Byron!' clapping you on the shoulder,
E'en just as I might be supposed to do,
If this were not a Poet's dream, but true."

Now, I expected this would have procured me a sonnet at least in return, but he did not even deign ever once to notice it, spite of all my attempts to draw him out about it. You, who know what an excessively sensitive creature I am, will easily conceive the heart-in-one's-mouthishness of my sensations, when I found out his real opinion of me. It happened one day that he left me alone in his study. He had no sooner turned his back than I began to fumble among his books and papers. What I most earnestly sought was the copy I gave him of my "Story of Rimini," thinking to find it full of notes in his own hand-writing. It was not even half cut open! A proof he had not half read it. Against "my dear Byron," in the dedication (for you know I dedicated it to him) I found written "Familiar Cockney," and in the last leaf cut—that is as far as I presume he had read,—was written the following critique:—

"O! Crimini, Crimini!
What a mimini, pimini,
Story of Rimini!"

This you will say was sufficiently cut-one-to-the-heartish, but this was little compared with what follows. Among other things, I found the MS. of the Twelfth Canto of Don Juan, which will shortly appear. By the way, it is rather unfair in him, to say no less of it, to throw "Cockney" in my teeth at every turn, considering that I have now quite given up talking of Highgate and Primrose Hill, ever since I have seen the Apennines—and to a friend, too! But it is my friend Byron's way; he calls and uncalls all his friends round, once in every four or five years, or so. But to my extract from his next canto:—

"Filthy scum!
These Hunts, Hones, Despards, Thistlewoods, and Ings!
These worms with which we politicians angle,
We leave at last on Ketch's line to dangle.

Poor drivelling dupes! and can they think that we
By birth ennobled, and no little proud
Of our nobility, would stoop to be
Companion'd with the base, plebeian crowd;
Or that the crack-brain'd Bysshe, or Cockney Leigh,
Or Gentle Johnny * e'er had been allow'd

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* Keats.

To sicken us with their familiarity,
Forgetful of their distance and disparity,
But that we turn'd them to our dirty uses ?

My tool I've lately placed upon the shelf,
So patronize my Cockney now who chooses ;
I've ta'en to do my dirty work myself.
I find, too, that in fashion my abuse is,
And brings—not that I value it—the pelf ;
But, let me hint, there's need of cash to victual ye
E'en in this cheapest of all countries—Italy.

I've turn'd him off ! He's gone ! I've made the ninny stir
His stumps ! For on my stomach his pathetic,
His Cockney rurals, drivellings, phrases sinister,
And affectations act as an emetic.
Besides, he thinks he's fit to be prime minister !
The whimpering, simpering, Horsemonger ascetic ! *
And there, he's grown so horribly familiar,
And paws and 'dears' one so—I vow 'twould kill you."

There, my dear friend—and this is from one radical to another !—the root of all this is, that I did once hint to him that I thought myself a better poet than he ; more antique and to-the-heartish, giving my verses an Italian twang, and so forth. As to his allusion to my thinking myself fit to be prime minister, I merely threw out an idea that way, once when we were re-modelling. No. V. of our Liberal Magazine shortly. Let tyrants tremble !—Yours ever.

BYRONIANA.†

By favour of a friend just arrived from the Mediterranean we have received exclusively some most interesting papers relative to Lord Byron ; they consist of anecdotes, which have

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* It will be remembered how this patriot, who bullied himself into Horsemonger Gaol, snivelled to get himself out again—but to no purpose. Yet he has perpetually Hampden and Sydney in his mouth.—*Don Juan.*

† This paper was written to ridicule the innumerable books of idle gossip, published immediately after Lord Byron's death, by Captain Medwin and others, in which the noble Poet's slightest remarks and most trivial habits were chronicled with the zeal, but probably without the accuracy, of a Boswell. —*Ed.*

never been known, and some original letters, which have never been out of the hands of the individual by whom we are favoured. Some of his Lordship's more recent conversations are detailed, which will be found highly amusing and characteristic. We submit a few extracts, which we trust will prove acceptable to our readers.

"Lord Byron," says our correspondent, "had several peculiarities; he reduced himself from corpulency to the contrary extreme, by eating raisins, and occasionally sipping brandy. He used frequently to observe that brandy was a very ardent spirit, and remarked that to persons anxious to conceal the strength of their potations, hollands was better adapted, inasmuch as being of a similar colour with the water, the quantity mixed with that liquid was less easily detectable by the eye.

"Lord Byron was perhaps more sensible of approaching changes in the weather than any other man living. One day, on a voyage to Athens to eat beef-steaks, a dark cloud appeared to windward of the vessel; his Lordship regarded it steadily for some time, until at length, feeling a few drops of rain fall, he called to Fletcher to bring his cloak, so certain he was of an approaching shower. Byron always slept with his eyes closed, and if by any accident he lay on his back, snored remarkably loud; he was very particular in his toothpicks, and generally used those of a peculiar kind of wood, in preference to quills.

"In writing letters of an ordinary cast, his style was plain, clear, and perspicuous; a specimen follows, it is addressed to a friend:—

'DEAR, —— Tuesday.
Will you dine with me to-morrow?—
Yours truly,
NOEL BYRON.'

The next is to a person who had been recommended to his notice, and whom he felt it necessary to invite. We suppress the name of the party, lest Mr. Hobhouse should get an injunction.

'Lord Byron's compliments to Mr——, requests the pleasure of his company at dinner on Wednesday next.'

"These sort of notes he would secure indiscriminately with wafers or wax, as the case might be.

"One day conversing with him upon the state of Greece, and the great struggle in which we were all engaged, he observed to me, 'that a very small proportion of the population of London had been in the Archipelago.' When I assented, he said—with a sigh which went to my heart, and in a tone which I shall never forget—'It would be very strange if they had.'

"He had a strong antipathy to pork when underdone or stale, and nothing could induce him to partake of fish which had been caught more than ten days—indeed, he had a singular dislike even to the smell of it; some of his observations upon this subject will be given in a new quarto work about to be published by a very eminent bookseller.

"He spoke of Harrow with strong feelings of affection, and of the lovely neighbours of Dr. Bowen—(who they were he carefully concealed from us)—they were tenants of the same house with the late Duke of Dorset, who was Byron's fag. To a lady of the name of Enoch, who lived in a cottage at Roxeth, he had addressed some of his early productions, but had destroyed them. He used to ask me why Mr. Procter called himself Cornwall? 'he might as well call himself Cumberland,' said Byron, with his accustomed acumen.

"It has been remarked that Byron spoke of his own child with affection. Strange and unnatural as this may appear, it is literally the fact. It seems, however, to have excited so much surprise, that it is absolutely necessary to be particular in impressing the truth upon the British nation, who are so deeply interested in everything which relates to the immortal poet departed.

"The poem which he wrote upon the close of his thirty-sixth year has been published and republished so often, that we do not think it worth printing here. But the observation made by its great author to our correspondent is curious and striking:—

"'I have written these verses on closing my thirty-sixth year,' said Byron. 'I was always superstitious—thirty-six is an ominous number—four times nine are thirty-six; three times twelve are thirty-six; the figures thirty-six are three and six—six and three make nine, so do five and four' —he paused and said—'Mrs. Williams, the old lady who told my fortune, is right. The chances are, I shall not live six and thirty years more.' The fact has proved that he was not ungifted with the power of divination.

"Byron died, as I have just said, in his thirty-sixth year. What makes this coincidence the more curious is, that if he had lived till January, 1844, he would have completed his fifty-sixth, a circumstance which, curious as it is, we believe has not been noticed by any of his biographers.

"I once proposed to him to take a companion on a tour he was about to make; he answered me snappishly—'No; Hobhouse once went with me on a tour—I had enough of him. No more travelling companions for me.'

"He used frequently to compare himself to Buonaparte—so did we, to please him. Buonaparte had a head, so had Byron, so has Mr. Hayne of Burderop Park, Wilts, so has a pin; he was tickled with the comparison, and we lived with him, and swallowed toads at discretion.

"Moore, the author of the 'Fudge Family,' was a great favourite of Byron's; he had not discovered that it was Moore who persuaded Hunt—the man who made Rimini—that he was a mighty clever fellow, and that if he set up a periodical work, he (Moore) would contribute to it: Moore constantly abused Hunt to Byron at the same time—called him a stupid Cockney, and swore that Byron was ruining himself by associating with him. This was kind and liberal, and justifies what Douglas Kinnaird and everybody else indeed say of

Moore just now—Byron would not have liked Moore the better for this—poor Hunt had a wife and children, and was in needy circumstances, and Byron did them great service—and what harm could Hunt do Byron, or anybody else?

"The Greeks think Byron will come to life again after a while, and one poet in the Chronicle, probably Moore, talks of having seen his *manes* in George-street, Westminster, and of the possibility of his yet wandering about Greece, in a white dressing-gown, singing 'Liberty Hall;' but I, who know Byron well, and all his expectations, doubt the fact. I was surprised to find, considering how right and fashionable it is to praise my departed friend, that his wife declined seeing his body, and all his family declined attending his funeral.

"He told me one night that——told——that if——would only —— him ————. She would —— without any compunction; for her————, who though an excellent man, was no——, and that she never——, and this she told ———— and———— as well as Lady————herself. Byron told me this in confidence, and I may be blamed for repeating it; but ———— can corroborate it if he happens not to be gone to ————."

LORD WENABLES.*

To those who are in the habit of recurring with a feeling of devotion to the golden gone-by times of our forefathers, and who "track back" upon antiquity to hunt out subjects for admiration, it must be in some degree consolatory to discover, that even in these degenerate days there still exist amongst us men capable of recording the noble deeds of the "mighty living;" and that one of the most important occurrences of modern date has found an historian worthy of the subject which it has been made his duty to transmit to posterity.

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* This notice was written in ridicule of an absurd book, now become very scarce, by Dr. Dillon, entitled: "The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford, written at the desire of the Party by the Chaplain of the Mayoralty, 1826."—*Ed.*

To such of our readers as are generally conversant with the history, political or statistical, of the City of London, it may perhaps be needless to observe, that it affords, by virtue of its charter and constitution, power and authority, might and majesty, for one year at a time, to one illustrious individual (made, indeed, illustrious by his office), and that this illustrious individual is pre-eminently distinguished above all others of God's creatures (within his special jurisdiction) by the title of Lord Mayor. Having been a Liveryman, he proceeds to Sheriff and Alderman, and in time, being an Alderman, he becomes Mayor, and being Mayor of London, becomes a Lord!—that he is not a Peer, arises only from the difficulty of finding any to compare with him.

Thus, then, it being conceded that there is, and always will be, a Lord Mayor of London, so long as London stands —for the constitution of Cornhill and the majesty of the Mansion House remain unshaken by the storms of treason or the efforts of rebellion, and shine in all their native excellence with equal purity and brightness, whether under the gentle sway of an amiable Mary, the gloomy troubles of a martyred Charles, the plain dominion of a protecting Oliver, or the glorious sway of a liberating William—it being then, we say, conceded that the Lord Mayor, officially, never dies, we seek to show the imperative necessity which presses upon every Lord Mayor while in office, personally so to distinguish himself from the long line of his predecessors and those who are to follow him, by some striking deed, either bodily or mental, political or financial, literary or scientific, so that when he shall have returned from the pinnacle of earthly splendour at the corner of Walbrook into the softer retirement of his patrimonial shop in Pudding-lane or Fish-street-hill, children yet unborn may learn to lisp the name of their great ancestor mingled with their prayers, never forgetting to singularise him especially from all the other Figginses, Wigginses, Bumpuses, and Snodgrasses of their respective houses, by prefixing in their minds to the patronymic, the deed, or work, or act, or book, as it may be, by which that particular branch of their family has so flourished into virid immortality.

By observing this system, an association is formed in the mind of men and deeds highly refreshing, at once useful and agreeable. Who ever hears of Walworth without thinking of Wat Tyler?—who ever reads of Whittington without having a Cat in his eye?—who speaks of Wood without thinking of Whittington?—who of Waithman without recollecting Knightsbridge foot-path? Thus it is that these illustrious men are distinguished, not only from all other Lord Mayors, but from all other Whittingtons, Walworths, Woods, and Waithmans, in the world.

With such examples before him, was it unnatural, or not to be expected, that the late Lord Mayor, Venables, should be contented to sink back into the shades of Queenhithe from the Civic throne without leaving something behind him which might entitle him to fill a niche in the Temple of Fame? We think not; and we have no hesitation in saying that his Lordship's well-directed ambition, blending as it has done the eminently-useful with the strikingly-agreeable, has produced results which will hand him down to future ages with as much grace, certainty, and propriety as his Lordship ever exhibited in his late great life-time in handing down an Alderman's lady to dinner.

When we say, "late life-time," we mean official life—Venables the man, is alive and merry—but, alas! Venables the mayor, is dead.

It now becomes our duty to explain what it is that has so decidedly stamped the greatness of Lord Wenables—so he was called by the majority of his subjects—and in doing so, we have to divide (although not in equal parts) the fame and glory of the enterprise between his Lordship and his Lordship's Chaplain, who, upon this special occasion, and at his Lordship's special desire, was the historian of his Lordship's exploits.

It seems, that in the course of last summer, the Lord Wenables having over-eaten himself, brought upon himself a fever and rash, and during his confinement to the house the disorder took an ambitious turn, and his Lordship's organ of locomotiveness having been considerably enlarged and inflamed by his Lordship's having accidentally bumped his noble head against the corner of the bedstead, his Lordship was seized with a desire to glorify and immortalise himself by foreign travel the moment he got better of his green-fat fever —and having sent for his Chaplain to consult upon some sort of expedition which might answer his purpose, his Lordship and the Divine deliberated accordingly.

At one time he suggested going down the shaft of Brunel's tunnel at Rotherhithe, but the work was not far enough advanced to render it even commonly hazardous—that was abandoned. Going up in a balloon was suggested, but there was no utility blended with the risk. The dreadful dangers of Chelsea reach had already been encountered, and a colony established by his Lordship on the east end of Stephenson's Island, beyond Teddington—something even more daring must be tried; and, as it happened that a first cousin of my Lady Wenables had been reading to his Lordship, who was not able to read himself (from illness, not from want of learning), "Travels undertaken in order to discover the Source of the Nile," his Lordship at once resolved to signalise himself by undertaking a journey to discover, if possible, the "Source of the Thames." His Lordship was greatly excited to the undertaking upon being told that Mungo Park had been carried into Africa by a similar desire—and he observed with wonderful readiness, that if it were possible to remove a whole Park into Africa, there could be no insurmountable obstacle to transporting Lady Wenables to the source of the Thames.

When Lord Wenables was first put upon the project, he was rather of opinion that the source of the Thames was at its mouth—"a part which," as his Lordship observed, "is in man the source of all pleasure;" and he suggested going by land to Gravesend, to look out for the desired object. But the Chaplain informed his Lordship that rivers began at the other end—upon which his Lordship, not having gone so far into the study of geography as to ascertain the exact course of the river beyond Stephenson's Island, hinted his intention of going with Lady Wenables by land as far as Dunstable, and then proceeding in the search.

The Chaplain, it seems, although not quite sure enough of his experience to give Lord Wenables a downright negative to his suggestion, deemed it necessary forthwith to consult a map of Europe, in which the relative courses of the River Thames and the Dunstable turnpike-road are laid down in different degrees of latitude, and having ascertained that Dunstable was an inland town, proceeded to examine his charts until he discovered Oxford to be a more likely point to start from with any reasonable hopes of success; this he mentioned to Lord Wenables, and when his Lordship arose convalescent from his calipash fever, he mentioned his design to the Court of Aldermen on Midsummer Day, and the last week of July was ultimately and unanimously fixed upon for the expedition.

> "Instructions," says the author of the history of the expedition, "were, accordingly, agreed to be given to the Town Clerk, to secure such accommodation at an inn in Oxford, Reading, and Windsor, as might be adequate for the civic party; and to make every other necessary arrangement."

And here, before we go any further, it may be necessary to state, that the work of which we are about to speak has actually been written by command of Lord Wenables, by his ci-devant Lordship's ci-devant Chaplain, and published by Messieurs Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, embellished with two beautiful engravings; all we should add is, that the author is perfectly serious in his details, and that our extracts are made from his work, correctly verbatim et literatim.

Scarce had the Lord Wenables and his Council decided upon going to Oxford, when the Corporation of that City sent them a letter inviting them to dinner on the 26th. This unexpected and welcome letter puzzled the Lord and his Council, inasmuch as they had fixed only to stay one day at Oxford—that day the 26th, and on that day to entertain (as no doubt they would) the heads of houses at dinner.

That the Lord Wenables and his Aldermen could have arranged the matter satisfactorily to all parties by eating two dinners in one day is evident, but not at the same time, and upon this dilemma the reverend author makes this communication :—

> "From this difficulty," says he, "they were happily released by the question, 'Could not your Lordship go a day sooner to Oxford?' It was immediately seen that this slight alteration of the plan first intended would obviate every difficulty: it would allow them the opportunity of showing their respect to the Mayor and Magistrates of Oxford by dining with them on the Tuesday; and would also give them the honour of having the University and City to dinner on the Wednesday."

The quickness of perception in the Lord Wenables and his Aldermen which gave them the advantage of "immediately seeing" that by going to Oxford on the 25th, they could dine there on the 26th, and by staying till the 28th, they might also dine there on the 27th, if they liked, is well worthy of praise; and the liberality of inviting the University and City to dine at the Star Inn, cannot fail to impress upon the reader the magnificence of Lord Wenables's mind—suffice it to say, the Mayor of Oxford accepted the Mayor of London's invitation, and that the Mayor of London adopted the Mayor of Oxford's proposition.

The reverend author then says :—

> "Every preliminary arrangement being completed, and ample accom-

modation having been secured at the Star Inn, Oxford, for his Lordship and suite, to the number of about thirty persons, the civic party began to lay their plans for the journey !

"It had been previously understood that while his Lordship and friends should return together, in the City state barge, they should yet go to Oxford in such a way, and at such a time, as best comported with their own convenience. Mr. Alderman Atkins, accompanied by two of his daughters, Miss Atkins and Miss Sarah Jane, left his seat, Halstead Place, in Kent, on Monday, the 24th of July, and set out from London for Oxford in the cool of the following morning. On the same day, Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Lucas, with their daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Catharine, left their house, at Lee, in Kent, and went by land as far as Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, where they embarked on board the Navigation shallop, and proceeded by water to Reading ; thus selecting some of the finest views on the river."

Lord Wenables himself was, however, not so rash ; for having satisfied himself of the actual existence of Oxford by receiving a letter from one of the natives, he resolved to proceed thither by land. See we then from his reverend chaplain's history the mode of his Lordship's setting forth :—

"On the morning of the 25th, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and attended by the Chaplain, left the Mansion House, soon after eight o'clock.

"The private state-carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, had driven to the door at half-past seven. The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high-spirited and stately horses—a circumstance somewhat unusual ; for, in the Lord Mayor's carriage, a postillion usually guides the first pair of horses. These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest, they were quite impatient of delay, and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits, by which their impetuosity was restrained.

"The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst the crowd who had gathered around the carriage, was at length hushed by the opening of the hall-door. The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval with instructions to the *femme de menage !* and other household officers, who were to be left in residence, to attend, with their wonted fidelity and diligence, to their respective departments of service during his absence, and now appeared at the door. His

> Lordship was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and followed by the Chaplain.
>
> "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of REAL GREATNESS!
>
> "Passing along Cheapside and Fleet Street—those arteries, as Dr. Johnson somewhere styles them, through which pours the full tide of London population—and then along the Strand and Piccadilly, the carriage took the Henley-road to Oxford.
>
> "The weather was delightful; the sun, as though it had been refreshed by the copious and seasonable showers that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise more bright and clear than usual, and streamed in full glory all around. The dust of almost a whole summer had been laid by the rain; the roads were, of consequence, in excellent order, and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy!"

In fact, creation was so delighted with the appearance of Lord Wenables, that "Nature wore an universal grin."

The reverend gentleman then describes the blowing up of a powder-mill as they reached Hounslow, which at first startled Lord Wenables, who imagined fondly that he had accidentally set fire to the great river whose source he was seeking; but Lady Wenables concurred with the reverend writer in assuring his Lordship that he might make himself perfectly easy upon that particular point.

> "At Cranford-bridge," says the reverend author, "which is about thirteen miles from Hyde Park Corner, the Lord Mayor staid only long enough to change horses. For, his Lordship intending to travel post from Cranford-bridge to Oxford, his own fine horses were, after a proper interval of rest, to return to town under the coachman's care.
>
> "These noble animals, however, seemed scarcely to need the rest which their master's kindness now allotted them. For though they had drawn a somewhat heavy carriage a distance of nearly seventeen miles, they yet appeared as full of life as ever; arching their stately necks, and dashing in all directions the white foam from their mouths, as if they were displeased that they were to go no farther!

> "Just as the carriage was about to drive away, Mr. Alderman Magnay, accompanied by his lady and daughter, arrived in a post-chaise! After an interchange of salutations, the Lady Mayoress—observing that they must be somewhat crowded in the chaise—invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat, which had as yet been vacant in the carriage. As the day was beginning to be warm, this courteous offer of her Ladyship was readily accepted."

Here we have, in one short page, a striking instance of the "true instinct" of Lord Wenables' fine horses, who were quite displeased that they were not allowed to drag him any farther—a delightful picture of a worthy Alderman and his family—three in a chay—a splendid specimen of Lady Wenables' sagacity and urbanity, and a fair estimate of the value of the latter upon the mind of the young invitée, who accepted her Ladyship's offer of a seat in the state coach because the day was beginning to get warm!

In safety, however, did Lord Wenables get to Oxford, of which, the reverend author says—"There is something peculiarly imposing in the entrance, particularly in the eastern entrance, to this city." Now this, which is ably twisted into the beginning of a flourishing description of towers and colleges, evidently refers to the toll at the Bridge-gate, and which Lord Wenables, who paid the turnpikes himself and kept the halfpence in the coach pockets, declared to be one of the greatest impositions at the entrance of a city that he had ever met with.

We are unable to give our readers the account of the highly honourable reception which Lord Wenables met with at Oxford, or the description of the dinner of which he partook—but we must, let what may happen, extract the whole account of the dinner given by his Lordship to the Oxfordians—a dinner which took place after a somewhat protracted lecture on comparative anatomy, which, if it failed in the delivery of establishing a likeness between a "bat" and a "whale," most certainly bears evidence, in its transmission to paper, of the great similitude between a Lord Mayor's Chaplain and a donkey.

It will be needless for us to make an observation upon what follows :—

> "The hour of six had scarcely arrived, when the company, invited by the Lord Mayor to dine with him at the Star, began to assemble. The City watermen, in their new scarlet state liveries, were stationed in the entrance hall ; and a band of music was in attendance to play on the arrival of the visitors."

The reverend author, by blending the band and the watermen (who are also firemen), leaves it somewhat doubtful to which corps the duty of playing on the arrival of the visitors was confided. He proceeds :—

> "In a large drawing-room, on the first floor, fronting the street, on a sofa at the upper end, sat the Lady Mayoress, accompanied by Mr. Charles Venables, and surrounded by the other ladies of the party. The City Marshal of London, Mr. Cope, dressed in full uniform, and carrying his staff of office in his hand, took his station at the door, and announced the names of the guests as they severally arrived. Near the entrance of the room also stood Mr. Beddome, in a richly-wrought black silk gown, carrying the sword downwards. The Lord Mayor, who was in full dress, and attended by the Chaplain in clerical robes, wore on this occasion the brilliant collar of S.S. (*quære* A.SS.) The Worshipful the Mayor, and the other Magistrates of Oxford ; Richard Cox, Esq., Thomas Fox Bricknell, Esq., Aldermen ; William Folker, Esq., Thomas Robinson, Esq., Richard Ferdinand Cox, Esq., Assistants ; Mr. Deodatus Eaton, and Mr. Crews Dudley, Bailiffs ; together with Mr. Percival Walsh, the City Solicitor, attended by the Town Clerk, in his robe of office, which resembled in some degree the undress black silk gown worn by Gentlemen Commoners of the University—were all severally introduced, and received by the Lord Mayor with a warmth and cordiality adequate to that which they had so kindly manifested on the preceding day.
>
> "The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Richard Jenkyns, Master of Baliol, preceded, as usual, by one of the Yeomen Bedels, carrying a large mace, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Edward Bridges, President of Corpus Christi College, the Rev. Dr. George William Hall, Master of Pembroke ; the Rev. Dr. Nicholas Philip Shuttleworth, Warden of New College ; the Rev. Dr. John Dean, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and Lord Almoner's Prælector in Arabic ; together with the two Proctors, the Rev. George Cumming Rashleigh, M.A., and the Rev. Wadham Harbin, M.A. ; the Rev. Mr. Woodgate, to whom allusion has

before been made, and other Members of the University, all of whom were dressed in full academicals, were severally introduced to the Lady Mayoress. To this distinguished list of visitors must be added the names of John Fane, Esq., one of the Members of Parliament for the county of Oxford; and James Haughton Langston, Esq., and John Ingram Lockhart, Esq., Members for the City of Oxford.

"When dinner was announced, the party, amounting to nearly sixty persons, each gentleman taking charge of a fair partner, descended to a long room on the ground floor.

"Every attention had been given by the proprietor of the Star to render the dinner as excellent as the occasion required, and to fit up the dining-room with as much taste as its extent would admit of; and no means had been left untried to keep the apartment as cool as possible. Wreaths of flowers were hung thickly round it, and the windows, which opened on a garden, were overspread with branches of trees, to exclude, as much as possible, the warm beams of a western summer sun. The band of musicians now removed their station from the entrance hall to the garden under the windows, where they played, at proper intervals, with excellent effect, the whole evening. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress took their seats at the head of the table, the Vice-Chancellor of the University sitting on the right hand of his Lordship, and the Chief Magistrate of Oxford on the left of her Ladyship. The heads of the Houses then took their seats, according to the priority of their admission to the degree of Doctor, alternating with the ladies and daughters of Aldermen Atkins, Magnay, Heygate, and Lucas. The Aldermen of London and of Oxford then filled the remainder of the table.

"Amidst much elegance and beauty, the Lady Mayoress attracted particular observation. Her Ladyship was arrayed in the most splendid manner, wore a towering plume of ostrich feathers, and blazed with jewels!

"When the Chaplain, by craving a blessing on the feast, had set the guests at liberty to address themselves to the dainties before them, and the room was illuminated throughout by a profusion of delicate wax candles, which cast a light as of broad day over the apartment, it would not have been easy for any eye, however accustomed to look on splendour, not to have been delighted, in no common manner, with the elegance of the classic and civic scene now exhibited in the dining-parlour of the first inn in Oxford.

"The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of that splendour which they would have had in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House in London, but still the general effect was peculiarly striking; and when the rank of the company is considered, may with truth be called brilliant!

"The conversation naturally assumed that tone best qualified for the discovery of those talents and learning, of which the evening had drawn together so select and bright a constellation.

"After dinner, as soon as the health of the King, the welfare of the Church, the prosperity of the University and City, and other toasts of loyalty, literature, and religion, had been honoured, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. This was followed by toasts to the health of the other Heads of Houses, the Professors, and Proctors; the Worshipful the Mayor and other Magistrates of Oxford; and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London; each toast giving rise to such acknowledgments, as the individuals, to whom they referred, considered appropriate and adequate. The health of the Lady Mayoress, and the other ladies of the company, was proposed by one of the Heads of the Houses; the toast was hailed with warm demonstrations of respect, and the honour was acknowledged with considerable point and taste by Mr. Lockhart, the Member, at her Ladyship's request.

"The ladies, who, to the great gratification of the company, had sat longer than is usual at most tables, at length obeyed the signal of the Lady Mayoress, and retired to the drawing-room—

"'With grace,
Which won who saw, to wish their stay.'

The conversation was, however, in no degree changed in their absence. The Lady Mayoress and her fair friends had taken their share in it with much good sense and delicacy; and their departure, so far from being succeeded by that obstreperous and vulgar merriment, or anything like that gross profligacy of conversation, which indicates rejoicing at being emancipated from the restraint of female presence, only gave occasion to the Magistrates of Oxford to express their wish, that, in the invitations to their Corporation dinners, arrangements could be made that would include the ladies."

After such a dinner and such an evening, it may easily be imagined that Lord Wenables and his Court slept like tops—not but that his Lordship had "requested his friends not to devote too many hours to repose." In obedience to a wish, which when breathed by a Lord Mayor becomes a command, everybody was up and busy "while the morning was early:" the yeoman of his Lordship's household, half covered with an awning, was occupied with the cook, who was busied on this lovely day in making a fire to boil the tea-kettle, in a grate in the bow of the boat.

> "About seven o'clock," says the reverend historian, "signals of the approach of his Lordship's party were descried and heard. The populace, thickly stationed on the road through which the carriages were to pass, caught up the acclamation; and announced to all who thronged the margin of the river, that———the Lord Mayor was coming! His Lordship and the Lady Mayoress alighted from the carriage at the bridge, and walked through the respectful crowd, which divided to give them passage; and were at once conveyed to the state barge——in the Water Bailiff's boat!"

The shouts of delight which rent the air were music to the ears of greatness—it was quite a genial morning, and one of those days "when we seem to draw in delight with the very air we breathe, and to feel happy we can scarcely tell why." So writes the reverend author, with more taste than judgment; for a man, placed as he was in the society of Lord Wenables and his Court, not to know why he felt happy, shows, we fear, a want of perception equally lamentable with the want of tact displayed in confessing it.

The reverend author laments that the eagerness of the party to do honour to the delicacies of the Lord Mayor's breakfast-table, prevented their seeing the beauties of Nuneham.

At ten o'clock they made Abingdon—and at Clifton the water shoaled suddenly from eighteen inches to fourteen and a half, so that his Lordship's yacht, which drew nearly two feet, could be drawn no farther, and they remained hard and fast till a fresh supply of the element could be procured.

The following passage is in the author's happiest style:—

> "The crowds of people—men, women, and children—who had accompanied the barge from Oxford, were continually succeeded by fresh reinforcements from every town and village that is skirted by the river. Distant shouts of acclamation perpetually re-echoed from field to field, as the various rustic parties, with their fresh and blooming faces, were seen hurrying forth from their cottages and gardens; climbing trees, struggling through copses, and traversing thickets, to make their shortest way to

the water-side. Handfuls of halfpence were scattered to the children as they kept pace in running along the banks with the City Barge; and Mr. Alderman Atkins, who assisted the Lord Mayor in the distribution, seemed to enter with more than common pleasure into the enjoyment of the little children. It was gratifying to see the absence of selfish feeling manifested by some of the elder boys, who, forgetful of themselves, collected for the younger girls."

It will be remembered that the voyage now under detail was undertaken in the dreadful year of panic—but we confess we had no idea of the desperate state of affairs in the country which could induce so severe a run on the banks for a few halfpence, such as is here described. It may not be uninteresting to trace the source of the Lord Wenables's munificence. The halfpence in question were those which we mentioned his Lordship to have taken in change at the turnpike-gates during his Lordship's over-land journey to Oxford, and were now distributed with that liberality and grace for which his Lordship and Mr. Alderman Atkins will never cease to be remembered. The reverend writer, indeed, says:—

> "There is, unquestionably, something genuine and affectionate in the cheerfulness of the common people, when it springs from the bounty and familiarity of those above them: the warm glow of gratitude spreads over their mirth; and a kind word or look, or a little pleasantry, frankly said or done—and which calls in no degree for any sacrifice of personal dignity—always gladdens the heart of a dependant a thousand times more than oil and wine. It is wonderful, too, how much life and joy even one intelligent and good-humoured member of a pleasure-party will diffuse around him. The fountain of indwelling light, which animates his own bosom, overflows to others; and every thing around quickly freshens into smiles."

It is, we fear, too evident that this passage comes direct from the reverend writer's heart: it seems clear to the meanest capacity, that he speaks from experience—perhaps of himself—when he expresses the delight which *even one* intelligent person can convey to a party. It is quite clear, that in the party now assembled there either was no intelligent person, or only one—at least, the observation of the author leaves little room to doubt the disagreeable fact.

At page 80, the following account of the natives of Caversham and the neighbouring districts is given, which is at once romantic and picturesque :—

> "Among the equestrians, two are deserving that their looks and equipments should be alluded to in more than general terms. The animals they bestrode were a couple of broken-down ponies, gaunt and rusty, who had possibly once seen better days. The men themselves were not unsuitable figures for such a pair of steeds. They rode with short stirrups, that brought their knees almost under cover of the shaggy mane that overspread the ewe necks of the poor creatures; and carried their short thick sticks perpendicular in their hands. Such was the appearance of these country wights as they shambled along the road that gave them so good a view of the City State Barge. And so mightily pleased was the Lord Mayor with their uncouth and ludicrous appearance, that he hailed one of them, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to Reading, touching his Lordship's carriage. The fellow seemed to feel as he never felt before! An honour was about to be conferred upon him alone—to be the avant-courier of the Lord Mayor of London!—above and beyond all other riders, drivers, and walkers, of whatever quality and degree, who had thronged to the view of the civic party. And no sooner had his Lordship flung him a piece of money, and told him to 'make haste to the Bear Inn, Reading, and order the Lord Mayor's carriage to meet the barge at Caversham Bridge,' than the fellow instantly belaboured the starveling ribs of the poor animal that carried him, with kicks and cudgel; who, in a moment, dashed briskly forward, snuffling and snorting, across the fields. In the eagerness of his flight, the doughty messenger had much ado to maintain his seat; he sometimes slipped on one side of the saddle, and sometimes on the other; while the skirts of his unbuttoned coat fluttered out far behind him. He executed his commission, however, with fidelity equalled only by the dispatch which he had used; for when the barge arrived at Caversham Bridge, the carriage was waiting the Lord Mayor's arrival. Other carriages were also in attendance. It was now nearly nine o'clock; and as the evening shadows were beginning to shroud the surrounding scenery, the Lady Mayoress, and the other ladies of the party, except the Misses Atkins, fearful of too long exposure to the night air, landed at the bridge, amidst the firing of guns and other demonstrations of respectful salutation; and proceeded in their carriages to Reading."

That a Lord Mayor should devote much time to Reading, Mr. Rogers would declare highly improbable—but his Lordship and party partook of a sumptuous supper and went to bed. That we cannot devote much more space to Lord Wenables is equally mortifying—suffice it to say, that on the following day, after a hearty breakfast, an eleven o'clock snack, and a one o'clock luncheon, Lord Wenables and his court partook of a cold collation at Cliefden, at which were present Mrs. Fromow and her son, Broom Witts, Esq.; the Mayors of Maidenhead, Windsor, and Reading, the brothers and sisters of Lord Wenables, and sixty or seventy other persons.

> "The gardens and grounds were thronged with spectators, either strolling about or seated on the grass; and on the opposite banks, several tents were erected for general convenience; around which the children shouted and threw up their hats!"

What particular occurrences excited the mirth and activity of the children round this particular spot, the reverend gentleman omits to mention; the following, however, must not be overlooked:—

> "The increasing pressure of the surrounding people now rendered the adoption of some plan necessary by which their curiosity could be better gratified. Arrangements were accordingly made to admit the female part of the spectators, in small successive parties, to walk round the tables as the company were seated at dinner; and it was curious to see how many eager eyes were strained, and fingers pointed, to distinguish the individuals of the party. But it was something more than a mere idle feeling of curiosity that prompted this anxiety in the honest peasantry to see the Lord Mayor of London."

It seems, in fact, that Lord Wenables was born in those parts, so that his anxiety about the source of the Thames was in fact instinctive and intuitive, and as natural as it was laudable.

The next thirty or forty pages of the work consist of a character of his late Majesty, an account of Mr. Wenables's paper-mill, and a description of the royal Castle at Windsor, copied, we presume, from the Guide to that building, which has been long since published for the benefit of Lions, at the small charge of sixpence.

The details of breaking a bottle over the stone at Staines we cannot give, although the anxiety of Lord Wenables to discover the London water-mark appears to have been professionally natural. At Richmond the barge remained—like the great Lord's stock in trade—*stationary*, and his Lordship's fine foaming horses having been delighted once more with the sight of his Lordship, dashed from Richmond to the Mansion House with a celerity which, although somewhat inconsistent with "true dignity," brought the illustrious personage, his wife, his chaplain, and his sword-bearer, to the end of the Poultry in "no time;" having safely achieved an adventure which will hand down to posterity the great names of Wenables and Fromow, and the unrivalled powers of an historian, who (though modesty may induce him to keep himself snug) will live in his works till time shall be no more.

LORD WENABLES AGAIN.*

The editor of these memoirs, anxious to do justice to Mr. Firkins's feelings, and to Mr. Gurney's accuracy in recording them, considers that he cannot do more for the establishment of the sincerity of one party, and the correctness of the other, than may be done by submitting a few extracts from an authentic work, published many years subsequent to the period to which Mr. Gurney refers, giving an account of the journey of Lord Mayor Wenables to Oxford, written and published at the desire of his lordship, and his companions in that enterprise, by his lordship's chaplain. As the romance of real life is said to be infinitely more romantic than that of fiction, so the details of dignity, splendour, and magnificence, ably and carefully written by the rev. gentleman, by which the expedition of Alderman Wenables was distinguished, very much transcend the description given by our respected acquaintance Firkins, to my much-regretted friend Gurney. The extracts must be brief—but I am convinced they will be highly satisfactory.

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* Published as a note at the end of the novel of "Gilbert Gurney."

The first quotation I shall make from the reverend author's book, is the description of the departure of the Lord Mayor from the Mansion House. It is headed "Tuesday," and begins at page 11 :—

> "On the morning of the 25th (July), the lord mayor accompanied by the lady mayoress, and attended by the chaplain, left the Mansion House soon after eight o'clock.
>
> "The *private state* carriage" (I ought to observe, the italics are mine) "had driven to the door at half-past seven" (which, by the way, as an act of volition upon the part of the private state coach, was extremely attentive). "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful; indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high spirited and stately horses, a circumstance somewhat unusual: for in the lord mayor's carriage, a postilion usually guides the first pair of horses,"—*i.e.* the postilion in the carriage guides the leaders, which are the farthest removed from it.
>
> "These fine animals," says the reverend author, "were in admirable condition for the journey—having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest; they were quite impatient of delay, and chafed and champed exceedingly on the bits, by which their impetuosity was restrained.
>
> "The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour amongst the crowd who had gathered around the carriage, was at length hushed, by—the opening of the hall door. The lord mayor had been filling up this interval" (the door ?) "with instructions to the *femme de ménage* and other household officers who were to be left in residence, to attend with their wonted fidelity and diligence to their respective departments of service during his absence, and now appeared at the door. His lordship was accompanied by the lady mayoress, and followed by the chaplain.
>
> "As soon as the female attendant of the lady mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the

> beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace which is always an indication of real greatness."—P. 12.

The reverend gentleman describes this majestic progress through London to Cranford Bridge; a powder-mill at Hounslow is blown up on the way; but at Cranford Bridge, "just thirteen miles from London," the lord mayor staid only long enough to change horses—"for his lordship intending to travel post from Cranford Bridge to Oxford, his own fine horses were, after a proper interval of rest, to return to town under the coachman's care."

> "These noble animals, however, seemed scarcely to need the rest which their master's"—job—"kindness now allotted them, for though they had drawn a somewhat heavy carriage a distance of nearly seventeen miles, yet they appeared as full of life as ever; arching their stately necks, and dashing in all directions the white foam from their mouths, as if they were displeased that they were to go no farther."—P. 16.
>
> "Just as the carriage was about to drive away" (more volition), "Mr. Alderman Magnay, accompanied by his lady and daughter, arrived in a post-chaise. After an interchange of salutations, the lady mayoress, observing that they must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat, which had yet been vacant in the carriage; as the day was beginning to be warm, this courteous offer of her ladyship was readily accepted."

Here is a perfect justification of Firkins's regrets at his fall—the unhappy trio, jammed in the *po chay*, had been the year before in precisely the same elevated position which their illustrious friends then occupied; and if the courteous lady mayoress the year before that, had been screwed up with her husband and daughter in a *po chay* also, then Mrs. Magnay would have been the courteous lady mayoress, to have relieved the Wenableses. I must, however, think that the reverend gentleman's reason for Miss Magnay's ready acceptance of the courteous offer does her an injustice. By his account, she readily got out of the family jam, not because she duly appreciated the grace and favour of the lady mayoress, but because "the day was beginning to be warm."

The journey to Oxford was all safely completed, and after seventy-six pages of matter, equally illustrative of Firkins's feelings, we come, at p. 77, to this description of the rapture and delight of the people of Oxfordshire, under the exciting circumstances of the lord mayor's return down the river towards London :—

> "The crowds of people—men, women, and children—who had accompanied the barge from Oxford, were continually succeeded by fresh reinforcements from every town and village that is skirted by the river. Distant shouts and acclamations perpetually re-echoed from field to field, as the various rustic parties, with their fresh and blooming faces, were seen hurrying forth from their cottages and gardens, climbing trees, struggling through copses, and traversing thickets to make their shortest way to the water side. Handfuls of halfpence were scattered to the children as they kept pace with the city barge, and Mr. Alderman Atkins, who assisted the lord mayor in the distribution, seemed to enter with more than common pleasure into the enjoyment of the little children. It was gratifying to see the absence of selfish feeling manifested by some of the elder boys, who, forgetful of themselves, collected for the younger girls."—Pp. 77, 78.

The last bit for which I have room, is of the more convincing and powerfully descriptive cast, than anything I have yet advanced in favour of my poor friend Gurney's estimation of Firkins's dismay at his fall. The scene is near Caversham, where crowds of "spectators, some on foot, some on horseback, and some in equipages of every kind," were collected to see the barges pass.

> "Among the equestrians," says the author, "two are deserving that their looks and equipments should be alluded to in more than general terms. The animals they bestrode were a couple of broken-down ponies, gaunt and rusty, who had possibly once seen better days. The men themselves were not unsuitable figures to such a pair of steeds. They rode with short stirrups, that brought their knees almost under cover of the shaggy manes that overspread the

ewe necks of the poor creatures; and carried their short thick sticks perpendicular in their hands."

This sounds like an account in one of the innumerable books of travels in the interior of Africa, rather than a description of a couple of natives of Berkshire, within five-and-thirty miles of Hyde Park Corner; however, "so mightily pleased was the lord mayor with their uncouth and ludicrous appearance, that he hailed one of them, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to Reading, touching his lordship's carriage. The fellow seemed to feel as he never felt before. An honour was about to be conferred upon him alone, to be the *avant courier* of—'the Lord Mayor of London,' above and beyond all the other riders, drivers, and walkers, of whatever quality and degree, who had thronged in view of the civic party; and no sooner had his lordship flung him a piece of money, and told him to 'make haste to the Bear Inn at Reading, and order the lord mayor's carriage to meet the barge at Caversham Bridge,' than the fellow instantly belaboured the starveling ribs of the poor animal that carried him with kicks and cudgel, who in a moment dashed briskly forward, snuffling and snorting, across the fields. In the eagerness of his flight, the doughty messenger had much ado to keep his seat; he sometimes slipped on one side of the saddle, and sometimes on the other, while the skirts of his unbuttoned coat fluttered far out behind him."—Pp. 81, 82.

All this evidence from the pen of a worthy divine, will, I am sure, convince the most sceptical reader of the fidelity with which my late friend repeated the regrets and lamentations of our friends in Budge Row, after their involuntary abdication. Every page of the account of that memorable journey and voyage teems with gem-like illustrations of a similar character; and I regret that my duty, as editor of the Gurney Papers, does not permit me to draw more largely on its stores.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

To John Bull.

Sir,—I am not one of those who snarl at modern improvements, but I admit my incapacity to find out the improvements, at which other people snarl—I consider gas and steam to be two of the most odious and abominable nuisances ever tolerated in a Christian country: I only ask the best-natured critic—the most impartial judge in Christendom—whether anything can smell more abominably than the vapour which thousands of pounds are hourly spent to produce? If ruining oil-men, and beggaring wax-chandlers, is sport, well and good—in Heaven's name stew down the wholesome coals and make smoke, and set fire to it: but don't call that an improvement.

I love the sight of a lamp-lighter—a "jolly Dick" in a greasy jacket flaring his link along the pavement, rubbing against one's sleeve, or besprinkling one's shirt with oil—I seldom see one of them now; the race is superseded by a parcel of dandies, with dark lanthorns in their hands, prowling about like so many Guy Fawkes's: up they go, and without taking off the green lamp-tops and putting them on their heads, as the jolly Dicks did, they open a door, turn a cock, introduce their lanthorn—piff, paff, poff,—out comes the light, and down goes the ladder—this is innovation, not improvement.

Then steam—what's the improvement of steam? There was an interest in a short sea voyage when I was young—contrary winds—tides against one—nature had fair play—but now Mr. This-thing or Mr. T'other-thing, makes a great copper pot, and fills it with water—more coals; poking and stoking, and shovelling and raking—Nature is thrown overboard; and the pacquet-boat, uninfluenced either by her smiles or frowns, ploughs up the waves, and marches along, like a couple of wandering water-mills. There is no interest in this, sir—any fool can make a copper pot—any fool can fill a copper pot with water—any fool can make a fire, and poke it, and make water boil—there's no pleasure in this life when events are thus provided for, and that, which had all the interest of doubt and difficulty, is reduced to a certainty.

The same in land carriage—formerly, a stage coach journey was an affair—a thing to be thought about—a man took leave of his relations, left his home, in the expectation of never seeing his wife again; then there was an interest, a pleasure in the speculation, and a hope, and a fear, and a doubt, and something to keep the faculties awake. Now, sir, if you want to go sixty or seventy miles, you have hardly settled yourself comfortably in your corner, before you are at your journey's end. Why, sir, before these jigamaree things were invented, I have lived two-and-twenty days on board a Leith smack, for three pounds three shillings, and enjoyed a pleasant five days' excursion on the road to Plymouth; whereas at present I am whirled from Edinburgh to London in forty hours, and taken from Piccadilly to Dock—Devonport I mean—in about half that time. Now this, to my mind, is no improvement.

Then, sir, look at London—look what the improvers have done—pulled up the pavements, the pride of the land, and turned the streets into roads. This Muckadamizing is no improvement. Puddles for purbecks is a bad exchange—the granite grinding is no wonder—the rattle and clatter of London is at an end. One might as well be at Slough or Southall, or any of the environs, as be in the heart of the town. They have taken away Swallow-street—scene of my youthful pleasures; and, to crown all, they are pulling St. James's Park to pieces, planting trees, and twisting the water. Why did not they leave the canal straight, as the Serpentine is? Are we to come back to the days of Duck Island, with a Whig governor for it? Why are the horses and cows disturbed to make way for the people? I love to see horses and cows happy. I like to see the barracks and hospitals. I don't want to look at great big rows of high houses, filled with people who can afford to live in them, while I cannot. This is no improvement.

Then for manners and customs: in my time we dined early and sat late, and the jolliest part of our lives was that which we passed with our legs under the mahogany. Now, we see no mahogany—we dine at supper-time and the cloth stops and the wine never moves; away go our women—no healths—no toasts—no gentleman to cover a lady—no good wishes—nothing convivial—one anonymous half glass, sipped silently, and the coffee is ready. Out we go, turned adrift at eleven, with nothing on earth to do for the rest of the evening, unless one goes to a Club, where, if a man asks for anything stronger than soda water, he is looked at as a monster. Hock and Seltzer water, perhaps, if it's hot weather—wimbly wambly stuff, enough to make a cat sick, and after that, home. Why, in my time, sir, I should have laughed at a fellow who flinched before his fourth bottle, or who submitted to the degrading circumstance of finding his way to bed of his own proper discretion. But those days are past—one thing I *do* thank the stars for—we are getting back to the tobacco—not indeed the beautiful lily pipe, tipped rosily with sealing wax, and pure as the driven snow, but a happy succedaneum—a cigar. I do love a cigar, sir; it reminds me of the olden time, and I like the smell of my clothes in the morning, which I congratulate myself none of our modern improvements, as they are called, can ever eradicate.

Perhaps you have been lately in the Regent's Park—I will tell you what is doing there—a Mr. Somebody—I forget his name, but it is somehow connected in my mind upon Von Feinagle's principle with a Christmas pie—Horner, by Jove, that's it—he has sunk twenty thousand pounds, and raised a splendid building—a temple—a pantheon—a feature in the town—and what do you think for?—to exhibit a panorama of London from the top of St. Paul's, just within a couple of miles of St. Paul's itself—but then we are to be saved all the trouble—to be screwed up to the eminence without labour: to my mind, the whole point of a fine prospect is the trouble of getting to it—far-fetched and dear-bought are the great attractions, and all the interest is destroyed if things are made too easy of attainment. I don't like this plan.

The same struggle against nature seems to be going on everywhere—see the theatres—even at that band-box the Adelphi—there was a difficulty in getting in, and a difficulty in getting a seat when one did get in; now it is all made easy and comfortable, and for what? To see a schooner so like what any one can see any day in the river, that it is no sight at all; like Lawrence's pictures—I hate that President—his things are like life, the likenesses are identity, and so like nature that there is no merit in the painting—I like a little doubt—I love to show my quickness by guessing a portrait—the interest is destroyed if there is no question about the thing—the same with shooting—I used to hit my bird and miss my bird, and walk and walk over the furrows, and climb over the hedges and ditches, and bang away with a gun of my poor father's, which, when it did go off, was not over-certain in its performance—I liked the pursuit—now, with your Mantons and percussions, your Nocks without flints, and all that sort of thing—wet or dry, off they go—slap bang, down tumbles the bird for each barrel, and the thing is over—I never shoot now—a thing reduced to a certainty loses all interest.

Before Palmer's time I used to keep up a constant correspondence with a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance; there was no certainty about the delivery of one's letters—mail carts were robbed—post-boys were murdered—bags found in a pond all soaked to rags; then, there was an interest in it; now, a letter never miscarries; all like clock-work. I hate that Freeling—his activity and vigilance have destroyed the interest. I haven't written to a friend for the last fifteen years, nor should I write to you now, only that I send my letter by a servant lad, who is a member of an Intellectual Institution, and so stupid, that I think it is at least ten to one that you ever receive it.—Perhaps you will just acknowledge it, if it comes to hand—the expectation will, at least, serve to keep up the interest.

Yours truly, STEPHEN BROWN.

Baker Street, Oct. 17, 1828.

TO JOHN BULL.

SIR,—I perceived the other day in your columns a letter from a gentleman of the name of Brown, who, in the most cynical, sneering manner, thought fit, unjustly as I think, to run down all our modern improvements—I know you are impartial, and love to give upright adversaries fair play in your paper; I differ with Mr. Brown, and perhaps you will give me the opportunity of showing how and why.

In the first place, the ridicule, which not only he, but, I am sorry to say, yourself and many others, think fit to cast upon the advancement of learning, and which you have nicknamed the march of intellect, is entirely misplaced—you look at things politically, because politicians of a peculiar class have adopted the institution of societies, seminaries, and universities—this is wrong—considering the matter thus, and associating men and manners, you teach us to believe the march of intellect the "rogues' march," to which all the well-disposed middling classes are to go to destruction; but you should consider the matter differently; you should recollect that almost all the political supporters of these Mechanics' Institutes and London Universities have imbibed their political principles merely because they have had little or no education themselves, and that as for instilling pride or arrogance into the minds of the lower and middling classes of the people, by sending them to the London University, the very converse must be the fact, because there is nothing that I see to be derived from the institution at all likely to induce pride or self-satisfaction in any of its members.

In the *Times* of Tuesday, I perceive an advertisement from Mr. Dufief, stating that nearly 300 members of a class in the London Mechanics' Institute are learning French rapidly and critically. This, I conceive, so far from being an absurdity, to be one of the most beneficial events ever announced: consider what an improvement it will be for the common run of people who frequent public places of amusement, to find the lower order well grounded in French—in that language they will, for elegance sake, carry on their future conversations, and the ears of our wives and daughters be no longer disgusted with the coarseness to which they are now subject—for you are of course aware, that as the progress of learning exhibits itself amongst the *canaille*, the aristocracy will abandon the ground they assume, and our belles and beaux, in less than a dozen years, will whisper their soft nonsense in Hebrew, Sanscrit, Cingalese, or Malabar.

But Mr. Brown seems not only to find fault with mental improvement, but also with mechanical and scientific discoveries—he sneers at steam and growls at gas. I contend that the utility of constructing a coach which shall go by hot water nearly as fast as two horses can draw it, at a trifling additional expense, promises to be wonderfully useful. We go too fast, sir, with horses—besides, horses eat oats, and farmers live by selling oats; if, therefore, by inconveniencing ourselves and occasionally risking our lives, we can, however imperfectly, accomplish by steam what is now done by horses, we get rid of the whole race of oat-sowers, oat-sellers, oat-eaters, and oat-stealers, vulgarly called ostlers.

Gas too—what a splendid invention—we gain a magnificent light, and ruin the oil-merchants, the whale-fisheries, and the wax-chandlers—it is as economical as it is brilliant; —to be sure we use more coals, but the coal-merchants are all worthy men, and never take advantage of a frost to advance the price of their commodity; coals are evidently, however, not so essentially necessary to the poor as wax candles; therefore, even supposing the price of coals to be raised, and their value enhanced, we light our streets more splendidly, and our houses more economically.

Mr. Brown seems to dislike the over-brilliancy of the gas in the public ways, as tending to destroy the legitimate distinction between day and night. I admit this innovation —but let me beg to say, that until gas was brought to the perfection it now is, for external illumination, we never could see the unhappy women who are driven to walk the streets at night, so plainly following their avocations, or ever were indulged with the pleasing prospect of our watchmen slumbering in their wooden sanctums, at the corners of the streets.

Mr. Brown appears to dislike Mr. Mac Adam's improvements; these I defend upon several principles; one which I conceive to be extremely important, is, the constant employment they afford to the sweepers of crossings, without whose active exertions no man could ever pass from one side of the street to the other; and another which I firmly believe to be conducive to the improvement of the mind—I mean the activity with which the eye, and the ear, and the understanding must be constantly kept, in order that the individual walking may escape being run over; superadded to which, there is the admirable manure which the sweepings provide for the land.

In short, most of the objects of Mr. Brown's vituperation are objects of my respect, and I take the liberty of writing this, in order that he may, if he chooses, enter into a public disputation upon the several points at issue; for which purpose, if he will direct a letter to me under cover to you, I will appoint a time and place where the merits and demerits of the present age may be temperately, calmly, and dispassionately discussed between us.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Richard White.

PUNNING.

It would be vain, at this time of the world's age, to enter upon a serious disquisition into the "art or mystery" of punning: it would be useless to argue upon its utility, the genius and talent required for carrying it on, or the pleasure or amusement derivable from it. The fact is self-evident, that puns are an acknowledged ingredient of the English language amongst the middling classes, and are, in their societies, the very plums in the pudding of conversation.

It may be said that punning is a vice, and we are quite ready to admit the charge; but still it exists and flourishes amongst dapper clerks in public offices, hangers-on of the theatres; amongst very young persons at the universities; in military messes amongst the subalterns; in the City amongst apprentices; and, in some instances, with old wits *razee*, who are driven to extravagant quibbles to furnish their quota of entertainment to the society in which they are endured.

A punster (that is, a regular hard-going thick and thin punster) is the dullest and stupidest companion alive, if he could but be made to think so. He sits gaping for an opportunity to jingle his nonsense with whatever happens to be going on, and, catching at some detached bit of a rational conversation, perverts its sense to his favourite sound, so that, instead of anything like a continuous intellectual intercourse, which one might hope to enjoy in pleasant society, one is perpetually interrupted by his absurd distortions and unseasonable ribaldry, as ill-timed and as ill-placed as songs in an opera sung by persons in the depth of despair, or on the point of death.

Admitting, however, the viciousness, the felonious sinfulness of punning, it is to be apprehended that the liberty of the pun is like the liberty of the press, which, says the patriot, is like the air, and if we have it not we cannot breathe. Therefore, seeing that it is quite impossible to put down punning, the next best thing we can do is to regulate it, in the way they regulate peccadilloes in Paris, and teach men to commit punnery as Cæsar died and Frenchmen dissipate—with decency.

The proverb says, "wits jump," so may punsters, and two bright geniuses may hit upon the same idea at different periods quite unconsciously. To avoid any unnecessary repetition or apparent plagiarisms, therefore, by these coincidences, we venture to address this paper to young beginners in the craft, to the rising generation of witlings; and we are led to do this more particularly, from feeling that the tyro in punning, as well as in every thing else, firmly believes that which he for the first time has heard or read, to be as novel and entertaining to his older friends, who have heard it or read it before he was born, as to himself, who never met with it, till the day upon which he so liberally and joyously retails it to the first hearers he can fall in with.

For these reasons we propose, in order to save time and trouble, to enumerate a few puns, which, for the better regulation of jesting, are positively prohibited in all decent societies where punnery is practised; and first, since the great (indeed the only) merit of a pun is its undoubted originality, its unequivocal novelty, its extemporaneous construction and instantaneous explosion; all puns by recurrence, all puns by repetition, and all puns by anticipation, are prohibited.

Secondly, all words spelt differently having a similar sound, which are carefully collated and arranged in a catalogue prefixed, for the use of little punnikins at schools, to Entick's small dictionary, of whatever sort, kind, or nature they may be, are prohibited. Take for example:

Augur	a soothsayer.
Auger	a carpenter's tool.
All	every one.
Awl	a shoemaker's gimblet.
Haul	(for the Cockneys) to pull.
Hall	a vulgar proper name.
Boar	a male pig.

Bore . . .	Mr. Creevy.
Wax . . .	the produce of Bees.
Whacks . .	thumps on the head or body,

and so on.

In the next place, all the following travelling puns are strictly prohibited:—

All allusions upon entering a town to the *pound* and the *stocks*—knowing a man by his gait and not liking his *style*—calling a tall turnpike-keeper a colossus of *roads*—paying the post-boys charges of *ways* and means—seeing no *sign* of an *inn*—or, replying, "Sir, you are out," to your friend who says he does—talking of a hedger having a *stake* in the *bank*—all allusions to *sun* and *air* to a new-married couple—all stuff about village *belles*—calling the belfry *a court of a peal*—saying, upon two carpenters putting up paling, that they are very peaceable men to be *fencing in* a field—all trash about "*manors* make the man," in the shooting season—and all such stuff about trees, after this fashion—"that's a *pop'lar* tree—I'll turn over a new *leaf*, and make my *bough*," etc. etc.

Puns upon field sports, such as racing being a matter of *course*—horses *starting* without being shy—a good shot being fond of his *but* and his *barrel*—or saying that a man fishing deserves a *rod* for taking such a *line;* if he is sitting under a *bridge* calling him an *arch* fellow—or supposing him a nobleman because he takes his place among the *piers*—or that he will *catch* nothing but cold, and no fish by *hook* or by crook. All these are prohibited.

To talk of yellow pickles at dinner, and say the way to *Turn 'em Green* is through Hammersmith—all allusions to eating men, for *Eton* men, or *Staines* on the table-cloth—or *Egg-ham*, are all exploded—as are all stuff about *Maids* and *Thornbacks*, and *Plaice*—or saying to a lady who asks you to help her to the wing of a chicken, that it is a mere matter of *a pinion*—all quibbles about dressing *hare* and cutting it—all stuff about a merry fellow being given to *wine*—or upon helping yourself to say you have a *platonic* affection for roast beef—or when fried fish runs short, singing to the mistress of the house, with Tom Moore,—

> "Your sole, though a very sweet sole, love,
> Will ne'er be sufficient for me,"

are entirely banished.

At the play-house never talk of being a *Pittite* because you happen not to be in the boxes—never observe what a *Kean* eye one actor has, or that another can never grow old because he must always be *Young*—never talk of the uncertainty of *Mundane* affairs in a farce, or observe how *Terrybly* well a man plays Mr. Simpson—banish from your mind the possibility of saying the Covent Garden manager has put his best *Foot* forward, or that you should like to go to *Chester* for a day or two—or that you would give the world to be tied to a *Tree*—or that Mr. *Make ready* is a presentable actor—all such stuff is interdicted.

In speaking of Parliament, forget Broom and Birch, Wood and Cole, Scarlett and White, Lamb and the Leakes, the Hares and the Herons, the Cootes and the Cruins—such jumbles will lead into great difficulties, and invariably end, without infinite caution, in an observation, that the conduct of that House is always regulated by the best possible *Manners*.

There are some temptations very difficult to avoid—for instance, last Saturday we saw gazetted, as a bankrupt, "Sir John Lade, Cornhill, watchmaker!" Now this, we confess, was a provocation hard of resistance—when one sees a *lad* of sixty-four *set up* only to *break down*, and perceives that whatever he may do with *watches*, he could not make a *case* before the Insolvent Debtors' Court; and moreover, since his taking to watchmaking arose from his having, in the *spring* of life, gone upon *tick*, and that the circumstance may be considered as a *striking* instance of a *bad wind-up*—we admit that in the hands of a young beginner such a thing is quite irresistible, but such temptations should be avoided as much as possible.

We have not room to set down all the prohibited puns extant; but we have just shown that the things which one hears, when one dines in the City (where men eat peas with a two-pronged fork, and bet hats with each other), as novelties, and the perfection of good fun, are all flat, stale, and unprofitable to those who have lived a little longer and seen a little more of the world, and have heard puns when it was the fashion to commit them at the west end of the town.

These hints are thrown out for the particular use of some sprightly persons, with whose facetiousness we have been of late extremely pestered—we apologise to our rational readers for the insertion of such stuff, even by way of surfeit to our quibbling patients.

CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.*

My readers may know that to all the editions of Entick's Dictionary, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed "A table of words that are alike, or nearly alike, in sound, but different in spelling and signification." It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punning in youth, which may be fostered by this manual, I have thrown together the following adaptation of Entick's hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to be avoided, rather than an example to be followed; and at the same time showing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning.

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* Contributed to a tiny Annual for Children, entitled "The Christmas Box." Edited by T. Crofton Croker, 1828.

"My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun:
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is, to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

"For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or if to France your *bark* you steer, at Dover, it may be,
A *peer appears* upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

"Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting.
Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared;
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

"Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care:
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair*?

"A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close:
The farmer sitting on his *style* no *stylish* person knows:
Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some *Scilly* men are bright;
A *brown* man oft deep *read* we see, a *black* a wicked *wight*.

"Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they;
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play*:
So poets can't the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *Mews*.

"The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his *panes:*
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime;
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.

"Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense:* the sense is never *sound*.

"So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love:
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done;
But parents ne'er should let ye go un*pun*ish'd for a *pun!*"

FASHIONABLE PARTIES.*

The season of festivities is arrived—the balmy breath of Spring has called the dormant vegetation into life—the flowers are bursting from their buds, the blossoms hang on every tree—the birds sing melodiously, and the sun shines brightly over the fresh foliage; in consequence of the completion of which arrangements, everybody is coming to London, in order to take the dust in the Parks, or pace the burning pavement in the streets. Such is the order of things, and shady groves and cooling grots are abandoned for drawing rooms at ninety-six, and half-a-score sickly orange-trees tubbed on the top of a staircase.

Thursday last was a fruitful day in the annals of our town. Lord Dudley had a grand dinner—so had the Bishop of London—so had Lady Sykes—so had Mrs. Bethel, and so had half a score of the leaders of Ton. The Society for the Relief of Foreigners in Distress (to which his Royal Highness Don Miguel borrowed fifty pounds of Lord Dudley to subscribe) had their anniversary feast at the City of London Tavern; and the Chimney Sweepers of the metropolis held theirs—contrast is every thing—at the White Conduit House!

This last was amongst the most elegant affairs of the season—every thing which could possibly have reference to the profession was interdicted; black puddings and black strap were banished; and when the amiable and excellent Mr. Duck, after doing what few Ducks can do (we mean stuffing himself with sage and onions), called attention to Non nobis Domine—sung, the newspapers say, "by some professional vocalists"—the grace was received by the fraternity with *sootable* attention; that they did not exactly understand it, Mr. Duck said was a misfortune, not a fault;

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* *John Bull,* May 4, 1828.

but as he could almost see from the windows the chimneys—(loud cries of Order interrupted the speaker)—the roof, he meant, of that noble pile, the London University, he did hope that before many years had gone over their heads, he should find the younger branches of the profession to which he had the honour to belong, bringing the dead languages to life, and conversing *flue*-ntly—(Order, order!)—he meant easily, in Latin and Greek."

"The immortal memory of Marshal Saxe and Sir Cloudesly Shovel," were then given by Mr. Figgins, and were shortly followed by the health of Mr. Brougham, who was expected to have favoured the party with his presence, but he was unable to get away from the House of Commons.

Mr. Duck felt it necessary to rise, in order to endeavour to do away with an impression which had got abroad, that the gentlemen of the profession disliked the introduction of machines to supersede the necessity of climbing-boys—he repelled the insinuation, although, added the Honourable Gentleman, "if machines had been invented in my time, I, perhaps, should not have had the honour of being here, for I began at the bottom of the chimney and climbed my way to the very top"—(loud cheers). "I dare say, gentlemen," said Mr. Duck, "you have heard the story of the humane man who proposed to supersede the necessity of climbing-boys by letting a goose down the chimney by a string, which would, by the fluttering of its wings, effectually clean the whole flüe—the lady to whom he proposed this plan replied that she thought it would be very cruel treatment of the goose. 'Lord love your eyes, Ma'am,' said the professor, 'if so be as you are particular about the goose, a couple of ducks will do as well!'—and, gentlemen, I never hear that professional anecdote but I think of myself when I was but a duckling, as I may say, and the laudable ambition into which I climbed and climbed, and rose, as I may say, like a phonix out of the hashes, until I reached my grand climacteric."

Mr. Duck sat down amidst shouts of applause.

In the Old Times of yesterday we find the following report of some part of the entertainment, which we were unfortunate enough to miss—we take the liberty of borrowing it:

> "Mr. Watson said that he was present, a few evenings since, at a Lecture delivered by Dr. Birkbeck, on the utility of the machine to supersede the necessity of the climbing-boy. The Doctor, he admitted, argued candidly and fairly on the subject, and produced an improvement in Glass's machine, which was unquestionably the best invention of the kind; yet, with all its perfections, he (Mr. Watson) was convinced that it would never answer the expectations of those who entertained such a favourable opinion of its efficacy in cleansing chimnies. In the course of the lecture the Doctor said that the machine must succeed in all cases where it is used, if the prejudices of the master chimney-sweepers did not interfere with the trial. It was true that the machine so eloquently eulogized by the Doctor would answer in cleansing perpendicular chimnies, but where there were impediments from various causes, no machine, however pliable, would overcome them.
>
> "Several master chimney-sweepers addressed the chair in the course of the afternoon. One of them commenced 'I'm blowed, but if we had Dr. Bucbuck, or whatever you may call him, here at our dinner, I think we should soon make a conwert of him to our opinions. Gemmen, I say it is unpossible that ere chimney (pointing to the chimney in the room) can be swept unless one of us goes up it; and I'll give you a proof of it now.' The speaker here began to doff his long coat, and would have run up the chimney in earnest, had he not been prevented by some of his brother tradesmen, who caught hold of him by the legs just as his body was about disappearing from the company. When he alighted on the floor, he said that he did not mind a fig getting a sooty shirt, so that he succeeded in showing the strangers present, how little danger was to be apprehended in doing the work as it should be done, and that was by encouraging climbing-boys. He had ascended upwards of 5,000 chimnies in his life, of all sorts and sizes, and never yet met with an accident."

"Archdeacon Pott and the Clargy of Middlesex," were then given.

Mr. Duck then rose and said, "Gentlemen—we all of us have known what it is to climb; and as my honourable friend on the left says—I may say I have been up five thousand chimnies, long and short, and never failed in doing my duty to my employers—but what was it repaid me for my toil—what was it that cheered me in my labour—the sixpence as I got when I kimm'd down?—or the bread and cheese the kitchen-maid would give me afore I went out?—No, sir; it was not that—no—neither the one nor the other;—it was the smile of ooman—lovely ooman, which rules us all;—in her favour there is indeed a sweeping-clause; and I have the pleasure to tell you, that there is a splendid assembly of the dear creechurs a waiting in the next room, ready to trip it on their fantastic toeses—so, if you please, gemmen, we'll wind up the arternoon, by drinking—'Success to the brush and shovel all over the world'—and then join the fair."

To this proposal no possible objection could be made; and the doors being thrown open, a most splendid collection of the dear creechurs appeared ready for the quadrilles, which commenced about five. The principal dancers were—

Mr. William Duck,	Miss Grigson,
Mr. Watson,	Miss Hawkins,
Mr. Robert Tottie,	Mrs. Tom Ducks,
Mr. Wilkinson.	Miss Anne Smith.

The refreshments were of the first quality, and the whole day passed off with the greatest hilarity.

A DAY'S PROCEEDINGS OF A REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT,

Anno ——.

House of Commons, Thursday, Feb. 28.

Several new Members took the oaths and their seats; amongst them we observed the Hon. Member for the District of Field Lane and Saffron Hill, whose entrance was greeted with huzzas, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of joy.

PRAYERS.

Mr. Snob rose and said as how he thought it were a great waste of time to okipy the Ouse with a lot of praying—he thought that it would be quite as well and ample sufficient that every member, on entering the Ouse, should poke his face in his at and mutter a short jackerlation, sich as was done in his parish church.—(Hear.)—He never did no more when he was a churchwarden—(hear, hear)—and he always found that it answered the purpose; and he gave notice that, on Monday next, he intended to move that the present practice be done away with—(cheers).

Mr. Ketch said he would sartinly second the motion whenever it came before the Ouse.

WAYS AND MEANS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated that on the 22nd of next month he should be prepared to submit his plan of Ways and Means for the year. He could not then, with propriety, enter into details—he would merely state that it was in contemplation to repeal most of the existing taxes (cheers from all sides), and this object would be easily attained by suspending for the present the payment of the interest on the funded debt—(immense cheering)—by the sale of several supernumerary ships of war, and the materials of some of the dockyards.—(Hear, hear.)—He anticipated also a considerable sum from the disposal of superfluous military equipments, cannon, &c., which it would be the height of folly to retain in these "piping times of peace;" it would follow of course that very extensive reductions would take place in the military establishments—(cheers)—all pensions will forthwith be abolished—(Long-continued cheering).—He laid particular stress upon the word *all*, in order that there might be "no mistake"—(a laugh)—and, although there might be an apparent hardship in some few cases, yet his Majesty's ministers had wisely resolved not to incur censure from any person or party by using even the semblance of partiality.—(Cheering, which lasted several minutes.)

A Member, whose name we could not learn, rose, and in the exuberance of his joy exclaimed, "Blow my wig if ever I heard such a speech in all my life."—("Order! Order!")

The Speaker begged to remind the Hon. Gentleman that such expressions were not *strictly* in accordance with the dignity of the House.

The Member apologized for having been led away by his feelings, but this he would say, that whoever should now venture to assert that His Majesty's Ministers had any other than the benefit of their country in view, told a thundering lie.—(Loud laughter.)

Mr. Gubbins said that he wholly and totally agreed with the G'elman what spoke last—he thought that the thanks of the community and the country at large are due to the Right Hon. G'elman (the Chanciller) for his expozee; and in order that their ancestors might see—(a laugh)—he begged pardon, their posteriors—(roars of laughter)—well then, their children's children and them as comes arter them, might see the estimation in which that House had held him, he would move that its freedom be presented to him in a snuff-box of the value of five sovs., and he would subscribe his bob.—(Cheers, and some laughter.)

The Speaker interposed, and endeavoured to explain to the Hon. Member that there was no such thing as freedom in that House, consequently his motion could not be put.

Mr. Gubbins said he supposed it would be unreglar to argufy that pint with the Right Hon. Speaker, he would therefore bow to the Cheer; he would not however be done out of doing nothing, and with reference to the place represented by the Right Hon. G'elman the Chanciller, he would propose to bestow upon him the title of "The Bermondsey *Screw*."—(Laughter.)

(As *all* our readers may not understand the point of this pun, we should explain that in the Clink liberty, represented by the Right Hon. G'elman the Game of Skittles is a favourite amusement, and some of the Amateurs have a particular mode of delivering the Bowl, which amongst the cognoscenti is termed "A Bermondsey Screw.")

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Mr. Cobbett having given notice, that on Thursday next he should bring forward his motion (postponed on a previous occasion) for a Committee of that House being appointed, with instructions to proceed to New South Wales, for the purpose of enquiring into the Administration of Religion in that Colony,—

Mr. Lagg rose, apparently under great excitement, and said that he could never consent that such a preposterous motion should be entertained by that House even for a moment. Was the Honourable Gentleman aware of the privations and hardships which the Members of such a Committee would have to undergo? He thought not—for himself, he would say, that he had been a resident in the neighbourhood of Sidney during the greater part of Fourteen Years—(hear, hear)—"and," said the Hon. Gentleman, with much emotion, "I will never willingly consent to go there again, or recommend such a voyage to any of my friends." He said he saw several Honourable Gentlemen around him, whom he knew had been there as well as himself, and, judging from his own feelings, he was quite assured they would bear him out in his opposition.

Mr. Cobbett said, that under these circumstances he should ask leave to withdraw his motion. (Leave given instanter.)

NEW POLICE.

Petitions were presented from several parishes in the outskirts, against the system of Police introduced by a late Administration.

Several Members having risen at the same time to recommend the attention of the House to these petitions, and all asserting, with much vociferation, their right of priority, the Speaker was obliged to interpose and call on Mr. Bumpus.

Mr. Bumpus said he thought there could be but one opinion on the subject of this system, and that was, the sooner it was abolished the better—(hear, hear,)—he said that it required no oration to shew its baneful and unconstitutional character; he thought he could not better exemplify its true character than in using the words of a very intelligent and interesting youth, the son of a tallor-chandler, who was one of the officers of the parish in which he (Mr. Bumpus) resided. "Addressing me" (said the Honourable Gentleman) "you must understand, Gentlemen, this youth lisps very much, these were his very words, says he, Thir, says he, it is a miltuthy thythtem to thupport a arbituthy Government."—(Tumultuous cheering.)

During the Hon. Gentleman's speech much mirth was excited by the waggery of one of the members whom the Hon. Gentleman had superseded. At every pause, the Hon. Member exclaimed, "What a shocking bad hat!" &c., &c.

NEW WRIT.

On the motion of an Honourable Member a new writ was ordered for the district of Golden-lane, in the room of Nicholas Briggs, Esq., deceased—(see our Execution Report of Thursday last). The same Member also followed up his motion by a notice that previously to the next Old Bailey Sessions he should move that the laws affecting life in cases of burglary should be revised with a view to their repeal.

POST-OFFICE.—FRANKS.

Mr. Pott said he had a motion to submit to the House, to which, from previous communication with many Honourable Gentlemen, he did not expect any opposition. Every Honourable Member, he was assured, had already found the advantage arising from the privilege of franking letters, and, he was quite certain, had often experienced considerable annoyance from the very limited number to which they were at present restricted—(Hear, hear)—as well as the great bore of being obliged to write the whole direction. He could not conceive for a moment why they should be limited to sending and receiving in the whole, the paltry number of twenty-five letters each day—(Hear)—and that the weight of each of such letters should be restricted to a particle under an ounce. Some of the public officers, and, be it observed, men virtually appointed by that House, were privileged to send letters free of postage, without limitation as to weight or number; "and yet we, who, as I said before, appointed those officers, are trammelled!—monstrous anomaly!" He would not attempt to conceal that in bringing forward the motion he would presently submit to the House, he thought it probable that its adoption might be attended with individual benefit to some of the Members, and himself amongst the rest—he would deal candidly with the House—he fully expected it would—(Bravo!)—and he thought it but reasonable that men who were obliged to sacrifice their time and their health for the good of the country ought to have some ostensible means of repaying themselves—(Hear, hear)—besides those bye-blows which occasionally more or less occurred: *this*, he had every reason to believe, would prove a positive benefit; and still better—it would not depend on contingencies.—(Cheers.)—He would not further detain the House, but would move, "That the law or rule of the House (he did not care which it was) which at present allowed Members of Parliament to send a limited number of letters free of postage, should forthwith be rescinded, and that hereafter they should have the privilege of sending as many as they may choose, without restriction as to weight or number; and further, that it shall be sufficient that members thus privileged should only be required to affix their signatures to the address."—(Much cheering.)

Mr. Bowditch said he should certainly oppose the motion, even though he should stand alone. He, as principal officer of the Post-office, had devoted the greater part of a long life in endeavouring to perfect the details of the business of that establishment, and at the same time to increase its productiveness, and he viewed with dismay the attempt now about to be made to render his exertions a nullity; independent of the loss which the revenue would sustain, the mail coaches were even now almost insufficient to convey the bags, and the increased weight and bulk which the measure now proposed would give, would render the thing perfectly impracticable. He said he would not venture to characterize the system at present practised by many of the Members of that House in this particular, but when he saw the immediate and eager use which certain newly-elected, reforming, patriotic Members, made of this privilege for filthy lucre —(groans)—he was filled with disgust.—(Great uproar.) The Honourable Gentleman proceeded with much earnestness for a considerable time, but the noise and confusion was such, that we could only here and there catch a solitary word—we understood him, however, to make some allusion to "pattern cards," "samples of grocery," &c. but could not catch the context. Order being at length restored, the Honourable Gentleman concluded by moving, as an amendment, "That in future, Members of Parliament should only be allowed to send five letters, and receive the same number each day, free of postage, and that the weight of each of such letters should not exceed half an ounce."—(Yells of disapprobation.)

Mr. Van said that the objection of the Honourable Secretary of the Post-office was perfectly ridiculous, as regarded the probable insufficiency of the mail coaches; he would ask, Would it not be an easy matter to alter the system of coaches, and in their place adopt that of steam conveyance? The number of railways with which the whole country was now about to be intersected would render such alteration a matter of the greatest ease, and one steam carriage would be able to perform the work of a dozen mail coaches. (Hear, hear, hear.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was quite taken by surprise, and said, that although he could not sanction the proposed measure, he clearly saw that in the present temper of the House, opposition would be fruitless; he could, however, have wished the hon. gentleman had communicated his intentions to him before bringing his motion before the House—the very lucrative situation of Receiver-General of the Post-office Revenue had within these few days become vacant, and he thought that had he been consulted, he could have placed this subject in so feeling a point of view to the hon. gentleman, as might have caused the present motion to have been withheld.

Mr. Pott rose immediately, and said he thought it very probable that he had taken an erroneous view of the subject, and, with the leave of the House, would withdraw his motion. (Cries of "No, no! divide, divide!") The gallery was then cleared, and on a division the numbers appeared—

For the amendment, 3; against it, 296—
minority, 293.
For the original motion, 296; against it, 3—
majority, 293.

This announcement was received with loud cheers, and evidently to the great discomposure of the hon. mover.

On our re-admission, symptoms of a desire to adjourn having manifested themselves,

Mr. Spriggins rose and said that, although there was an evident inclination to toddle, he could not allow the House to mizzle without putting in his spoke. He would stick to the present Ministry like bricks and mortar. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had proved himself a reg'lar out-and-outer; he and his colleagues had shown they were down as a hammer, and he had no doubt, in a short time, everything would be right as a trivet.

The House rose at an early hour, it being understood that one of the members had some heavy bets depending on a match of bumble-puppy, in which he had backed his apprentice, and which came off that afternoon in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green.

CLUBS.*

There have recently been published several very edifying works upon "Etiquette," and the mode of behaving well in company. As no book touching the conduct of Club society has yet appeared, and this is the season of the year at which those admirable institutions are making weekly acquisitions in the shape of new members, we have thought it might be neither superfluous nor disagreeable to give the recently admitted candidates a few leading rules for their behaviour, in the way of directions—Thus,

In the first place, find fault with everything, and bully the waiters. What do you pay your subscriptions for, but to secure that privilege? Abuse the Committee for mismanagement, until you get into it yourself—then abuse everybody else.

Never shut the door of any room into which you may go, or out of which you may come.

When the evening papers arrive, pounce upon three; keep one in your hand reading, another under your arm, ready to relieve that; and sit down upon a third. By this means you possess yourself of the opinions of all parties, without being influenced by any one.

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* For its trenchant irony, this little piece is worthy to rank with Swift's celebrated "Directions to Servants."—*Ed.*

If you wish to dine early and cheap, order some cold meat just before three o'clock—it will then be charged as luncheon; bread, pickles, &c., gratis. Drink table-beer, because, as the Scotch gentleman said of something very different, "It is vary pleasant, and costs nothing."

If you dine on the joint, get it first, and cut all the best parts off, and help yourself to twice as much as you want, for fear you should never see it again.

If you are inclined to read the newspaper when you have finished your meat, make use of the cheese as a reading-desk; it is very convenient, and, moreover, makes the paper smell of the cheese, and the cheese taste of the paper.

If you come in, and see a man whom you know dining quietly by himself, or two men dining sociably together, draw your chair to their table and volunteer to join them. This they cannot well refuse, although they may wish you at Old Scratch. Then call for the bill of fare and order your dinner, which, as the others had half done before your arrival, will not be served till they have quite finished theirs. This will enable them to enjoy the gratification of seeing you proceed through the whole of your meal, from soup to cheese inclusive, while they are eating their fruit and sipping their wine.

If you drink tea, call for a "cup" of tea; when the waiter has brought it, abuse him for its being too strong, and desire him to fetch an empty cup and a small jug of boiling water; then divide the tea into the two cups and fill up both with the water. By this method you get two cups of tea for the price of one. N.B.—The milk and sugar not charged for.

If you are a literary man, always write your books at the club—pen, ink, and paper, gratis; a circumstance which of itself is likely to make your productions profitable.

When there is a ballot, blackball everybody you do not happen to know. If a candidate is not one of your own personal acquaintance, he cannot be fit to come there.

If you are interested about a friend, post yourself directly in front of his balloting box, and pester everybody, whether you know them or not, to give him a vote; this, if pertinaciously adhered to, will invariably settle his fate, one way or the other.

Always walk about the coffee-room with your hat on, to show your own independence, and your respect for the numerous noblemen and gentlemen who are sitting at dinner without theirs.

When you are alone in any of the rooms where writing materials are deposited, help yourself to covers, note-paper, sealing-wax, and black-lead pencils at discretion; they are as much yours as any other member's, and as you contribute to pay for them, what difference can it make whether you use them at the club or at home?

When you go away, if it is a wet night, and you are without a cloak or great-coat, take the first that fits you; you can send it back in the morning when it is fine: remember you do. This rule applies equally to umbrellas.

Never pay your subscription till the very last day fixed by the regulations; why should the trustees get the interest of your money for two or three months? Besides, when strangers come in to see the house, they will find your name over the fire-place, which will show that you belong to the Club.

An observance of these general rules, with a little attention to a few minor points, which it is scarcely possible to allude to more particularly here, will render you a most agreeable member of the Society to which you belong, and which it will be right to denounce everywhere else as the most execrable hole in London, in which you can get nothing fit either to eat or drink, but in which you, yourself, nevertheless, breakfast, dine, and sup every day, when you are not otherwise engaged.

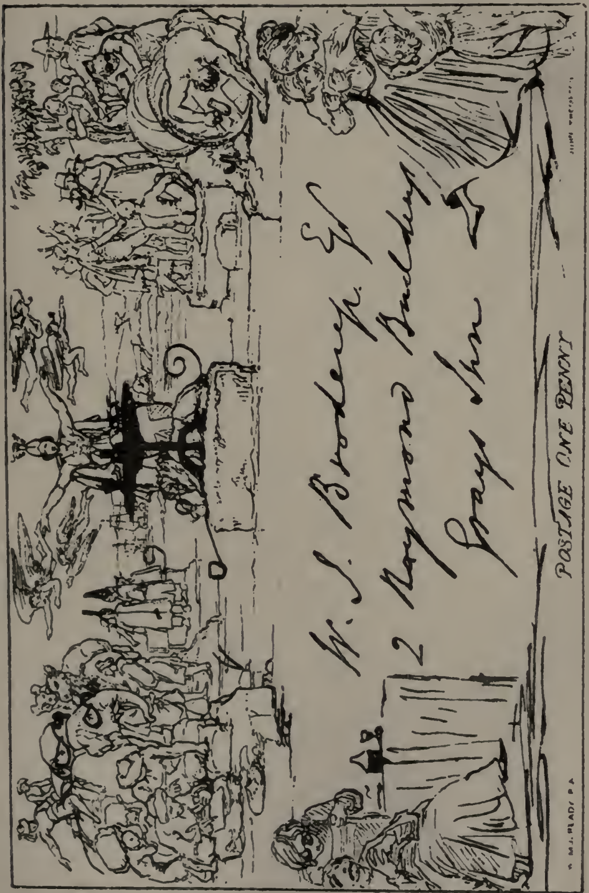
RACHAEL STUBBS'S LETTER TO RICHARD TURNER.

Sadrgov, April 3, 18—.

Deer Richud,—I receved yewer kind leather on Fryday, wich fond me in good helth, but not spirts,—for sins yew went a whay i have encresed my sise hand teers. Yew was kindust off the kind, and i cud have wukked has kitching-mad frum marwn to nite if yew had note gon; but sins yew want away iviry think sims to go rong. Muster Fishir, wich is, ginrilly speking, has gemmunly a Cock as is, scalds me iviry day for nott beasting the jints; hand Missus Stoak says I pays no manor of respict to her for nott gitting their diners better dun, wich I bleve, Richud, his owen to yewer habsence. If I thote all wot yew sed was sinsear hand yew ment it, i wud give wharning hand go hat my munt; but praps, deer Richud, yew whas only roging me, wich wud be onkind and crule. Tommus Wite is halways laffing hat me about yew, hand says I ham a grate fowl hif I wait for yew, for yew ment nuthink, and says it is eye tim i was marred, wich he wood willinly do imself; but I says, no, Tommus, i likes yew well enuff, but as long has Richud Turner sticks to is bargin, i ham is, hand is aloan.

Wat i rites now for, his to hask yew wat yew wood lick me two do. My muther, i know, cud meerly furnish a rome for hus, and pot in a Tabbel and chares and a chest of drarers, hand a Bedd, wich is the most hessensheal hof hall; hand wood be quite haggreable to the mach; hand hif we cood bitter hourselfs buy aving a frunt where we cood sell Hoysters hand srimps, hand red Earrings, and sich lick, hin winter; hand Soddy wattur, hand Pop, hand them kind of harticles, hin summer; i might tunn a peny wile yew wos hin playse, hif yew Kontinewd hin survice, hand hif not, do togither in bisness; wich wud save me from brileing my fayse hin the rosting hand beasting, wich i most do till I leave, or get a

HOOK'S PLAY WITH MULREADY'S ENVELOPE.


W. J. Broderip Esq.
2 Raymond Buildings
Grays Inn
POSTAGE ONE PENNY
W MULREADY R.A.

The envelope is addressed by Hook to his good friend Mr. Broderip, the magistrate. The reader will observe the liberties taken with the artist's design upon comparing it with a similar envelope in another part of this work.

cocks playse in a smal famly. I know that Martha, the fot kitching-mad hat Sur Kristuffer Kaddingtuns, kept cumpny halong with won of the futmun; hand she was marred, hand they sot up a Tomhandjery shop, hand is reelizing a furtun; but i shud object to a Tomhandjery shop because of the low confersation wich gose hon hin sich playses, has well has the smel of the Pips, wych makes me sike.

Deer Richud, i ham wiling to do hany thing for yew, hand wuk day and night upon my ands hand neese to make yew comfurtable, hand i think we cud be very appy, but do not make a fowl hof me now, hand i will truss yew half my life; hand my Muther his a woman well to doo, hand wen it pleses Purvidence to tack her up hout of this wuld will leve us sumthing for a raney day, which wud be a grate cumfut to me, appen wen it may.

i pot this hin a buskett, hand have sent yew three fools and a small Sammon cott this mawning, for yewer Sister Lizy, wich altho i never seed hur i ham very fond hof from yewer subscription on her,—hif she will haxcept the triffles i shal be plesed, hand my love; hand wen yew are a heating the fools, do nott forget her wich sent them.

Hif yew lick, yew can call on muther, wich is the darey at the korner of Jon street, and tawk maters over with hur. i am tird hof life down here without yew. i hope yew will get this safe. I have got Tommus Wite to rite the redress, not honely because he rites a good and, but to show im thatt we hare frends.

do let me here from yew; and with true love and frenchship, in wich yewer sister his inklewded, beleve me, deer Richud,

Yewers internally,

Rachael Stubbs.

i ave pade the Courage hand Bucking.

(*Births, Deaths, and Marriages*, 1839.)

MR. MINUS, THE POET.*

THE poetry of Mr. Minus could be compared to nothing but the dropping of honey upon rose leaves, or the fluttering of moths round the smoke of cinnamon;—it was so flippant, so sweet, and so trifling. He had a round of set rhymes and ideas, which, like the man who walked out in the morning in a dress of crimson and gold, because he had no other, he perpetually was using; such as

"Coral lips and rolling eyes,
Roguish leers and heaving sighs,
Lily bosoms, seeking kisses,
Silent sighs for secret blisses;"

which species of versification having displayed *al fresco* after dinner in lines "To a Mole upon Fanny's left knee;" "A sonnet to half a jasamine flower;" "An ode to the wing of a butterfly," and "An Epithalamium on the marriage of two humming birds," (all of which were written, sung, composed, and recited by himself) he obligingly sat down to the pianoforte on their return, and gave the following air with infinite effect:

FANNY'S BOWER.†

"Come, Fanny, I've raised a sweet bower,
With roses and lilies entwin'd;
Before it grows every flower,
A bedroom I've built you behind.

"Our couch is a cluster of roses,
And while we lay lost in the sweet,
The leaves will so tickle our noses,
The thorns shall lie under our feet.

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* From "The Man of Sorrow," 1808, iii., 93-95. By "Mr. Minus" is understood Thomas Moore, then better known under his own pseudonym of "Little."—*Ed.*

† The Words and Music by T. Minus, Esq., price 5s., published in Bond Street.

"The sheets, both the lower and upper,
Are made from a pair of bees' wings,
Whose honey I've stole for your supper,
And carved with their sharp-cutting stings.

"To save us the trouble of thinking,
In dew-drops I'll pledge you, my best,
And when I am tired of drinking,
I'll sink on your bosom to rest.

"I'll study your taste to a tittle,
In torrents our pleasures shall pour,
For the girl once indulged with a *little*,
Will very soon languish for *more!*"

This Mr. Minus considered a *chef-d'œuvre*, and if he was mistaken there was such a softness, a condescension and pleasantry in his manners, as would have excused a more serious error; as a companion, he was delightful; as a man, honourable; and as a poet, fashionable.

NATIONAL DISTRESS.

In a late number * we somewhat unfeelingly (it is hinted by a correspondent) doubted, and even sneered at, the universal topic, the national distress, with which we are, it seems, overwhelmed; and when any suggestions of our friends (backed by truth and reason) can be attended to, we are always delighted to avail ourselves of them, and recant our errors.

We have reconsidered the subject, and, during the last fortnight, have visited the most diversified scenes of life, and we feel bound to retract the "flippant doubts" (those are our communicant's words), which we expressed as to the existence of general calamity, and are ready to confess that we had no idea of its extent, particularly in and about the metropolis.

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* Of the *John Bull* newspaper.—*Ed.*

The first object which tended to convert us from our original prejudiced opinion on the subject, was the sight of that most melancholy assemblage of people called "Epsom Races." Upwards of fifty thousand of the most unhappy of our fellow-countrymen, victims of tyranny and taxation, no longer ago than the week before last, dragged their wretched limbs to this sad and deplorable spectacle; and the vast sums of money taken from some of them, and the immense quantity of provisions and liquor which the poorer part of the slaves were compelled to devour, were unparalleled, we believe, on any former similar occasion.

It made our hearts bleed to behold our excellent and free-born tailor driving, with great labour and danger, a tandem, with two blood-horses; and we nearly wept when we found that our bootmaker and his unhappy family could only afford a barouche and four, hired for the day.

But we had, also, an eye to the agricultural part of the question; and we were struck with horror and amazement at the pale, emaciated, and threadbare appearance of the broken-down farmers of Surrey, Berks, and Bucks, who crawled out to the mournful scene upon their starving ponies, for which some, in their despair for money, were wild enough to ask seventy, eighty, and a hundred guineas each.

At the inns on the road, the expenses the tax-ridden slaves incurred were abominable. A hatter in Bond Street was charged seventeen shillings a bottle for champagne; and a wretched party of landholders in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, who have threatened to abandon their farms, were driven by their grief to drink two dozen and four bottles of that shameful imposition upon British credulity called Château Margaux.

On our return from Epsom (having to cross the country) we passed through Kingston. Woe, grief, and mendicity there had established their tribunal. Petitions and remonstrances were all in array; and, in order to give the mourning victims of that devoted parish an opportunity of assembling occasionally to grieve in unison, some sympathetic philanthropists in the vicinity have built a theatre or circus, wherein a Miss Hengler endeavours nightly to solace their incurable woes, by dancing on wires, balancing tobacco-pipes, and swallowing live cockchafers. Such an expedient was never hit upon at this distance from town, till the melancholy aspect of things in general pointed out the absolute necessity of it in this wretched year.

During the week we thought we would go to some of the London playhouses. We essayed Covent Garden. It was Miss Stephens' benefit: "boxes full" stared us in the face; the pit, too, was crowded with the more unfortunate classes of society; and upon inquiring if we could make our way into the gallery, we were told that both galleries had been crowded with squalid wretches, in a state of actual starvation, who had spent their last five shillings each that night in paying for admission, for oranges, apples and nuts, which, as everybody knows, is not the sort of food the noble and free-born Briton is accustomed to. We sighed and crossed the river, having been refused admission at Mathews's, because the crowd of deplorable beggars who had sought refuge in the Lyceum would admit of no increase.

At Astley's, a house we thought remote from woe, we again applied. "There's standing-room at the back of the boxes, sir," said a little round-shouldered man in black, "but not a place in the pit or gallery." "Good heavens!" we exclaimed, "and is there so general a calamity pervading even the suburbs?" We turned into the road, where we were stopped by a string of horsemen, and of gigs, carts, and coaches, filled, inside and out, with the lowest and most unhappy persons among the people, who had not chosen to assuage their sorrows in the theatres, but had preferred to indulge their tender sympathies at a fight, some twenty or thirty miles from town, to which the circumstance of the times had induced them to transport themselves at the nefarious expense, perhaps, of two or three pounds each. But what made us shudder still more, was seeing that they were, for the greatest part, in a state of intoxication, to which they had no doubt been urged by the disastrous acts of that empty pretender to politics, Pitt,—that weak man, Lord Londonderry,—or that misguided bigot, Peel,—or some others of those who are, or have been, at the helm of the State.

Having got clear of these, we crossed the bridge, and turned down to the House of Commons: the doors were fast—no house. Tried at the Lords: their lordships had adjourned at seven. "Ah!" said we, "this is a new proof of the truth of our friend's suggestions: these are noble and wealthy men; there is no distress here—no crowds—no misery—no assemblage."

We were baffled in our attempt to get up the Haymarket, several thousand unhappy persons having dressed themselves in diamonds, and lace, and gold, and pearls, and feathers, and flounces, to weep away the night, in the body of the Opera House. And at the Duke of Devonshire's wall, we were obliged to abandon our hackney-coach, into which we had stepped at the corner of St. James's Street, to avoid the crowd of carriages, which had brought an innumerable host of distressed families to his Grace's hospitable roof, in order that their immediate necessities might be alleviated by some Italian singing and *Ponche à la Romaine.*

Some of the females of these wretched groups we happened to encounter, and a more truly pitiable sight we never saw; in the middle of the night were they straggling out of the court-yard to look for their carriages, with clothes hardly sufficient to cover them from cold, or answer the purposes of common decency. To such straits our women are driven by necessity.

Here our doctrine that even the highest were exempt from sorrow fell to the ground, and we went to bed to dream of woe.

Pursuing, the next day, our course through the town, we dropped into the Somerset House Exhibition, where there could not have been less than two thousand of our unhappy fellow-creatures, who had paid, all of them, one shilling, most of them two shillings, mewed up in close hot rooms, with hardly space to move or breathe, and without the smallest refreshment; nay, not even a crust of bread—not even a drop of water to relieve them in their lamentable condition.

At Belzoni's Tomb the mourners were in myriads; at the Cosmorama several wretched-looking people were endeavouring to pass their lingering hours by peeping through little holes at coloured prints stuck against a wall. At the Panorama—at the British Gallery, the same horrid scenes were acting—the same deception was carrying on; and at the Soho Bazaar it was quite moving to see the hundreds of well-dressed suffering innocents who have been driven from the best mercantile parts of the town to this secondary quarter, merely because they are enabled, by this painful humiliation, to purchase gauze, and coloured paper, and bugles, and knitting-needles, and card-racks, and shuttlecocks, and fiz-gigs, and the other necessaries of life, nearly one hundred per cent. cheaper there than anywhere else in the metropolis.

We passed from the neutral ground of Soho Square into St. Giles's, where we saw an Irishwoman, somewhat elevated with the private consolation of the afternoon, thumping her husband about the head with a shoulder of mutton, because he had bought it in preference to a leg, which she wished for, while her four little starveling children (who had neither beaver hats on their heads, nor red morocco shoes to their feet), were playing with the motley tails of three full-sized mackerel, upon which the famishing labourer had expended a portion of his hard-earned wages, by way of supper, which the poor creature had told his spouse he intended to take, that it might give him an appetite for his next day's dinner.

Just above these, in a room, the windows of which were open, were a set of unfortunate creatures, who had, in happier days, named themselves the "Sons of Frolic;" these wretched persons were suffering under the dreadful effects of civil dissension, which always creeps in with domestic distress. That type of kings, the parish beadle, had been sent for by the overbearing landlord, to secure the most active of three of the members, who had just kicked the waiter down stairs for having brought them up a corked bottle of port wine. These distressed tradesmen, however, were so far imposed upon as to be induced to make up the affair by a present of three guineas to the waiter, and a pound to the beadle. Still, exclaimed we, accumulation upon accumulation.

We found in all the dingy streets about those rural and unfrequented parts of London, Bedford, Russell, Red Lion, Bloomsbury, Tavistock, and Brunswick squares, the same congregation of carriages standing (and lights were on the tables in the eating-rooms of the houses) at different doors, which proved to us that the most respectable families, at this period of distress, are driven to club together to get food upon a principle of economy.

This remote passage led us towards Islington. At a melancholy place, quite on the outskirts of the town, called White Conduit House, many thousands of our fellow-mourners were congregated in the open fields; night, too, was coming on, and the poor children were drinking milk just as it came from the cow, while their parents, equally wretched, but more experienced in sorrow, were swallowing the same succedaneum, made into a mixture called syllabub.

At Sadler's Wells the grief was raving—we heard the lamentations at the distance of half a mile—crowds filled even the lobbies; and such is the pressure of national misfortune at the moment, that a corn-factor was obliged the night we were there to give fourteen shillings and sixpence, hackney-coach-hire, to get his poor shivering wife and daughters to their miserable cottage *ornée*, with a four-stall stable, conservatory, and coach-house in the Kent-road.

We rested in our researches from that evening pretty well till Whitsuntide, and then, indeed, conviction took full possession of us.

To us who remember Greenwich park in the year 1792, what a reverse!—then there were gaiety and sunshine, and fun and amusement. In the first place, Whit-Sunday this year was a wet Sunday,—a circumstance which, we are bold to say, never occurred before the late Mr. Pitt's accession to office, and very rarely even during his ruinous administration. The conduct of the "talents" in this particular cannot be cited, as only one Whitsuntide occurred during their splendid career.

Our readers may conceive the gloom this oppressive mismanagement, and evident disregard for the comforts of the poor, threw over the quondam scene of gaiety; the people surely might have been allowed to meet, and weep in comfort in one of the Royal parks!

But if Sunday filled us with this feeling, what must Monday have done, when nature interfering, to triumph over the tyrants, gave the people a fine day? Then did we see them loading every sort of vehicle, on the inner and outer sides, driving horses, and donkeys, and ponies, and riding them with all their speed and energy, to reach the once-loved spot they had known in former days, and grieve all together at our deplorable state.

When arrived there, how did they conduct themselves? They threw themselves into the most extravagant postures, rolling down hills, and running up again, throwing sticks even at oranges and cakes, in hopes of getting something to allay their hunger and thirst—some indeed we saw, decent-looking persons, devouring with avidity fish, called eels, who themselves (poor victims!) are driven to wallow in mud for their food, and first skinned alive, are next cut to pieces, and finally exterminated by the hands of cooks as men are by ministers.—What a striking resemblance there is between an Eel and an Englishman!

At Richmond sorrow put on her deepest sables—hundreds of devoted persons were crammed into vessels, encouraged by Government as packets at our outports, in which the danger of being scalded to death, burnt alive, or blown to atoms, are added to all the other little *désagremens* of the deep

Steam-boats are what they call improvements. They may be in this age of redundant population: but what Government is there on earth, except ours, who, for the chance of thinning an overstocked nation, could have had the barbarity to allow these craft to ply on the seas and the rivers, which must wound the feelings and invade the rights of those established captains of colliers and owners of coal-barges, who, for centuries before, used to make their voyages satisfactorily to themselves, but whose pride is now destroyed, and whose vessels are treated like petitioners when applying for relief to the great and mighty. Away puffs the nobleman and the steamer, and all the suffering coal-bargemen or the needy applicant gets for his manual labour, is a sight of the stern of either, and a tremulous sensation, caused by the swell of their passing power.

But to return to the more immediate effects of misrule. The commons and heaths round the metropolis were sought out, to change the wretched scene; and Blackheath, Hampstead-heath, Hornsey-wood, and Norwood, were covered with flocks of the populace, who had quitted their houses in despair, and in one-horse chaises.

They, and indeed all those particularly around London, seemed to join in a determined manifestation of the crisis of affairs, which might, if anything could, we should think, show Ministers the destruction, to the brink of which they have brought desponding England. The same threat, it is true, has been held out to all preceding Ministers by sensible Reformers for the last century and a half; and they, heartlessly and senselessly, have, without feeling, disbelieved the cry; but when, to all the calamities of peace, are added that curse of nations, plenty, the blow naturally received by an increasing revenue, and a decreasing expenditure; and, above all, the heartrending proofs of popular misery, which we have here selected; we think the present administration, which has reduced us to this debased, degraded, and unhappy state, will take warning in time. We give them fair notice—we have done our duty in bringing the matter before them—we shall say no more—if they are not wise enough to take a hint, why "there's an end on't," and we give them up.

HINTS FOR THE LEVEE.

Dilworth's instructions to little boys and girls direct them "never to be greedy, or swallow large pieces of meat, or eat hot pudding." He, moreover, cautions them against many little improprieties which shall be nameless; and concludes with this impressive admonition—"never pick your nose in company."

We have not room for all the instructions in the Scots paper, which occupy more than three columns; but we shall quote one or two, which appear the most important.

"*Directions for going to a Levee.*—Full suit, bag, sword—hair powder is not held to be indispensable.

"Each individual will have two cards, one of which will be taken care of by the pages in the ante-chamber, who will have the care of the 'Court Record.' The stranger will then walk through the suite of departments till he finds himself in that immediately joining the presence chamber."

This, it will be perceived, is quite in the Dilworth style, excepting that, instead of "not picking his nose," the pupil is here directed to follow it; which, if he did, he would arrive at the room he wanted, without such an elaborate description.

The account of the reception the stranger is to expect is not prepossessing, although correct enough in point of fact:—

"The person on coming up to his Majesty drops one knee to the King—the crowd being great he is immediately pushed forward."

This our readers will perceive (as it is expressed), must immediately upset him at his Majesty's feet; and the great difficulty, instead of not picking his nose, will be "not to break his nose in company." A consolation is offered to the patient hereabouts, which is soothing enough:—

"He may pay his respects *en passant* to any of the Cabinet Ministers with whom he is acquainted."

A privilege not confined, we conclude, to the place or occasion. The truth is, that when the patient is up and off his knees, he may expect to be pushed forward. At least, we suppose, it is not intended, as the *Star* expresses it, that he is to be pushed forward while on them, because a more inconvenient opportunity of changing the form of presentation could not have been selected, than when so many gentlemen are likely to appear in the Highland costume.

The mode of preventing a crowd at a Levee, which the *Star* mentions, is new and ingenious:—

"Every gentleman may appear in the dress of his regiment, but it must be full dress, viz., a coat with skirts, etc.: any person may easily see that unless some regulation of this sort were enforced, the King's Levees would, on all occasions, be crowded to an extent altogether destructive of comfort."

We do not see the force of this regulation, we confess.

Farther on we perceive this:—

"It is understood that Glengarry, Breadalbane, Huntley, and several others, mean to attend the Levee 'with their tails on.'"

This, to a Southron, sounds very odd; and the omission of the Duke of Hamilton's name, on such an occasion, would appear still more strange, if we did not explain that it is a mere phrase, and indicates the proposed attendance of dependants upon their chieftains.

We are fearful, however, that if these nobles bring their tails with them, the regulation about wearing skirts will be rendered unavailing, and that the skirts without tails, and the tails without skirts, will have a good tough squeeze of it after all.

The directions for the conduct of the ladies, upon the present occasion, are clearer and more defined:—

"Ladies are introduced to the King either by Ladies who have already been at Court, or by the Lord in Waiting. The Lady drops her train (about four yards in length) when she enters the circle of the King. It is held up by the Lord in Waiting till she is close to his Majesty. She curtsies. The King raises her up, and salutes her on the cheek. She then retires, always facing the Sovereign till she is beyond the circle. A considerable difficulty is presented to the inexperienced by the necessity of retiring (without assistance) backwards. The ladies must exert their skill to move their trains quietly and neatly from behind them as they retire; and those who have never worn such dresses should lose no time in beginning to practise this. Most painful must the situation be of a young female who is so unfortunate as to make a *faux-pas* on such an occasion. It was by no means so difficult when hoops were in fashion; but now that these have been discarded there is nothing to assist in keeping the train off the ground. The ladies cannot require to be informed that they must all appear in Court plumes and fans. At least nine feathers must be in each head-dress."

It will be observed, that the ladies are literally to come with their tails on, as the gentlemen are metaphorically; and the instructions how to "enter the circle of the King" are all plain enough; but subsequently we are involved in a dilemma, from the fact that part of the instructions appear to have been borrowed from a section of Dilworth, which we should not have ventured to quote.

"A considerable difficulty is presented to the inexperienced by the necessity (without assistance) of retiring backwards."

Now, retiring forwards, at any time, is a difficulty, and better suited to the Irish than the Scottish Court; and therefore, as all retiring must be going back, we are so dull as not to see why "retiring backwards" (the very phrase used in Dilworth) has anything to do with the "necessities" of the moment.

The ladies are warned, it will be perceived, when the necessity of retiring backwards comes upon them, to "move their trains quietly from behind them," and they are desired to practise this manœuvre. This is careful and decent, and highly worthy of commendation, but the caution which follows seems outrageous:—

"Most painful must be the situation of a young female who is so unfortunate as to make a *faux-pas* on such an occasion."

Dear heart! what could the *Star* have been dreaming of?

We have heard, in private letters from Edinburgh, that the King's visit has turned the heads of everybody in that city; and, therefore, we think the *Star* worthy of much praise for endeavouring to teach them which way to turn their tails: a lesson which, we trust, will be as profitable to them as it has been amusing to us.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF CANT.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE HISTORY OF ONE DAY.

In order to carry herself gracefully, and turn out her toes in after times, the young pupil of the dancing-master is placed diurnally upon a board, so contrived as to keep her delicate feet extended at right angles with its sides; and, with her chest expanded, and her head erect, the dear little creature is made to stand for a certain period of every morning, Sundays excepted. This is all very well in early youth, and the pains endured in those days are amply repaid by the admiration she afterwards excites at Almack's by the gracefulness of her air and manner, the carriage of her body, and the symmetry of her figure. Wretched, indeed, would be the fair sufferer's case were she doomed from her teens to her death to stand in the same little stocks, and never enjoy the more liberal pleasures of her dancing days. Such is the melancholy state of a considerate "saint,"—and consider he must; for, if he considereth not, he sins. But to my history.

A gentleman, plain, pious, and excessively virtuous (such has ever been our aversion from mentioning proper names, that we decline saying who), resident, however, in a suburban villa, with a well-mown lawn in front, and charmingly-clipped evergreens standing thereupon, a bright-yellow gravel sweep to the door, a shining weathercock on the coach-house, a large dog in the yard, an old peacock on a rail, and a couple of enormous shells on either side of the entrance steps,—a gentleman, we say, resident in such a house, having descanted upon the horrors of slavery, lighted, last Tuesday evening, his bedroom candle, and betook himself to rest, his exemplary partner having preceded him thither after family prayers. To doubt the quiescence of such a couple, to imagine that anything could ruffle their serenity, or disturb their slumbers, would be to libel the fraternity to which our excellent friend belongs.

In the morning the exemplary man arose; and the first thing he did when he went down stairs, was to look into his hot-house, where he carefully examined a specimen of sugar-cane which he had planted some months previously, with a view to the cultivation of free sugar upon Dartmoor. He then sat down to breakfast with his lady.

"Dear Rachel," said the exemplary man, "how excellent this free sugar is. You get this, I presume, of William Heywood?"

"To be sure, my dear," replied the partner of his joys.

"It is gratifying to think," said the husband, "that no slave has been flogged to produce this."

Saying which, the mild and humane gentleman dropped a lump of it into a cup of chocolate, upon which excellent beverage, or the slave-labour required to cultivate it, he made no observation.

"I have but one fault to find with free sugar," said the lady, sighing.

"Name it," said the saint.

"It is fourteen-pence a pound, my love," said his spouse, "and we can get better anywhere else for ten-pence."

"That signifies little, my dear," said the saint, "provided we use nothing that has cost the slave torture." And then he blew his nose with a cotton pocket-handkerchief. "Confinement and slavery," continued the pious man, "are incompatible with humanity and feeling." Saying which, he walked up to the cage which held his lady's Jamaica parrot, and indulged the moping captive with a lump of Heywood's "free and easy."

At this moment his dennett was announced, and, rising from his bamboo-chair, he proceeded to leave ten guineas with his lady for a charitable donation;—he put on his hat and gloves, and his amiable partner having attended him to the door, as he stepped into the vehicle, expressed her tender fears lest the slightness of the shafts should endanger her exemplary husband's neck.

"They look very slight, dearest," said the "saint;" "but they are perfectly secure, they are made of lance-wood!"

Consoled by this intelligence, she waved her lily hand, and our pious friend went to attend a meeting of shareholders of the Anglo-Mexican Mining Company, where he paid up his instalments, without taking the precaution of considering what class of labourers must necessarily be employed in working the mines. He proceeded thence to the sale of East India produce, where he made several purchases, not troubling himself to inquire how indigo flourished, or rice grew; and, meeting on his way a director of the opulent Leadenhall monopoly, accepted an invitation to dine with him at the City of London Tavern.

Here he of course found an excellent dinner spread upon a table of mahogany; his chair was of the same material. He was helped to turtle and ate it with a silver spoon. To gratify his palate he drank ever and anon iced punch, sweetened he asked not how, and strengthened with rum. Over his turbot he sprinkled Cayenne pepper, and flavoured his cucumber with Chili vinegar. With a curry he called for hot pickles, and having in the dessert refreshed himself with some excellent preserved ginger, took a cup of coffee, and concluding with a small glass of noyeau, stepped again into his dennett, and reached his villa in safety, blessing the names of Buxton, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, and receiving the tender compliments of his affectionate wife upon the virtue of drinking nothing but free sugar.

And this is what five hundred persons do, under the guidance of the Liverpool speculators, and the leaders of apes and asses in this metropolis. Let us merely point out to such of our readers who like the followers of cant, and will not take the trouble of thinking for themselves, those inconsistencies which one day's adventures of our pious "saint" develop.

Had he acted upon principle instead of policy, this exemplary old body would have remembered that rum and coffee, as well as sugar, are the produce of slave-labour,—that his morning's chocolate and his afternoon's liqueur have the same origin; he would neither have ventured to trust to his lance-wood springs, nor have dared to blow his nose with his cotton handkerchief; neither would he in the morning after his hearty dinner, have been prevailed upon to take a little tamarind drink to cool his constitution, nor have allowed his apothecary to suggest an exhibition of castor-oil if his indigestion continued ; but even if he had overcome these scruples, how would he have summoned sufficient fortitude to put into circulation his sovereigns and shillings, which, although our only circulating medium, are furnished by the labour of slaves, chained to their horrid work, lest they should risk the punishment of death by endeavouring to escape the toil and climate to which they are consigned.

It is with the slavery question as it is with the over-refinement of all other feelings,—it only requires to be looked into and analysed to be detected in all its flagrant folly and absurdity. Had our pious "free and easy" sugar friend followed up his own doctrine, he would long before this have quitted his villa, disposed of his dennett, and retired to some cave, where neither eating nor drinking, nor furniture dyed with fustic and logwood, were required, and have shown himself a sincere saint, an abjurer of all the good things of this world, and a man of ten thousand ; but until we see the whole life of a man in the same keeping, and find him equally scrupulous upon all points, and not exhibiting his piety only where his mercantile prospects are implicated, we must beg to avow our opinion that the "free and easy" sugar system at fourteen-pence per pound, however profitable to the grocer, and gratifying to the East India proprietor, is neither more nor less than a contemptible absurdity, and a most unqualified humbug.

PRINCE PUCKLER-MUSKAU'S TOUR.*

It would appear that the German publishers are before even our own in the arts of the puff; at least we have not yet seen a "fashionable novel" of the Burlington Street manufactory ushered into public life with the trumpetings of a first-rate English author. This "celebrated tour," as the advertisements style it, has, however, the advantage of a preliminary flourish from no less a person than Meinherr von Goethe, who, among other things, extols the tourist for the accuracy of his descriptions of English scenery and society, particularly "the hunting-parties and drinking-bouts, which succeed each other in an unbroken series," and which "are made tolerable to us" (*i. e.* M. Goethe) "only because he can tolerate them." "The peculiarities of English manners," continues the puff, "are drawn vividly and distinctly, without exaggeration;" but how the sage of Weimar should have fancied himself qualified to form so decided an opinion upon the accuracy of his *protegé*, we do not presume exactly to understand; inasmuch as we have reason to believe that he has suffered eighty-three years of his youth to slip away without availing himself of an opportunity of judging of our peculiarities from personal experience.

"Like other unprejudiced travellers of modern times, (he proceeds) our author is not very much enchanted with the English form of existence—his cordial and sincere admiration is often accompanied by unsparing censure. . . . . He is by no means inclined to favour the faults and weaknesses of the English; and in these cases—(what cases?)—he has the greatest and best among them,—those whose reputation is universal,—on his side.

"The great charm, however, which attaches us to his side, consists in the moral manifestations of his nature, which run through the book : his clear understanding, and simple natural manner, render him highly interesting. We are agreeably affected by the sight of a right-minded and kind-hearted man, who describes with charming frankness the conflict between will and accomplishment ! " (What does the Patriarch mean ?)

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* Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the years 1828 and 1829. With remarks on the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and anecdotes of distinguished characters. By a German Prince. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1831.

" We represent him to ourselves as of dignified and prepossessing exterior. He knows how instantly to place himself on an equality with high and low, and to be welcome to all ;—that he excites the attention of women is natural enough—he attracts and is attracted ; but his experience of the world enables him to terminate any little *affaires du cœur* without violence or indecorum."

We shall presently enable the reader to judge for himself as to some points of this eulogy. Meantime, we turn the leaf, and find a second flourish from—the translator of these wonderful letters.

" A rumour," says this cautious and disinterested critic, "has ascribed them to Prince Puckler-Muskau, a subject of Prussia, who is known to have travelled in England and Ireland about the period at which they were written. He has even been mentioned as the author in the Berlin newspapers : as, however, he has not thought fit to accept the authorship, we have no right to fix it upon him, though the voice of Germany has perhaps sufficiently established his claim to it. At all events, the Letters contain allusions to his rank which fully justify us in ascribing them to a German Prince."

After Goethe and the translator, or, in German phrase, oversetter, comes the editor !—who, in the midst of some would-be-pathetic cant, drops two bits of information, both entirely false ; namely, that " the letters, with very few and unimportant exceptions, were written at the moment ;" and, secondly, that " the author is dead ! " The editor adds that there actually exist four volumes of this correspondence, but from " various circumstances, which cannot be explained, it has been found necessary to publish the two last volumes first ;"—the pair, as yet unprinted, containing his highness's opinions and illustrations of London society, as these, now before us, exhibit the "manners and customs" of the provinces, and of Ireland.

As to the alleged demise of the author—Shakspeare mentions a certain class of persons who "die many times before their deaths;" and perhaps his highness may have thought it as well to feel his ground with our provinces before venturing upon what he calls "the *grand foyer* of European aristocracy." However—unless the whole affair is an impudent juggle—we are justified in fixing this performance upon the Prince Puckler-Muskau; and we only wonder how any English reviewer of the book could have hesitated about doing so, provided he had read as far as page 284 of the first volume, where we find our "German prince" at Limerick, in company with Mr. O'Connell, a relation of the great agitator.

> "We quitted the church, and were proceeding to visit the rock near the Shannon, upon which the English signed the treaty after the battle of the Boyne—a treaty which they have not been remarkably scrupulous in observing. I remarked that we were followed by an immense crowd of people, which increased like an avalanche, and testified equal respect and enthusiasm. All on a sudden they shouted "Long life to Napoleon and Marshal ——.' 'Good God,' said I, 'for whom do the people take me? As a perfectly unpretending stranger I cannot in the least degree understand why they seem disposed to do me so much honour.' 'Was not your father the Prince of —— ?' said O'Connell. 'Oh no,' replied I; 'my father was indeed a nobleman of rather an older date, but very far from being so celebrated.' 'You must forgive us then,' said O'Connell, incredulously; 'for, to tell you the truth, you are believed to be a natural son of Napoleon, whose partiality to your supposed mother was well known.' 'You joke,' said I, laughing: 'I am at least ten years too old to be the son of the great emperor and the beautiful princess.' He shook his head, however, and I reached my inn amid reiterated shouts. Here I shut myself up, and I shall not quit my retreat to-day. The people, however, patiently posted themselves under my windows, and did not disperse until it was nearly dark."

We make no apology for anticipating here the arrival of his highness at Limerick, because, by showing in the outset the mistake that Mr. O'Connell made between the titles of Prince de la Moscowa and Prince Muskau, we establish at once the identity of Goethe's "unprejudiced traveller," and a "right-minded" and "decorous" terminater of *affaires de cœur*—of whom many of our readers have had some personal knowledge—and whose imposing mustachios are still fresh in our own recollection. The cold nights of November do not more surely portend to the anxious sportsman in the country the approach of woodcocks, than do the balmy zephyrs of May foretell the arrival of illustrious foreigners in London; each succeeding season brings its flock of princes, counts, and barons, who go the ordinary round of dinners, assemblies, concerts and balls; yawn each of them one night under the gallery of the House of Commons; one day take their position on the bench at the Old Bailey; visit the Court of Chancery; snatch a glimpse of the House of Peers; mount St. Paul's; dive into the Tunnel; see Windsor; breakfast at Sandhurst; attend a review on a wet morning in Hyde Park; dance at Almack's; try for an heiress—fail; make a tour of the provinces; enjoy a battue in Norfolk; sink into a coal-pit in Northumberland; admire grouse and pibrochs in Scotland; fly along a rail-road; tread the plank of a steam-packet, and so depart,—"and then are heard no more."

Such was this Prince Puckler-Muskau; and such were his qualifications and opportunities for depicting that

> "strange insular life which" (according to the clear and consistent summary of M. Goethe) "is based in boundless wealth and civil freedom, in universal monotony and manifold diversity—formal and capricious, active and torpid, energetic and dull, comfortable and tedious, the envy and the derision of the world!"

His first letter, addressed, as all his letters are, to his "dear Julia,"—(that is to say, no doubt, his highness's consort, Princess Puckler, to his alliance with whom, we believe, he owed his princeship)—is dated Cheltenham, July 12, 1828; and the first observation which his highness is pleased to make upon his arrival at that popular watering-place is one of a mixed character, political, statistical, and philosophical, whence may be derived a tolerably fair estimate of his highness's accuracy and knowledge of "things in general." He is describing to his "dear Julia" the nature and character of the distress amongst the lower orders in England, and its causes and origin.

> "The distress," says his highness, "in truth, consisted in this: that the people, instead of having three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread and butter, beefsteaks, or roast meat, were now obliged to content themselves with two, consisting only of meat and potatoes. It was, however, just harvest-time, and the want of labourers in the fields so great, that the farmers gave almost any wages. Nevertheless, I was assured that the mechanics would rather destroy all the machinery and actually starve, than bring themselves to take a sickle in their hands, or bind a sheaf, so intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort, and the certainty of obtaining employment if they vigorously seek it. From what I have now told you, you may imagine what deductions you ought to make from newspaper articles."

This valuable information is followed by an anecdote:—

> "Yesterday, '*entre le poire et le fromage*,'"—(at what period of a Cheltenham dinner that might be, his highness does not condescend to explain)—"I received the twice-declined visit of the master of the ceremonies, a gentleman who does the honour of the baths, and exercises a considerable authority over the company of an English watering-place, in virtue of which he welcomes strangers with most anti-English officiousness and pomposity, and manifests great care and zeal for their entertainment. An Englishman invested with such a character has *mauvais jeu*, and vividly recalls the ass in the fable, who tried to imitate the caresses of the lap-dog. I could not get rid of my visitor till he had swallowed some bottles of claret with me, and devoured all the dessert the house afforded. At length he took his leave, first extorting from me a promise that I would honour the ball of the following evening with my presence. However, I had so little inclination for company and new acquaintances, that I made *faux bond*, and left Cheltenham early in the morning."

Who the master of the ceremonies at Cheltenham, thus uncourteously likened by his highness unto an ass, may be, we have not the advantage of knowing; but certain it is that, however derogatory such an office might at first sight appear, the characters and profession of some of the individuals filling it prove that it is not so considered; and it is, at all events, highly improbable that a gentleman, paying an official visit to a foreign prince, would force his society upon his illustrious host for a sufficient length of time to drink several bottles of claret; and still more improbable is it that any man—gentleman or not—could contrive to "devour all the dessert the Plough at Cheltenham afforded," at a sitting. If, however, the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Cheltenham did really conduct himself in the manner described, he followed the example of Hamlet with the daggers,—he spoke of ceremony, but used none.

At page 14, we reach Llangollen, where his highness is pleased to make an observation, which, coming from a prince, sounds strange. He tells his Julia that "where he pays well, he is always the first person!" "We represent him to ourselves (quoth Goethe) as of a dignified appearance;" but the landlords and waiters seem to have wanted such discrimination. He then informs us—

> "that his appetite, enormously sharpened by the mountain air, was most agreeably invited by the aspect of the smoking coffee, fresh guinea-fowls' eggs, deep yellow mountain butter, thick cream, 'toasted muffins' (a delicate sort of cake eaten hot with butter), and lastly, two red spotted trout just caught; all placed on a snow-white table-cloth of Irish damask;—a breakfast which Walter Scott's heroes in 'the highlands' might have been thankful to receive at the hands of that great painter of human necessities. '*Je dévore déjà un œuf.*'—Adieu!"

It is laid down by Hannah, in "Hamilton's Bawn," that a captain of a horse

> "has never a hand that is idle;
> For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle;"

and we infer, from the animated account given by his highness of his own activity, that he must have been either a dragoon or a hussar, for, while with one hand he is describing to the sentimental Julia the delights of his breakfast, he is, by his own showing, actually eating an egg with the other.—His notion of being served with guinea-fowls' eggs we presume to have arisen from the price which the innkeeper charged for them, for although eggs are plenty in Wales, princes are scarce; but what his highness means by describing Sir Walter Scott as a great painter of human necessities, is quite beyond us.—After breakfast, he impudently intrudes himself on Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, and quizzes them and their pretty cottage in a style which, all the circumstances considered, one might almost be tempted to call brutal. Those amiable spinsters are, however, no more—and we may pass on.

By a reference to page 27, we find that his highness slept "admirably," on the night of the 15th of August, at his inn in Wales, where he describes himself sitting at the window, looking at the sea, and the ships thereon. "On the landward"—whatever that means—he says, "rises a castle of black marble, surrounded by ancient oaks." And in this retirement he finds, "very unexpectedly,"—we should think so, —a "thin" friend of his, with "magnificent calves, elegantly dressed;" a gentleman who is "so good-natured and yet so sarcastic, so English and yet so German," etc., etc.,; and this so delightful personage tells him a story, which, in order to fill up a certain number of pages, his highness is good enough to repeat, though it contains nothing worthy of notice, except an ill-natured slap at the poor Duke of St. Albans, who treated him with every mark of civility when he was in England.

His highness is tempted to visit the marble castle which he has seen from his window, and is "remarkably well received there."

"The bells of the various rooms," says his highness, "are suspended in a row on the wall, numbered, so that it is immediately seen in what room any one has rung; the sort of pendulum which is attached to each wire continues to vibrate for ten minutes after the sound has ceased, to remind the sluggish of their duty."

"The females of the establishment," continues his highness, "have also a large common room, in which, when they have nothing else to do, they sew, knit, and spin; close to this is a closet for washing the glass and china, which comes within their province. Each of them, as well as of the man-servants, has her separate bed-chamber in the highest story. Only the housekeeper and the butler have distinct apartments below. Immediately adjoining that of the housekeeper, is a room where coffee is made, and the store-room, containing everything requisite for breakfast, which important meal, in England, belongs specially to her department. . . . Near the butler's room is his pantry, a spacious fire-proof room, with closets on every side for the reception of the plate, which he cleans here, and the glass and china used at dinner, which must be delivered back into his custody as soon as it is washed by the women. All these arrangements are executed with the greatest punctuality. A locked staircase leads from the pantry into the beer and wine cellar, which is likewise under the butler's jurisdiction."

Of the cordiality of his highness's reception at the marble castle we have no doubt; but he leaves us in the dark as to whether he had been the guest of the housekeeper or the butler, though we confess we rather incline to the former, not only because, according to his guarantee, the author of the "Sorrows of Werter," he attracted women and was attracted by them, because he refers, with something of a regretful feeling, to the "locked staircase" of the wine-cellar: had the butler been at home, there is every reason to hope that his highness would not have found it closed against him, but, like another Archer, would have been kindly welcomed by the Cambrian Scrub.

His highness next visits a slate-quarry, over which he tells us it "took him a considerable time to take even a hasty glance." He then gives us the average of casualties which happen annually, and breaks off into a profane medley of nonsense, impiously entitled "Reflections of a Pious Soul," upon which we decline commenting, lest we should be compelled to extract even the smallest portion of it.

In his highness's account of Carnarvon Castle we are favoured with an historical fact so interesting and so new withal, that we must extract it bodily, from page 77; which page is moreover ostentatiously headed, "Origin of the Prince of Wales's Motto."

> "On descending, my guide showed me the remains of a vaulted chamber, in which, according to tradition, Edward II., the first Prince of Wales, was born. The Welsh, in consequence of the oppressions of English governors in the earlier times of partial and momentary conquest, had declared to the king that they would obey none but a prince of their own nation. Edward therefore sent for his wife Eleanor in the depth of winter, that she might lie-in in Caernarvon Castle. She bore a prince; upon which the king summoned the nobles and chiefs of the land, and asked them solemnly whether they would submit to the rule of a prince who was born in Wales, and could not speak a word of English. On their giving a joyful and surprised assent, he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming in broken Welsh, *Eich dyn!* *i.e.*, 'This is your man!' which has been corrupted into the present motto of the English arms, *Ich Dien.*"

It seems hardly worth while detailing the true history of this motto, since every child knows it—yet to prove, on the spot, the deplorable ignorance of this pretender, every child does know that the distinguishing device of the Prince of Wales (having nothing to do with the English arms), viz., the plume of three ostrich feathers, with the motto Ich Dien, which, in Prince Puckler's own mother-tongue, signifies 'I serve,' was assumed by Edward the Second's grandson, the Black Prince, in memory of the death of John, king of Bohemia, the lawful owner of the said device, in the battle of Cressy. One might have expected a little heraldry at least from the Château of Thonderdentronck.

Ten pages of stupid blasphemy bring us to page 88, where the baser propensities of his mind give place to its overweening passion—personal vanity. The hero of "moral manifestations" thus confides to his dear princess the conquest he has made of a bar-maid at Bangor:—

> "I had read thus far when the little Eliza appeared with my break-

fast, and with an arch good-nature bid me good morning 'after my long sleep.' She had just been to church, had all the consciousness of being well dressed, and was waiting upon a foreigner; three things which greatly incline women to be tender-hearted. She accordingly seemed almost embarrassed when I inquired about my departure early the following morning. . . . . After dinner I went, under her guidance, to visit the walks round the town. One of these is most romantically placed on a large rock. We saw from hence Snowdon, in almost transparent clearness, undimmed by a single cloud. . . . . After this pastoral walk, tender mutton closed the day."

Who is not inclined to exclaim with the Welsh, according to his highness's version, "Eich dyn!" This is your man!

Skipping some more blasphemies, we find ourselves at Kenmell Park, the seat of Colonel Hughes.

"Towards evening," says his highness, "I arrived at the house of my worthy colonel—a true Englishman in the best sense of the word" (from being a Welshman, we presume). "He and his amiable family received me in the friendliest manner. Country gentlemen of his class, who are in easy circumstances, (with us they would be thought rich), and fill a respectable station in society; who are not eager and anxious pursuers of fashion in London, but seek to win the affection of their neighbours and tenants; whose hospitality is not mere ostentation; whose manners are neither 'exclusive' nor outlandish, but who find their dignity in a domestic life polished by education and adorned by affluence, and in the observance of the strictest integrity; such form the most truly respectable class of Englishmen. In the great world of London, indeed, they play an obscure part; but on the wide stage of humanity, one of the most noble and elevated that can be allotted to man. Unfortunately, however, the predominance and the arrogance of the English aristocracy is so great, and that of fashion yet so much more absolute and tyrannous, that such families, if my tribute of praise and admiration were ever to fall under their eye, would probably feel less flattered by it, than they would be if I enumerated them among the leaders of *ton*."—Pp. 137, 138.

Little did his highness think that a few short months only would elapse before the brow of his "worthy colonel, filling a respectable station in society," would be encircled with a baronial coronet; little did he imagine that his "country gentleman," who "played an obscure part" in London, was so soon to be converted into one of the "leaders of *ton*," from amongst whom he had so flatteringly excluded him; little did he think that his hospitable friend was destined so soon to adorn the British peerage as Lord Dinorben.

On the 5th of August he walked, while all the rest of the family were yet in bed, "with the charming little Fanny, the youngest daughter of the house, who is not yet out."—"She took me," says his highness, "round the park and garden, and showed me her dairy and aviary." His highness then describes the dairy, which, we presume, from a laudable desire of the "worthy colonel" to bring the article into fashion, is surrounded with lumps of copper, forming "a gorgeous bed for rare and curious plants." His highness enumerates the comforts of the colonel's cocks and hens, and the ducks and the pigeons—he feels at the sight thereof a fit of "pastoral sensibility" come over him, and "turns homewards to get rid of his fit of romance before breakfast:"—"Miss Fanny," he adds, "exclaimed, with true English pathos,

> 'We do but row,
> And we are steered by fate.'"

"Yes, indeed, thought I," says the prince, "the little philosopher is right—things always turn out differently from what one intends, even in such small events as these." What "the little philosopher" meant by her pathetic exclamation, we cannot, of course, divine; nor what his highness alludes to as an event; but the story, as his highness has here printed and published it, may serve as a caution to Lord Dinorben how he suffers the familiar visits of princes, and subjects himself to the jokes of such illustrious personages as feel themselves privileged, in return for the honour they confer upon him by their presence, to laugh at his "want of *ton*," and ridicule the kindnesses which "people of his class" are so apt to bestow.

After dinner the prince tells us that he mounted the colonel's horse—"unwearied as a machine of steel,"—(copper would have been as fair a simile):—he gallops over the stones, up hill and down,—

> "leaps with undisturbed composure over the gates which continually intercept my way across the fields and tires me long before he feels the least fatigue himself. This, to me, is the true pleasure of riding—[a friend's horse]—I love to traverse mile after mile of country which I had never seen before, where I know not whither I am going, and must find out my way back as I can."

But will it be believed, notwithstanding the comfort, the good cheer, the aviary, the dairy, the untireable horse, etc., etc.,—the prince, although he had promised to stay with the "worthy colonel" for some weeks, gets amazingly bored, and "therefore took leave;" and had been, as he intimates, so *genêd* by Kenmell Park, that, proceeding from it to the house of "another gentleman who had invited him," he makes his visit "of some hours instead of days."

This grateful recipient of Cambrian hospitality is presently discovered at the seat of Mr. Owen Williams, where he is obliged to amuse himself "after dinner with reading the newspaper." This slur upon the gaiety and conviviality of Mr. Williams's table must be as groundless as is an assertion which he also hazards, that there was nothing for dinner but fish—and that after dinner oysters formed the dessert. But whether it be true that his highness felt dull and was driven to the newspaper, or not, glad we are that he has said he was; for he favours us with an extract from the journal, whatever it might have been, which affords a new and convincing proof of the universal correctness of his highness's information and remarks:—

> "In this vast desert [the newspaper] I met with only one thing which I think worth quoting to you. The article treated of the speech from the throne, in which were the words 'The Speaker is commanded to congratulate the people on their universal prosperity.' 'This,' says the writer, 'is too insolent; openly to make a jest of the miseries of the people.' It is indeed a settled point, that truth is never to be expected in a speech from the throne; and if ever a king were mad enough to wish to speak the real truth on such an occasion, he must begin his speech, 'My knaves and dupes,' instead of the wonted exordium, 'My lords and gentlemen.'"

That no such words appeared in any king's speech as those which his highness is pleased to comment upon, we need not take the trouble to say; but it is rather strange, since we have already recorded his highness's view of the real causes of popular distress in this country, that he should so entirely coincide in the vindictiveness of the supposed newspaper upon the fictitious expression.

We next find the prince visiting Colonel Hughes's copper-mines; and, while he is standing by the furnace, he receives an invitation from the colonel's brother, the major-commandant of the loyal Chester local militia, to dine with him. His highness not only declines the invitation, which he was quite at liberty to do, but sneers at the hospitality which was offered him; and forthwith starts from Lord Dinorben's copper pots for Holyhead, to embark for Dublin; where, after a dose of sea-sickness, he arrives in good preservation. He says—"As I knew not what else to do—(for all the notables who inhabit the town are in the country)—I visited a number of show-places; and among the first was the theatre,—a very pretty house, with a somewhat less rough and obstreperous audience than in London!" *Eich dyn!*

The descriptions which the "attracting and attracted" prince gives to "Julia" of his little adventures during his rides upon the horses of his friends are edifying. In Wales he discovers a sylph weeding in a field, half naked, but "shy as a roe, and chaste as a vestal." In Ireland he meets with another interesting female, whose personal and mental qualities he thus details to his "beloved soul:"—

> "The scene was yet further animated by a sweet-looking young woman, whom I discovered in this wild solitude, busied in the humble employment of straw-plaiting. The natural grace of the Irish peasant-women, who are often truly beautiful, is as surprising as their dress, or rather the want of dress; for though it was very cold on these hills, the whole clothing of the young woman before me consisted of a large very coarse straw hat, and literally two or three rags of the coarsest sackcloth, suspended under the breast by a piece of cord, and more than half disclosing her handsome person. Her conversation was cheerful,

> sportive, and witty; perfectly unembarrassed, and, in a certain sense, free; but you would fall into a great error if you inferred from that any levity or looseness of conduct. The women of this class in Ireland are, almost universally, extremely chaste, and still more disinterested."

Truly, indeed, does the illustrious Goethe say, that this prince knew how to put himself on a level with the highest and lowest. We are, however, compelled to quit this rustic, half-clad Venus for brighter scenes and more intellectual pleasures. On his return from his ride, his highness proceeds to call on Lady Morgan, who receives him with much grace and urbanity.

> "I was very eager (says the distinguished stranger) to make the acquaintance of a woman whom I rate so highly as an authoress. I found her, however, very different from what I had pictured her to myself. She is a little, frivolous, lively woman, apparently between thirty and forty, neither pretty nor ugly, but by no means disposed to resign all claim to the former, and with really fine and expressive eyes. She has no idea of '*mauvaise honte*' or embarrassment; her manners are not the most refined, and affect the 'aisance' and levity of the fashionable world, which, however, do not sit calmly or naturally upon her. She has the English weakness, that of talking incessantly of fashionable acquaintances, and trying to pass for very '*recherchée*,' to a degree quite unworthy of a woman of such distinguished talents; she is not at all aware how she thus underrates herself.
>
> "She is not difficult to know, for, with more vivacity than good taste, she instantly professes perfect openness, and especially sets forth on every occasion her liberalism and her infidelity; the latter of the somewhat obsolete school of Helvetius and Condillac. In her writings she is far more guarded and dignified than in her conversation. The satire of the latter is, however, not less biting and dexterous than that of her pen, and just as little remarkable for a conscientious regard to truth."

Now is this fair?—is this gallant?—is it princely?—is it gentlemanlike?—hunted, followed, worshipped, and besought as his highness was by Lady Morgan; dogged, baited, ferreted out, and *fêted* as he had been, was it to be expected that he would denounce his kind hostess as frivolous, affected, a liberal and an infidel,—(and *he* too, of all men in the world)—with more vivacity than taste, and no regard for truth!—and, worst of all, "neither pretty nor ugly!"

He does, indeed, slily drop one lump of sugar into his bowl of gall, and thinking he knows her ladyship's mind to a nicety, no doubt believes that the one sweet drop will "property the whole." "She is apparently between thirty and forty." Miss Owenson, however, was an established authoress six-and-twenty years ago; and if any lady, player's daughter or not, knew what she knew when she wrote and published her first novels, at eight or nine years' of age, (which Miss Owenson must have been at *that* time, according to the prince's calculation,) she was undoubtedly such a juvenile prodigy as would be quite worthy to make a "case" for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and as fit to fill a show-waggon at Bartholomew Fair, as her ladyship's namesake who was born with double joints, and could lift a sack of corn with her teeth when she was only six years old.

His highness now determines to explore County Wicklow, and starts for Bray,—"a town twenty miles from Dublin!"—having "left his carriage and people in town."—Of this carriage and people we are often told much, and they seem to give him no more trouble or inconvenience in the management of them than his hat or his gloves,—when he wants them he has them,—when he does not, they vanish into thin air. What did he do with his "carriage and people" while he was flirting with the barmaid at Bangor? When did they cross the water to Ireland? for we have seen he came quite alone through Wales; and we shall see presently that he made all his excursions in Ireland in noddies, jingles, jaunting cars, and went back quite alone through England upon the tops of coaches. But, not to dwell on such trifles—for we suppose one might, without much injury, say, both of "principality" and of "people," *de minimis non curat Prætor*—let us attend his highness (or, to give him the exact title which the Germans bestow on princes of this calibre, "his thorough-illustriousness,") to his supper-table at Bray.

"I supped with a young parson of good family, who made me laugh heartily at his orthodoxy in matters of religion, interspersed with talk, which was by no means remarkable for severe decorum of virtue. But such is the piety of Englishmen (*qu.* ?)—it is to them at once a party matter and an affair of good manners; and as in politics they follow their party implicitly, through thick and thin, reasonable and unreasonable, because it is their party;—as they submit to a custom for ever because it is a custom; so they regard their religion, (without the least tincture of poetry,) in exactly the same point of view: they go to church on Sundays, just as regularly as they dress every day for dinner; and regard a man who neglects church, just in the same light as one who eats fish with a knife."

We may afford to despise this infidel's sneer at English piety. As for his ideas of English manners, the secret of his "thorough-lustre" on that head now begins to peep out. He had evidently been studying the poor puppyisms of what has been well enough called "the silver-fork school of novelists." In the genuine spirit of the doctors of this precious "sapientia," he says,—

"The common people in England put the knife as well as the fork to their mouths. The higher classes, on the contrary, regard this as the true sin against the Holy Ghost, and cross themselves internally when they see a foreign ambassador now and then eat so;—it is an affront to the whole nation."

This specimen of his highness's "decorum" is sufficient. With reference to his highness's horsemanship, we leave the following exploit of the succeeding morning to the consideration of the reader:—

"About a mile and a half farther on, the path suddenly ends in a ha-ha, over which my horse utterly refused to leap. As the wall was on my side, and the turf below very soft, I hit upon a new expedient; I tied my handkerchief over the eyes of the refractory beast, and pushed him down backwards over the wall. He was very little frightened, and not at all hurt by the fall, as I had expected, and grazed peaceably blindfold till I rejoined him. This manœuvre saved me at least five miles." (No doubt German miles.)

We presume this experiment was performed upon a friend's horse. In the execution, however, of his "new expedient," he had, it appears, dropped his purse: and we give the account of its restoration to its owner in his highness's own words, in order to show the opinion his highness entertains of the numerous fools who were civil enough to make "feasts for him" while he was in this country.

> "Scarcely had I rested myself at table (at Avoca), when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognized as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me, all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, Lord knows how, dropped it out of my breast-pocket; and had, therefore, no small reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In England I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a 'gentleman' had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace,—or kept it."

Whatever we might have been likely to do by his pocket-book, we may, on this particular occasion, allow his highness's tour-book to "*lie* in peace."—He proceeds to exhibit his intimate knowledge of the "insular life:"—

> "A really poor man, who is not in a situation to contract debts, can on no terms be a 'gentleman.' On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his 'character' (reputation) dexterously, passes for a 'perfect gentleman.' In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer 'nuances.' A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar and 'nonchalant' manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was 'no gentleman;' but should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight, he may be a prince and a 'millionaire,' but he is 'no gentleman.'"

Had his highness named none of his English (and Welsh) associates, one might have found a charitable apology for the above: as it is, we are bound to express our cordial agreement with one of his observations—viz., that a man "may be a prince" without being a gentleman. His highness now threads the Dargle; a coarse attack, full of blasphemous allusions, upon Lord Powerscourt, follows; and we then are carried to Donnybrook fair. A description of the bestialities of that festival is given, which concludes with an account of a flirtation, to call it by the gentlest name, between a pair of lovers "excessively drunk,"—the whole of which is introduced merely to usher in this remark :—"My reverence for truth compels me to add, that not the slightest trace of English brutality was to be perceived." We hope the Lady Janes and Lady Marys, who waltzed and gallopaded with this "thoroughly illustrious" prince—their fathers, whose wines he drank—and their brothers, whose horses he rode,—will not forget this passage, in case his "noble and prepossessing aspect" should again chance to enlighten our "insular gloom."

Once more safe in his quarters at Dublin, our Prince lays down as an axiom that "nobody eats soup in England." "This," says his highness, "is the reason, by-the-bye, for which my old Saxon left me; he declared that he could not exist any longer in a state of barbarism—without soup." Now, that his highness's "Saxon" should have quitted "his ground" on this score seems odd,—inasmuch as his highness himself has just before told us, that "the luckless man who asked for soup twice at dinner" could be "no gentleman;" in other words, that such is an usual mark of what our superfine novelists call "vulgarity!" For the rest, his highness appears to have lived much more in coffee-houses than anywhere else; and, as everybody knows, whole seas of soup—black, grey, red, and green—are daily and hourly bubbling and smoking in all such quarters. Of one of these same coffee-houses, after denying the existence of soup, and explaining that the Irish boil their potatoes "in water," his highness thus continues his description:—

> "But now follows the second stage :—the table-cloth is removed; clean plate, and knife and fork laid, wine and wine-glass, and a few miserable apples or pears, with stony ship biscuits are brought: and now the dinner seems to begin to enjoy tranquillity and comfort. His countenance assumes an expression of satisfaction; apparently sunk in

profound meditation, leaning back in his chair, and looking fixedly straight before him, he suffers a sip of wine to glide down his throat from time to time, only breaking the death-like silence by now and then laboriously craunching his rocky biscuits.

"When the wine is finished, follows stage the third—that of digestion. All motion now ceases; his appetite being satiated, he falls into a sort of magnetic sleep, only distinguishable from the natural by the open eyes. After this has lasted for half an hour or an hour, all at once it ceases; he cries out, as if under the influence of some sudden possession, 'Waiter, my slippers;' and seizing a candle, walks off gravely to his chamber to meet his slippers and repose."

It appears to us very odd that the gallant prince should have, in this luculent sketch of "insular life," suppressed all mention of his "attracted" friends the chambermaids. He proceeds,—

"Englishmen who do not belong to the aristocracy, and are not very rich, usually travel without a servant by the mail or stage-coach, which deposits them at the inn. The man who waits on strangers to the coach, cleans their boots, etc., has the universal appellation of 'Boots.' It is, accordingly, 'Boots' who brings your slippers, helps you to pull off your boots, and then departs, first asking at what time you will have, not, as in Germany, your coffee, but your hot water to shave. He appears with it punctually at the appointed hour, and brings your clothes cleanly brushed. The traveller then hastens to dress himself and to return to his beloved coffee-room, where the ingredients of breakfast are richly spread upon his table. To this meal he seems to bring more animation than to any other, and indeed I think more appetite; for the number of cups of tea, the masses of bread and butter, eggs and cold meat, which he devours, awaken silent envy in the breast, or rather in the stomach, of the less capable foreigner. He is now not only permitted, but enjoined (by custom his gospel) to read. At every cup of tea he unfolds a newspaper of the size of a table-cloth. Not a single speech, crim. con., murder, or other catastrophe, invented by the 'accident maker' in London, escapes him.

"Like one who would rather die of a surfeit than leave anything uneaten which he had paid for, the systematic Englishman thinks that, having called for a newspaper, he ought not to leave a letter of it unread. By this means his breakfast lasts several hours, and the sixth or seventh cup is drunk cold. I have seen this glorious meal protracted so long that it blended with dinner; and you will hardly believe me when I assure you, that a light supper followed at midnight without the company quitting the table."—Pp. 209—212.

The correctness of this picture is striking; but we do not exactly trace the sequence of thought within his highness's illustrious breast which conducts him from this analysis of coffee-house breakfasts, through a few more uncalled-for insinuations of contempt for the individuals at whose houses he had been visiting, to the grand reflection with which it pleases him to close, p. 234, viz., "Nevertheless, the English nobleman, even the least of the lords, in the bottom of his heart, thinks himself a better man than the king of France." This, written A.D. 1828, appears to be gratuitous malice; though, as to being a better man than the king of France, if there be truth in Hennequin, we certainly hope there is hardly an Englishman, whether great lord or little gentleman, amongst us—liable as we are to the charge of stealing pocket-books from living princes,—who would, in January, 1832, be ambitious to change characters with the actual occupant of the Tuileries.

At page 218, this exemplary advocate of Popish emancipation in Ireland, lets slip the following simple and natural observations :—

> "I returned to Dublin just at the moment of a meeting of the 'Catholic Association,' and alighted at the door of their house : unfortunately, however, neither Shiel nor O'Connell was present, so that there was no great attraction. Heat and bad smells (' car l'humanité Catholique pûe autant qu'une autre ') drove me out in a few minutes.
>
> "In the evening I was better amused by the performances of some other charlatans—a company of English horse-riders who are here."

This is complimentary, and quite consistent with what will be found in the sequel.

The prince now starts for the south of Ireland—visiting and ridiculing a variety of families on his route. On one particular household he is especially jocose, and instances, in illustration of the state of their domestic information, a "long and patient" search which was made "in a map of Europe, for the United States!" (p. 221.) He adds,—

"The occasion of the search was, that the old gentleman wanted to show me Halifax and B——— town, which latter takes its name from him."

For one moment we must beg leave to stop his highness; no Englishman, or Irishman, ever talks of the United States; we always speak of America; and as, unfortunately for his highness, America is the distinctive appellation of one quarter of the globe, no Englishman, or even Irishman, would ever expect to find America in a map of Europe. If, indeed, it had been a question about Puckler-Muskau, or any such place, if place it be, we should, in common with all the rest of the world, the prince himself perhaps excepted, have hunted with the greatest alacrity to find it. But why was this old "country squire" so anxious to find the two American towns, which, by his anxiety, it is clear he thought his illustrious visitor knew nothing about? Why? Why, because he "laid the first stone of both during the American war, in which he commanded seven hundred men, and loves to recall those days of his youth and importance." In the preceding page he tells us that his host "is seventy-two years old, and hale and vigorous as a man of fifty." Now, mark:—Halifax, the capital of the province of Nova Scotia, was founded in May, 1749, being exactly seventy-nine years before the year 1828, in which his highness had the good fortune to meet with its "hale" founder, *anno ætatis* seventy-two, in Ireland, he having, according to his highness's account and calculation, commanded seven hundred men, and laid the first stone of a city, exactly seven years and four months before he was born. Whether this "vigorous" personage waited for the accouchement of his respectable mother to begin operations at B——, we cannot determine —the initial (so delicate!) baffles us; but we ought to be contented with his early exertions in the public service at Halifax.

These innocent, or rather imbecile, blunders or fictions are followed by another blasphemous satire upon our Church service—coupled with the remark, that Ireland is "debased by the stupid intolerance of the English priesthood," and that, therefore, out of a party of twenty persons, nobody knew where Carlsbad or Prague was; they did not even know where Bohemia was; in short, "everything out of Great Britain and Paris was a country in the moon." All this is at Limerick,—where the sexton of one of the "Catholic churches" told him they had rung the bells as soon as they heard of his arrival, and begged ten shillings as a gratuity; though we strongly suspect, that in 1828, the "Catholic churches" had no bells; where his highness is offered the order of the Liberators, which he declines, and compounds for dining with the Agitators; and where also occurs that scene of his being mistaken for young Ney, which we took leave to transpose to the earlier part of our observations, in order to identify the author.

The great object, however, of his highness's Irish excursion was, as might have been anticipated, to visit Mr. O'Connell; and accordingly he gets a horse (a friend's, of course) to ride to Derrinane, by a route which man on horseback never went before. On the journey a "soft rain began to fall," and his delicate highness (who, be it remembered, always prefers, or, at least, adopts the fashion of "travelling outside") writes thus:—"As I am seldom in the way of enjoying such a bath in the open air, I waded with a great feeling of satisfaction and pleasure through the streams, throwing myself in some degree into the pleasurable state of mind of a duck. Nothing of that kind is, as you know, impossible to my mobile fancy." What are we to make of this? His "thorough-lustre," the Prince Puckler-Muskau—the "dignified," "prepossessing," all-accomplished, admired of Goethe, the frank and favoured correspondent of Julia, and the personal friend of Lady Morgan,—to be able to throw himself into the pleasurable state of mind of a duck! and then appealing to his "beloved soul" to bear public testimony that he is capable of such an exertion. But perhaps the translator is in fault, and "duck" is not the right word.

In his progress to Derrinane, a series of Munchausen adventures await his highness:—he contrives to keep his seat in the saddle six miles after having broken his saddle-girths—he subsequently saddles himself, and leads his horse, (his carriage and people not being there)—and at length, after fording bottomless torrents, ascending inaccessible hills, and avoiding various inevitable accidents, the least of which would have been mortal, he reaches "the Abbey," and, after much thumping and ringing, obtains admission. As many of our readers may never have had the honour of inspecting this distinguished *interieur*, we must let his highness speak:—

> "The tower clock was striking eleven, and I was, I confess, somewhat anxious as to my dinner, especially as I saw no living being, except a man in a dressing-gown at an upper window. Soon, however, I heard sounds in the house; a handsomely dressed servant appeared, bearing silver candlesticks, and opened the door of a room, in which I saw with astonishment a company of from fifteen to twenty persons sitting at a long table, on which were placed wine and dessert. A tall, handsome man, of cheerful and agreeable aspect, rose to receive me, and apologized for having given me up in consequence of the lateness of the hour, regretted that I had made such a journey in such terrible weather, presented me in a cursory manner to his family, who formed the majority of the company, and then conducted me to my bedroom. This was the great O'Connell!
>
> "On the whole, he exceeded my expectations. His exterior is attractive; and the expression of intelligent good-nature, united with determination and prudence, which marks his countenance, is extremely winning. He has, perhaps, more of persuasiveness than of genuine, large, and lofty eloquence; and one frequently perceives too much design and manner in his words. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to follow his powerful arguments with interest, to view the martial dignity of his carriage without pleasure, or to refrain from laughing at his wit. It is very certain that he looks much more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. This resemblance is rendered much more striking by the perfection with which he speaks French, having been educated at the Jesuits' College at Douai and St. Omer. His family is old, and was probably one of the great families of the land. His friends, indeed, maintain that he springs from the ancient kings of

Kerry,—an opinion which no doubt adds to the reverence with which he is regarded by the people. He himself told me—and not without a certain pretension—that one of his cousins was Comte O'Connell, and 'cordon rouge' in France; and another a baron, general and chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; but that he was the head of the family. He is about fifty years old, and in excellent preservation, though his youth was rather wild and riotous. . . . .

"If he should succeed in obtaining emancipation, of which I have no doubt, his career, so far from being closed, will, I think, only then properly begin. The evils of Ireland, and of the constitution of Great Britain generally, lie too deep to be removed by emancipation. His understanding is sharp and quick, and manners, as I have said, winning and popular; although somewhat of the actor is perceivable in them, they do not conceal his very high opinion of himself, and are occasionally tinged by what an Englishman would call 'vulgarity.' Where is there a picture entirely without a shade?

"Another interesting man, the real, though not ostensible, head of the Catholics, was present, Father L'Estrange, a friar, and O'Connell's confessor. He may be regarded as the real founder of that Catholic Association so often derided in England, but which by merely negative powers, by dexterous activity in secret, and by universally organizing and training the people to one determinate end, attained a power over them as boundless as that of the hierarchy in the middle ages; with this difference, that the former strove for light and liberty, the latter for darkness and slavery. This is another outbreak of that second great revolution, which solely by intellectual means, without any admixture of physical force, is advancing to its accomplishment; and whose simple but resistless weapons are public discussion and the press. L'Estrange is a man of philosophical mind and unalterable calmness. His manners are those of an accomplished gentleman who has traversed Europe in various capacities, has a thorough knowledge of mankind, and with all his mildness cannot always conceal the sharp traces of great astuteness. I should call him the ideal of a well-intentioned Jesuit. As O'Connell was busy, I took an early walk with the friar to a desert island, to which we crossed dry-footed over the smooth sand now left by the ebb. Here stand the genuine ruins of Derrinane Abbey, to which O'Connell's house is only an appendix. It is to be repaired by the family, probably when some of their hopes are fulfilled. . . . .

"I wondered when I afterwards found both O'Connell and L'Estrange entirely free from religious bigotry, and even remarked in them very tolerant and philosophical views, though they persisted in choosing to continue true Catholics. I wished I had been able to conjure hither some of those furious imbeciles among the English Protestants, who

> cry out at those Catholics as irrational and bigoted; while they themselves alone, in the true sense of the word, cling to the fanatical faith of their politico-religious party, and are firmly predetermined to keep their long ears for ever closed to reason and humanity."—Vol. i., pp. 334—338.

Tearing himself from "the Man of the People," Father L'Estrange, and the rest of "the court of Derrinane," our prince transports himself to Killarney; inspects Mucruss, rows about the lakes, repeats some of Mr. Crofton Croker's stories of the great O'Donoghue, and again falls into one of those *affaires du cœur*, his clever management of which has so moved the admiration of the venerable Goethe.

> "The Irish naïveté of the innkeeper's daughter made such an agreeable impression on me, that on my return to her father's inn I scarcely talked to anybody else, and thus won her good graces. She had never quitted her native mountains, and was as ignorant of the world as it is possible to conceive. I asked her, in jest, if she would go with me to Cork. 'Oh no,' said she, 'I should be afraid to go so far with you. Do tell me now who you really are: You are a Jew—*that* I know already.' 'Why, are you mad?' said I; 'what makes you think I must be a Jew?' 'Ah, you can't deny it; haven't you a black beard all round your chin, and five or six gold rings on your fingers?' My disclaimer was of no use. At last, however, she said good-humouredly, that if I positively would not allow that I was one, she wished at least that I might 'become as rich as a Jew,' (an English phrase.) I confirmed this with a Christian 'Amen!'"

Barring the last bit of blasphemy, this is a laughable page. We only ask, whether any prince, who had not the mind of a duck, would record such an adventure as this? Another bar-maid—another pot-girl—and she to whom he exclusively devoted his attentions, to set him down for a Jew, and not to be convinced to the contrary! Where were his "people"—where the evidence to counteract this calumny? The mere nastiness of encouraging a tuft of unseemly hair under his chin could hardly have led the girl to this conclusion.

The second volume presents us with a series of visits to Protestant country gentlemen, whose manners and dinners he derides, and whose wives and daughters are talked of as "imbecile bigots," because they "remember the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy,"—interspersed with scenes on which his highness dwells with more satisfaction, but of which we regret to find we can afford but few specimens. At Cashel he passes several of his *white* days, chiefly, of course, in the company of persons unconnected with the "stupid, dull, Anglican system." *Inter alia*, he is invited by "the Catholic dean to meet the archbishop and sixteen other clergymen at dinner."

"The table did honour to a chaplain of the Holy Father . . . . The conversation then turned on religious subjects, and was in a perfectly free and partial spirit: never did I perceive the least trace of bigotry, or of the disgusting affectation of puritanical rigour. At the dessert, several sang their national songs, some of which had no pretension to sanctity. As the one who sat next me remarked some little surprise on my countenance, he said in my ear, 'Here we forget the foreign * * * * the archbishop, and the priest,—at table we are only gentlemen, and to enjoy ourselves.'"—Vol. ii., pp. 47, 48.

"Before the archbishop retired," says his highness, "he said to me, in a most obliging manner, 'You are *as you tell us!* a bishop! consequently, you owe obedience to the archbishop. I employ this, my authority, to command you to dine here to-morrow with your colleague the Bishop of Limerick, whom we expect to-day;—I must hear of no excuse.' I answered, taking up the jest, 'I readily confess that it does not beseem me to withstand the discipline of the Church, and your grace and the dean know so well how to sweeten obedience, that I submit the more willingly.'"

"I passed the evening in the society of the * * * * I have seldom found Protestant clergymen so frank and sincere as these Catholics. We came to the conclusion, that we must either receive blindly the hereditary faith the Church prescribes; or, if this be not in our power, form our own religious system as the result of individual thoughts and individual feelings, which may rightly be called the religion of philosophers. The * * * * spoke French most fluently, I therefore quote his own words: 'Heureusement on peut en quelque sorte combiner l'un et l'autre; car, au bout du compte, il faut une religion positive au peuple.' 'Et dites surtout,' replied I, 'qu'il en faut une aux rois et aux prêtres; car aux uns elle fournit le par la grâce de Dieu, et aux autres, de la puissance, des honneurs, et des richesses; le *peuple* se contenterait, peut-être, de bonnes lois et d'un gouvernement libre.' 'Ah,' interrupted he, 'you think like Voltaire,

> "Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense,
> Et sa crédulité fait toute notre science.'"

'Ma foi,' said I, 'si tous les prêtres vous ressemblaient je penserais bien autrement.'

"I was, unfortunately, unable to keep my word with my friendly Amphitryon. A 'megrim' confined me all day to my bed. The archbishop sent me word that he would cure me; and, if I would but bring firm faith, would be sure to drive away the headache-fiend by a well-applied exorcism. I was, however, obliged to reply, that this devil was not one of the most tractable, and that he respected no one but Nature, who sends and recalls him at her pleasure, which, alas! is seldom in less than four-and-twenty hours. I must, therefore, cut off even you, dearest Julia, with a few words."

This is a pleasant specimen of communication between a "frank and sincere" Irish * * * *, and a Lutheran liberal, who, in order to quiz the very idea of a Protestant episcopacy, announces himself at a drinking, singing party of papists, of which an archbishop makes one, to be a bishop himself.

When the prince has done with the popish archbishop, he takes to the pipers, and is safely delivered of this sapient remark:—"These pipers, who are almost all blind, derive their origin from remote antiquity. They are gradually fading away, for all that is old must vanish from the earth." This is a truism:—but, as pipers, like other men, to whatever age they may attain, are all born young—even in Ireland—his highness may still encourage the hope, that when the old ones die off, others will succeed them. The chapter of pipers is succeeded by a not very delicate one on game-cocks; but we must pass over this, and accompany the prince to the Phœnix Park, where he is in his proper sphere.

"Lord Anglesea invited me to dinner," says his highness, "and the party was brilliant. He is beloved in Ireland for his impartiality, and for the favour he has always shown to the cause of emancipation. His exploits as a general officer are well known—no man has a more graceful and polished address in society. A more perfect work of art than his false leg I never saw."

This climax of compliment will, no doubt, be felt and appreciated by his Excellency: he adds—

"The power and dignity of a Lord Lieutenant are considerable as representative of the king; but he holds them only at the pleasure of the ministry. Among other privileges, he has that of creating Baronets; and in former times inn-keepers, and men even less qualified, have received that dignity."

Baronets, as everybody knows, the Lord Lieutenant never could create, and the knighthoods the prince refers to most ungracefully, considering the "free and easy" manner in which, as we shall presently see, he treated Sir Charles Morgan and Sir Arthur Clarke—the individuals to whom he obviously points—and their "womankind." But, indeed, his malignity towards unfortunate Lady Morgan is worthy of severer reprehension. The following passage appears to us entirely indefensible:—

"I spent a very pleasant evening to-day at Lady M——'s. The company was small, but amusing, and enlivened by the presence of two very pretty friends of our hostess, who sang in the best Italian style. I talked a great deal with Lady M—— on various subjects, and she has talent and feeling enough always to excite a lively interest in her conversation. On the whole, I think I did not say enough in her favour in my former letter; at any rate, I did not then know one of her most charming qualities,—that of possessing two such pretty relatives.

"The conversation fell upon her works, and she asked me how I liked her Salvator Rosa? 'I have not read it,' replied I, 'because' (I added by way of excusing myself, 'tant bien que mal') 'I like your fictions so much, that I did not choose to read anything historical from the pen of the most imaginative of romance writers.' 'O, that is only a romance,' said she; 'you may read it without any qualms of conscience.' 'Very well,' thought I; 'probably that will apply to your travels too,'—but this I kept to myself. 'Ah,' said she, 'believe me, it is only *ennui* that sets my pen in motion; our destiny in this world is such a wretched one that I try to forget it in writing.' Probably the Lord Lieutenant had not invited her, or some other great personage had failed in his engagement to her, for she was quite out of spirits."—Vol. ii., p. 103.

At page 108 we are introduced to Lady Clarke, Lady Morgan's sister—for they are both "Ladies"—and Sir Arthur Clarke, and the Misses Clarke, who turn out to be the two "pretty relatives." Lady Clarke, we are told, "is very superior to her celebrated relation in accurate taste and judgment." Of the young ladies, whom his highness calls his "little nightingales," the prince says much; but it would be unfair to criticise his criticisms upon them, which are only distinguished by vanity, puppyism, conceit, bad taste, and bad feeling. He takes these poor girls to see "the fine artist," M. Ducrow, ("an admirable model for sculptors, in an elastic dress, which fits exquisitely,") ride nine horses at once, and "finally go to bed with a pony dressed as an old woman;" and the "little one" trembled with delight, with anxiety and eagerness, and kept her hands clenched all the time; and then comes a history of his fetching out a girl, who had acted Napoleon, from a dressing-room, where she stood naked as "a little Cupid before the glass," (we should have said a little Venus!)—but there is no end to his malice.

> "I rested myself (he says) this evening in the accustomed place. 'Tableaux' were again the order of the day. I had to appear successively as Brutus, an Asiatic Jew, Francis the First, and Saladin. Miss J—— was a captivating little fellow as a student of Alcala; and her eldest sister, as a fair slave, a welcome companion to Saladin. As the beautiful Rebecca, she also assorted not ill with the oriental Jew. All these metamorphoses were accomplished with the help only of four candles, two looking-glasses, a few shawls and coloured handkerchiefs, a burnt cork, a pot of rouge, and different heads of hair."

Even the mysteries of her ladyship's dressing-room, and the articles which compose her ladyship's toilette, are not sacred in the eyes of this "right-minded observer!"

Our readers have probably had enough of the prince. On the political portion of his highness's book we cannot enter, because his politics are universally mixed up with impiety. As to personal adventure, his closing chapters on Ireland contain little of that, except his being invited to drink wine at a radical meeting, and a visit to the Catholic Association. The rest is a mere tissue of commonplaces, evidently gleaned from the female attendants of the small inns which his highness was in the habit of frequenting, while his "carriage and people" were absent. He quits Ireland, and starts from Holyhead by the mail; he arrives at Shrewsbury, and, although the mail very rarely stops for anybody, perambulates the whole town,—sketches the horses,—examines the castle, and the tread-mill,—and yet is in time to pursue his journey, which he does on the outside of the mail, with four outside passengers! At Monmouth he pauses,—goes into a bookseller's shop to "buy a Guide,"—and "unexpectedly" makes the acquaintance of the bookseller's "very amiable family," particularly two "pretty daughters,"—of whom his highness observes, as a Lyell or Murchison would of lumps of nickel or tungsten, "they were the most perfect specimens of innocent country girls I ever met with." They were at tea when his highness dropped in; and the father, "unusually loquacious for an Englishman, took him absolutely and formally prisoner, and began to ask him the strangest questions about the Continent and about politics."

> "The daughters," said his highness, "obviously pitied me—probably from experience—and tried to restrain him; but I let him go on, and surrendered myself for half an hour *de bonne grace*, by which I won the good-will of the whole family to such a degree, that they all pressed me most warmly to stay some days in this beautiful country, and to take up my abode with them. When I rose at length to go, they positively refused to take anything for the book; '*bongré, malgré*,' I was forced to keep it as a present. Such conquests please me; because their manifestations can come only from the heart."

The reader will presently find the sequel to this double shot, by which two perfect specimens of innocence were killed dead; but he must first be told that his highness, the next morning, charges the landlord of his inn, the waiters, or the chambermaids, or somebody, with stealing his purse and pocket-book. They indignantly deny the charge, and repel the imputation, which his highness appears to have been anxious to cast equally upon gentlemen and innkeepers, and offer to submit to instant search, adding, however, that his highness must undergo a similar operation. This his highness declines; he thinks it best to put up with the loss of ten pounds, and depart; and what will the reader think he therefore did? "Why," says the prince, "I therefore took some more bank-notes out of my travelling-bag, paid the reckoning, and so departed."

From this splendid detail we discern that his highness travelled with a sac de nuit stuffed with bank-notes; nevertheless—

"The Prince, unable to conceal his pain"

at the loss of his ten pounds, runs to his amiable friends at the bookshop, and imparts to them the disaster:—

> "The surprise and concern of all were equal. In a few minutes the daughters began to whisper to their mother, made signs to one another, then took their father on one side; and after a short deliberation, the youngest came up to me and asked me, blushing and embarrassed, 'Whether this loss might not have caused me a temporary embarrassment, and whether I would accept a loan of five pounds, which I could restore whenever I returned that way:' at the same time trying to push the note into my hand. Such genuine kindness touched me to the heart: it had something so affectionate and disinterested, that the greatest benefit conferred under other circumstances would perhaps have inspired me with less gratitude than this mark of unaffected good-will. You may imagine how cordially I thanked them. 'Certainly,' said I, 'were I in the slightest difficulty, I should not be too proud to accept so kind an offer; but as this is not in the least degree the case, I shall lay claim to your generosity in another way, and beg permission to be allowed to carry back to the Continent a kiss from each of the fair girls of Monmouth.' This was granted, amid much laughter and good-natured resignation. Thus freighted, I went back to my carriage!"—(N.B.—He had come by the mail.)

The end of all this interesting story is, that two or three days after, his highness (whom, like Goethe, and unlike the barmaids, and the bookseller's daughters, we always "figure to ourselves as of a dignified aspect") finds his purse and his book in his dressing-gown pocket, so that the whole episode is given to show his Julia what a fine man he is, and how ready his "specimens of innocence" are to fall vanquished at his feet.—"Eich dyn!"

But we must cut his highness short. At Bristol he enters Radcliffe Church while the organ is playing, and stations himself in a corner, whence he could catch a glimpse at the interior:—

> "The illiberality of the English Church would not allow me this satisfaction, and the preacher sent an old woman to tell me that I must sit down. As it is not the custom in Catholic churches to interrupt the devotions of a congregation on such light grounds, even if strangers go in without any caution to view whatever is worth seeing in the church, I might justly wonder that English Protestant piety should have so little confidence in its own strength, as to be thus blown about by the slightest breath. The riddle was explained to me afterwards: I should have to pay for my seat, and the truly pious motive was the sixpence. However, I had had enough, and left their mummery without paying."

The substantial veracity of this narrative who can doubt? but that no preacher at Radcliffe Church ever took the slightest notice of his highness we will venture to affirm; the pew-opener might have thought that such a fine man as his highness would like to sit down, or the beadle might have thought it civil to an Israelite—for which he seems to have generally been mistaken—to show him a little Christian charity.

Passing over his highness's account of Bath, and Mr. Beckford, "a sort of Lord Byron in prose, who pays fifty guineas a week for leave to walk in a nursery garden and pick what flowers he chooses;"—of Salisbury, where the prince meets another specimen—"a very pretty young girl," a dress-maker,—and of course takes an opportunity of libelling the bishop, the venerable and excellent Dr. Burgess,—

who "never preaches, and draws 15,000*l.* a-year from his see!"—of Wilton, to which house he obtains admission by a story, and under an assumed name, which he rejoices to hear the housekeeper could neither pronounce nor write;—and some other seats and towns,—we reach London,—his highness's description of which is to occupy the two first, but as yet unpublished, volumes of this work. When he has sufficiently reinspected the "grand foyer," he again mounts the box for Canterbury, criticises the cathedral, the peculiar beauty of which he considers to arise from its not having a screen! and satirizes the archbishop, who enjoys "the rank of a prince" within his jurisdiction, "but not in London,"—as if London were not in the heart of his Grace's jurisdiction,—"moreover, he has sixty thousand a-year! and may marry!" (in the teeth, we presume, of the statute against bigamy.) The "illustrious stranger" proceeds to Dover—thence to Calais—dines with, and of course abuses, Mr. Brummel,—having, by-the-bye, gained admission to his table, as he had done to Lord Pembroke's gallery, under a feigned name! The "thorough lustre" of his principality is then enshrined in the cabriolet of a diligence; he eats smoking hot plinzen with the coachman, and arrives in Paris, where for the present we shall leave him,—and that "sweltering venom" which is luckily neutralized by an unfailing effusion of dulness.

We are sorry that the first Prussian castigator of our manners should have been a prince! We had, at one time, been led to expect the notice of a personage, who, though of not quite princely rank, could have told a much more amusing story,—described "specimens" of a higher order than bar-maids—pecuniary incidents more important than the loss of a ten-pound note out of a sac-de-nuit,—and even wound up his "picture of insular existence" with an interesting appendix to the "Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat."

PROSPECTUS FOR A GENERAL BURYING COMPANY.

Capital, £500,000. Shares, £50.

The immediate object of this institution is to rob death of its terrors, and, by following the example of our Parisian friends, blend the graceful with the grave, and mingle the picturesque with the pathetic:—in short, the directors feel confident, that when their scheme is fully developed, the whole system of inhumation will be changed, and the feelings and associations connected with interments in general, assume so novel a character, that it will be rather pleasant than otherwise to follow our friends and relations to the tomb.

It is proposed to purchase an extensive domain in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill and Caen Wood, where the diversified undulations of ground, and the soothing commixture of trees and water, afford the most flattering promise of success in the undertaking. No difficulty is anticipated in the purchase of the property, since the will of the late noble owner distinctly points out that it shall remain "grass land" to all eternity; and, "since all flesh is grass," no reasonable objection can be raised to its appropriation as a public cemetery.

The public cemetery, like the *Daily Advertiser*, will be open to all parties—dead or alive, of all religions, or, indeed, of none; and it does not need the practical knowledge attainable by a visit to the French metropolis to convince the world that by laying out the ground in a park-like manner, with umbrageous walks, alcoves, bowers, and fish-ponds, a link will be created between the past and present generation, and the horrid idea of having deposited a parent, a husband, or a sister, in a cold, damp grave, or a gloomy vault, refined into the agreeable recollection that they repose in a picturesque garden or a shady grove, at an easy distance from the most fashionable part of the town.

The directors intend opening a convenient hotel and tavern on the spot, at which persons visiting the cemetery, either as mourners or in search of quiet retreats for themselves, may procure every sort of refreshment. A *table-d'hôte* will be constantly prepared at five shillings a-head, for which cold meat and *vin de grave* will be furnished; and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, during the summer, after burying-hours, Collinet's band will be regularly engaged for quadrilles, and the grounds illuminated with variegated lamps.

A committee of taste will be appointed to regulate the designs of tombs; and the directors think it may save trouble to state in the outset that no allusions to death, nor any representations of skulls, cross-bones, skeletons, or other disagreeable objects, will be permitted. The Royal Society of Literature will be solicited to revise the inscriptions, epitaphs, and elegies, and twelve ladies belonging to the different *corps-de-ballet* of the King's Theatre, and the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane, are engaged to enliven the ground as mourners at newly-erected tombs.

These young ladies may be engaged by the day or hour, at a moderate price, and find their own garlands.

Mr. Samuel Rogers is appointed master of the ceremonies, and will appear dressed in the uniform of the establishment.

The directors have appointed Mr. Botibol, of Soho-square, their artificial florist, who will provide all sorts of flowers for strewing graves; but ladies and gentlemen are requested not to leave the decorations on the tombs at night, but to return them to the directress at the bar of the tavern: and, it may be necessary to add, that no ladies will be allowed to appear at the dances with the same ornaments which have been previously used in the grounds funereally.

Lord Graves has been solicited to accept the office of president, and Sir Isaac Coffin that of vice-president. The

College of Surgeons will be constant visitors of the Institution, and under such patronage ultimate success appears to be a dead certainty. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to be buried in romantic situations are requested to make early application to Mr. Ebers, of Bond-street, where the grave-book, with a plan of the cemetery, may be seen.

Persons subscribing for family mausoleums are entitled to free admission to all the balls of the season.

Gloves, hatbands, white pocket-handkerchiefs, cephalic snuff, and fragrant essence of onions, for producing tears, to be had of the waiters.

N.B. No objection to burying persons in fancy dresses.

Postscript.—The prospectus says that "an eligible site having offered itself"—this must have been a very curious site indeed—the temptation is too great to be resisted, and the public are invited to unite in a joint stock, "Capital £200,000, in shares of £25 each," to contrive something more agreeable for our resting-places than mere vaults and churchyards, and prepare a retreat, after the fashion of the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, in the neighbourhood of that ever gay and lively city—Paris.

"Within this area," continues the prospectus, "public bodies and individuals may obtain ground for interment, and liberty to erect mausoleums and monuments after their own designs; and vaults and catacombs will also be constructed for general use."

This is giving great latitude—mausoleums and monuments erected promiscuously, after the designs of their future inhabitants, will no doubt present a beautiful variety of tastes and elevations. It should seem, however, that the vaults and catacombs are not to be used exclusively for burying, for, in contradistinction to the interments to which the mausoleums and monuments are to be appropriated, the prospectus states that the vaults and catacombs are for general use. *Déjeûners à la fourchette*, or *petits soupers* by moonlight, perhaps. We say by moonlight, because illuminating the gardens in the evening does not yet appear to form part of the design.

The following condition we have no doubt will be highly advantageous in a pecuniary point of view to the proprietary, but it sounds disagreeable:—

"Subscribers on or before the 30th day of June, 1830, will be entitled to tickets of precedence, after the rate of one ticket for every five shares; which ticket will entitle the holder to a preference, according to the numerical order of the shares, in the choice of a situation for a grave or a monument. These tickets to be transferable without the shares upon which they shall have been granted, and capable of being held by persons who may not be subscribers or proprietors."

Now, however seriously captious sticklers for rank and pre-eminence may regard the article of precedence, we must say that the case of going out of the world differs a good deal from that of going out of a drawing-room; and we suspect, if the committee of this deadly-lively society could contrive to invert the order of departure, they would dispose of a much greater number of shares than are likely to go off under "existing circumstances." To the pleasure of walking about a burying-ground, with a plan in one's hand, like the Opera House box-book, to select a good place, we confess ourselves somewhat insensible; but we have no doubt that if this job takes, in less than five years we shall see "Graves in a good situation to let," posted at Sams' and Ebers', and "a transferable admission to a catacomb," to be sold for the season, just as a ticket for the pit is at present.

LETTER FROM JOHN TROT TO JOHN BULL.

Sir,—I feel great diffidence in addressing you, and should hesitate a long time before I ventured to throw myself upon your consideration; and through you upon that of the public; but the state of my case is desperate, and since it has recently been decided that beggary is a crime, and that those who dare to relieve distress with their own money are punishable by law, I prefer at once appealing to you.

The fact is, sir, that I am a superannuated lady's footman, my present situation is unbearable—I began the world in the service of the Margravine of Anspach, and was then accounted—I say it with all possible modesty—a remarkably fine young man. Her highness never admitted *low* persons (I mean in stature) to the honour of her livery; and many a time, until the present Sir Lumley Skeffington chose a cream-coloured coach for her highness instead of a yellow, have I, under favour of the foreign scarlet, been taken for one of the *élite* of Carlton House.

The Margravine went away, and I became the hanger-on of a duchess's carriage, who shall be nameless, since she is no more. The black breeches and gold bands did not quite suit my taste, and I rejoice to find that they are now *out* to all intents and purposes. However, speaking figuratively, as well as literally, I hung on until her grace dropped off, then *me voilà!* I had an offer from the Lord Mayor's household. The livery was handsome, and one changes one's master there, like an almanack, every year; but the Lord Mayors have an unpleasant smell about them, and they go to the Old Bailey and the Blue-coat School, and all those horrible places, where one might catch unpleasant disorders, so I declined, and made a push for Pall Mall—but it would not do.

I then, sir, thought of Mr. Coutts,—the late very respectable banker,—but just as I expected a character from the late Mr. Raymond, of Drury-lane Theatre, he was taken ill and died, and when I was about to renew my negotiations, a melancholy circumstance occurred which determined me not to engage in a place where I might, perhaps, be kicked out at a moment's warning.

There *was* a house, which shall be nameless, in Surrey, where an opening presented itself, but tallow-candles were whispered to me, and I fell back. I had at that time a fancy for Sir H— W— W—'s service, for I thought the sugar-loaf buttons were becoming; but the story about the sister and the annuity disgusted me, and I cut that. So I went on, sipping and smelling and never coming to the point, like Macheath, in the operative mendicant's opera; for I was made for a lady's footman, and I will even now back myself against any other two yards and an eighth of humanity behind a carriage, or at candle-light in that capacity. However, to my distress.

I embarked in the service of a *nouveau riche* (not Hayne, upon my honour), one of the mushrooms who blazed for a season, and then not only went out, but went off, *me voilà!* again I looked round me. I was then nearly fifty, called myself young, bought Tyrian dye, which turned my hair blue, and rubbed the bald place on the crown of my head with Russia oil, which smelt unpleasantly. Still no place; the ladies all voted me too old, too fat, too this thing and too that thing, until at last, dear Mr. Bull, I got a situation in a place where I daresay you have never been, but which I know you have heard of, called Montagu-place, Bedford-square, next door but one to your excellent friend, Mrs. Ramsbottom.

And now hear me. In this dreadful solitude, all one sees is the new painted house of Old Cavendish (what a place for a Cavendish!) at the corner a mews, where a man lets glass-coaches (I heard Mr. Raikes make a joke at my master's about a singer in a glass-coach, he called him *Veluti in Speculum;*

Mr. Raikes dines with us on off days, and always makes this joke everywhere), and a gothic window out of a modern house in Russell-square. Well, sir, in this infernal place I am obliged to be up every morning before nine (the butler has been in the family twenty years, wears cotton stockings, and never washes his feet); they allow no eggs, only cold meat for breakfast; there is no regular housekeeper; my mistress's own maid is a dowdy, with fingers like radishes unwashed, with squat nails, not nice; the two housemaids absolute gorgons, and the coachman, who is admitted to the privilege of *our* servants' hall, a dreadful person, smelling of the stable worse even than Mrs. Hopkins' batch. *Oh, Giovi Omnipotente!* as the Dutch say, what am I to do?

A particularly ill-done dinner is put down about one; sometimes coarse shoulders of mutton (a joint for which my cousin John left the service of a noble lord in the Cabinet some years since), or cold meat, or hashes, or perhaps that workhouse turbot, a brill, or some skate, with very secondary butter for sauce. However, this I could bear; but the carriage, built by some man nobody ever heard of, is called to the door, the steps are so hard and stiff there is hardly any pulling them down; my mistress having thick legs and no daughters, makes things worse, and after having rammed and jammed an infernal brass fist with a stick in it, which my master considers elegant, by way of handle to his coach, till I get it fast, up I mount and away we go, and anybody may see my calves in cotton (no silk in the morning) shaking like elongated moulds of blancmange all the way we rattle along,—all the fault of the builder, no Leader, no Goddal, Baxter and Macklew, no Houlditch, but some goth in Whitechapel. This I could bear; but will you believe it, sir? my master drinks port wine at and after dinner, and enforces my attendance in the room—what can I do?—no claret, no flirtations, no look-out, sniffing the drift air of St. Giles's, and seeing nothing but hackney-coaches. I cannot give up the place, although I don't get more than a half-pay lieutenant in the navy after all; but I am an oppressed man, I feel myself injured, and I am, I confess, discontented: if you would take me in hand, and recommend me to some person of taste and judgment, I would go for half the money; but till I am sure of another berth, I should be foolish to risk the bird in hand. Will you say one word in your correspondence, or put in my letter altogether? It may excite inquiry and compassion, and if anybody wishes to communicate with me, any of the Highgate or Kentish Town stages will bring the letter; for, upon my word, I hardly know whether this district is within the range of the regular twopenny post.

I am, Sir, yours in affliction,

To John Bull, Esq. JOHN TROT.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

IT happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17, Liberality-place (the corner of Riego-street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements, and, although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the Church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his grace to the duchess.

"She is making the beds, duke," replied her grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her grace, "on a sketching tour with the manciple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his grace, eyeing the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and coffee, having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1888.

"I have rung several times," said the duchess, "and sent Lady Maria up-stairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe, to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say check to the queen when the queen was in danger or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at, that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he is gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time), for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

"Ah," sighed the duke, "this comes of his having been elected for Westminster."

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

"What have you there, Willy?" said her grace.

"My new breeches," said his lordship;—"I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the academy or the gymnasium: however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home; but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—'There is a lord for you—look at my lord!'—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable."

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the duke hoped, to remove the breakfast-things—but it was, in fact, to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape, which he was in the course of painting.

"Dowbiggin," said his grace in despair, "I wish you would take away these breakfast-things."

"Indeed!" said Dowbiggin, looking at the duke with the most ineffable contempt—"you do—that's capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing ?

"Why, Mr. Dowbiggin," said the duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way—"his grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to——"

"Well, duchess," said Dowbiggin, "and what then? Let his grace show me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as the Baikal lake—and what did he answer? he made a French pun, and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin*'—now, if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply; and secondly, to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why, I'll do it; but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin; "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself," said the duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree; "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin; "now I'll go to work merrily; and, duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

Dowbiggin disappeared, and the duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest, when he was out, what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his lordship, "it's all over now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far; the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the duke, "has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the duchess, "it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say, that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out.

"My dear duchess," said the duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her grace, "there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

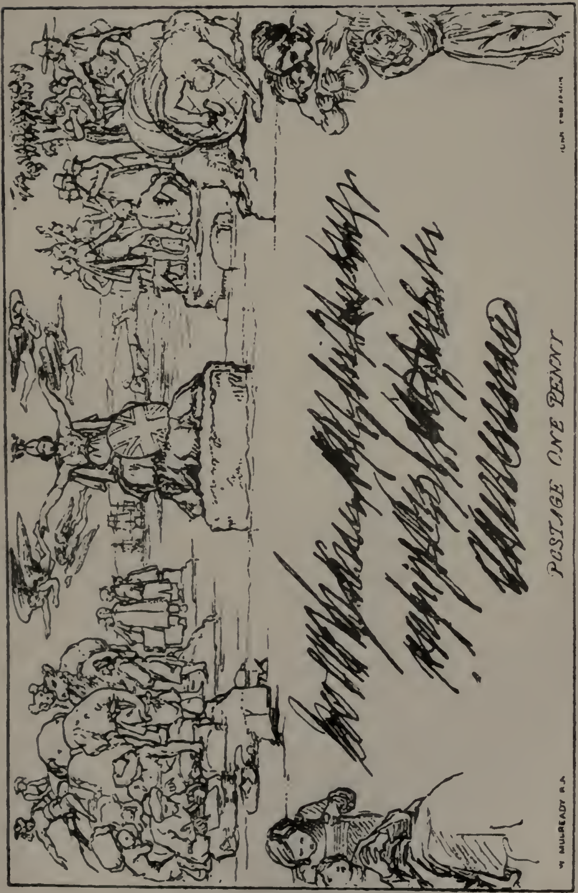
What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who, by extending, with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves), the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favour of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

SUNDAY BILLS.

We regret to see that a well-meaning gentleman of the name of Peter, is trying to get up a second edition of the exploded Agnew absurdity. Whatever the object of these efforts may be, it is clear that nothing can more effectually tend to array the country in two classes against each other,—the one of Atheists and Liberals, and the other of Puritans and Fanatics.

How can a gentleman of honour, like Sir Andrew Agnew, prevail upon himself—we are quite sure he is too independent to permit any other person to prevail upon him—to declare in the House of Commons that all classes of operatives are anxious for the closest restrictions on the Sabbath which the

MULREADY ENVELOPE.


POSTAGE ONE PENNY
W. MULREADY R.A.
JOHN THOMPSON

[*See Hook's travestie on another page.*]

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

House can enforce? It is not the case. As far as working goes, the operatives are at this moment entirely protected; no master can compel his journeymen to work on Sunday; and as for menial servants, they are excepted out of the bill.

Does Sir Andrew Agnew believe, or wish anybody else to believe, that the operatives want to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on a Sunday, debarred from their excursions to tea-gardens, their little voyages upon the river, their social pipes and ale, or to have their wives and sweethearts mulcted of their cakes and tea upon the only day in the week in which they can enjoy them? Does he really mean seriously to say that hard-working people, who for six consecutive days have been shut up to labour and toil, in heated rooms, in factories, or in gas-lit workshops, desire that they may be hindered from breathing the pure air on the seventh?

And what to the poor—or, indeed, to the rich—is an excursion without refreshment—without the enjoyment of the Sunday's dinner, the weekly festival at which his family enjoy his society, and in his society the treat of something "good to eat?" Why may not these relations, if they prefer good air to bad, go to those "Ordinaries on Sundays at two o'clock," which may be seen announced on every sign-board round London? or why, if they prefer it, may they not travel thither in chaises or other carriages, if they can afford it? Whether this is sinful or not, Messrs. Agnew and Peter may perhaps decide; but of this we are sure, that the operatives, except the already benighted Puritan Radicals, must be, and are opposed, heart and soul, to the monstrous restrictions which a couple of very small men are endeavouring to bring them under, because they think it right, and good, and wise.

The beneficial effects of the measure upon society may be guessed from the following dialogue between Snip, a tailor, and Snob, a shoemaker, living in the same house, each having a wife—one having a child.—(*Time, Sunday morning.*)

Snip. Vell, Snob, arn't you shaved? Vy, the bells is a-going for church—ye von't be ready in time.

Snob. Church—bless your heart, I can't go to church to-day—the bill's come into play.

Snip. Ah! I know that to my cost.

Snob. How can I go to church? Ve used to send our bit of wittels to the bakus, and then I and Sal used to go to church, and so give Jenny Walker sixpence to mind the babby till we come back; then arter dinner Sal and I and the babby used to go to Chalk Farm, as reglar as clockwork, every blessed Sunday. She had a cup of the best bohea, with milk hot from the cow—I smoked my pipe and had a pint of ale. Little Jenny used to go to church in the arternoon, and come and jine us, and so help bring babby back. Now we marn't get the things baked at the bakus, and Jenny marn't come and earn sixpence by looking arter the babby—so Sal has to cook the wittels, and I have to mind the child—so there's no church for us.

Snip. My missus says she won't do no work Sundays, cause she's afeard of her life of Bill Byers—so we avn't got a morsel of grub for dinner, and neither of us knows where to get none—I won't go to church with this here beard on, six days long; and Jim, him as is the barber over the way, won't shave me for fear of the five pound penalty, so I shall stop where I is.

Snob. Come along into our place—my Sal isn't so partic'lar—she's read the hact itself, and swears she's a hexception—we got a line of mutton, vith the kidney in it, and a peck of tatys—come along wi' your old woman, and let's be jolly.

Snip. Jolly! Hark, Mr. S——, there's one on 'em over the way—don't ye know 'em—that's one o' Byers's boys—if he hears you laugh to-day, two-pun-ten for you.

Snob. Peter's pence—eh?—well, if we maint speak of a Sunday in the street, let's come in—ours, you know, is a back room, up two pair—they can't hear us there—come along—I say, what shall we have to drink?

Snip. There's nothing but vater for us as can't afford vine—public-houses is shut—no sarving Sabbath-day.

Snob. Vell, never mind—ve'll try and cheat the old un. There are cunninger dogs than the law-makers, and them is the law-breakers. Go and ask missus to come and join us.

Snip. Oh, she'll come, and jump too; and I tells ye what—as we know'd we could not have no heavy wet to-day, she got a couple of bottles of Jacky, as will nourish us through the arternoon.

Snob. So it will, Bill; and we won't stir out at all. If we can't have a drop o' short, or a swig o' heavy among the rurals in the harbours—what's the country to us, we can't live upon hair?

Snip. No, not by no means. If I could but get my chin scraped, I'd try and make myself comfortable.

Snob. Is barber Jem at home?

Snip. Yes, shut up in his back parlour a-making wigs, where nobody can see him.

Snob. I tell ye vot, let's ax him to eat a bit of our mutton. He han't got nobody to cook for him, poor buffer, so we'll ax him over; and then if he brings his soap and a kipple of razors in his vestcoat pockets, he can shave us two, just by way of amusement, while Sal's getting the line ready.

Snip. Amusement!—that's quite gone out,—there's my poor missus, who used to get from eighteen to four-and-twenty shillings a-week a-manty making in Crambo Alley, can't get a stitch o' work to do—nobody wears nothing now—they used only to put on their bits of things onest a-week, to show 'em like, and now they marnt go out a-pleasuring o' Sundays, they buys nothing.

Snob. Vell, come along up stairs, we'll have a day on it, please the pigs; your two bottles of Jacky will last us till bed-time, and I'll toss you up who pays for both—I'm not going to swelter out in the sun to walk.

Snip. Nor I—I'll be with you in a twinkling, and when we have got my missus and barber Jem, we'll just lock the door, and drink confusion to the reformers.

For the sequel we have not room in detail. Snip, Snob, and barber Jem, ensconced in their fast-hold, pass the Sabbath with the females, in hidden intoxication and carefully-concealed profligacy—drunkenness progresses. Barber Jem contributes from his store over the way to the replenishment of the gin-bottle. Jealousy grows out of familiarity: the women tear each other's caps, and scratch each other's faces. Snob knocks Snip over the balusters, and barber Jem is taken to the station-house dead-drunk.

In better society things will grow even worse. The mind restricted to drudgery through the week must have relaxation at the end of it; and the tradesmen and clerks, and their ladies, sweethearts, and wives, have a right, in this Christian and civilized country, to share the innocent pleasures of the male part of the creation on the only day upon which they can properly enjoy them. What can be more innocent than going to Richmond, walking upon the hill, or paddling about by the water? What more agreeable or healthy than steaming to Gravesend (where the animosity of the people towards the aristocracy has recently been evinced by their conduct towards the Pier)? What more natural than to eat and drink when arrived there?—No; that is contrary to the law. What! of nature or nations!—No; of Agnew and of Peter. Surely if young ladies are satisfied with soles and eels, and ducks and peas, and sage and onions, and port wine and punch, and such things as these, all eaten fairly and above-board at open windows or in the open air, such persons as Peter and Agnew should rejoice thereat. Confine them in London, deny them harmless gaiety, pen them up with their lovers and friends, tell them they must not stir out, and, like the Snips and Snobs of inferior life, they will turn their thoughts into other channels, and soles and eels, and ducks and peas, will shortly sink in their estimation, only, however, to give place to a catalogue of other things too numerous to mention in the short space of an advertisement.

Oh, if these Agnews and Peters would but be content to take man as God has been pleased to make him, and allow him the free agency with which the Divinity has invested him, how much more wisely would they act! If they themselves believe that piety consists in eating cold meat on Sundays, in avoiding carriages, in eschewing all sorts of social conversation; if they see perdition in a plum-bun, and utter destruction in a glass of mild ale, let them henceforth live on frigid sheep, moan, mump, and be miserable, and fast, and grieve, in direct opposition to the spirit and character of Christians, observing the Protestant Sunday; but do not let them meddle with matters which cannot concern them, and by their success in which they would infallibly corrupt the body of the people, and endanger the safety of the commonwealth.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

At 15.—Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for coming out—looks about her with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16.—Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17.—Having no mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by an aunt—first terrified, then charmed. Comes out—Almack's—Opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he, eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a casement window all over woodbine.

18.—Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a Lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in *fêtes* and *déjeûners*—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sister.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show that she understands the best-concealed *bon-môts* of the French plays—shows off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who flicker round her.

20.—Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the Whigs—avows Toryism—all women are Tories, except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards Italian music, and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and "so natural."

21.—Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters every day half-way to the House of Lords with the dear Earl, through St. James's Park, by the side of her uncle—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her satellites for a Tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great Agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics, and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22.—Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country-house—large party of shooting men—juxtaposition—constant association—sociability in the evening—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which, being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the *mêlée*, she refuses.

23.—Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24.—Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment, and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the *savans*, and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25.—Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26.—Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27.—Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28.—Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29.—Same system—still ineffective—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30.—Begins to inquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31.—Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country-house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32.—Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33.—Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34.—Uncle dies—break-up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35.—Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, pianoforte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36.—Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize Marquess of the season—goes into Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37.—Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and "never goes out"—makes up little tea-parties at her aunt's—very pleasant to everybody else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38.—Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan-school, dresses him up in a green jacket, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronizes a poet.

39.—Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she either is or is not invited—relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40.—Spasmodic—camphor-julep—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a Captain in the Guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41.—Takes to wearing "a front"—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—Umph!

42.—Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavours to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a Ranter.

43.—Learns the Unknown Tongues, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues during the whole season enveloped in her new devotions.—Her page, having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44.—Renounces the Oly Oly Bom school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty—he grown plump and jolly, driving his wife and two great healthy-looking boys, nearly men, and two lovely girls, nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle's ears.

45.—Returns to cards at the Dowager's parties, and smells to snuff if offered her.

46.—Her aunt dies.

47.—Lives upon her relations; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48.—Goes into the country and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49.—Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to everything—takes snuff and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to tea in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor julep, and to bed—but not to sleep.

50.—Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing—vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat, a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round its neck. And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster's progress up to fifty.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

Sir,—We hear a great deal of the licentiousness of the press, and I am not disposed to say that there may not be some good grounds for the complaint; but I beg to assert that, to my own knowledge, much is charged to the account of the licentiousness which is, in truth, only attributable to the errors of the press; and I have had the mortification to see articles of the most innocent information, from my own pen, conveyed to the public with all the colour of libels, by the mere mistake of a single letter.

For instance, I had occasion to report that a certain "noble lord was confined to his house with a violent cold; next morning, I found that this innocuous piece of intelligence was metamorphosed into a direct inroad on the peace of a noble family, by representing his lordship as being "confined with a violent scold." In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment given by a noble leader of fashion, I had said, very truly, "that, amidst the festivities, the first point of attraction and admiration were her ladyship's looks:" this deserved compliment was changed by the printer into a satire on the whole company, as if the chief point of attraction had been "her ladyship's cooks." In a description of the regatta at Cowes, I was made to represent a lady of fashion as having formed a hasty and ill-assorted match "with a boy," when, in fact, I had only said that the Lady Louisa had, indeed, broken adrift, but had "luckily, before any mischief was done, been made fast to a buoy."

When I reported that "Lord A. had entertained Colonel B., Major C., the Hon. Mr. D., and a few other fashionable friends at dinner," I little expected to find these gentlemen represented as a company of "fashionable fiends." At the particular request of an eminent coachmaker, I mentioned that a noble person, well known for his good taste in equipages, and who happens to have a large and fine family, had launched "a new green cab;" but judge of my horror at seeing it stated, that "his lordship had, this season, brought out another green cub." And I have lately had the misfortune of being the involuntary cause of what is called a hoax upon the public: having announced that Lord K. had made a bet that he would "trot a mile" on the Harrow Road in three minutes, an immense crowd assembled, and was ready to proceed to outrage because his lordship did not "trot a mule," as the printer's error had led them to expect.

Of a more serious kind are the injuries done to private individuals, which no one deplores more than I—the innocent cause of them. I was once employed to recommend to public attention the astonishing talents and performances of that musical wonder "The infant Lyra." I did my best; but the printer gave the whole a most unhappy and malicious appearance by making me, by the transposition of a letter, attribute all these prodigies to "the Infant Lyar." On a late occasion, one of the papers talked of "the general satisfaction given by the royal lump." This looked like a brutal allusion to the temporary illness of an illustrious duke. The truth was, Mr. Editor, that I myself penned that paragraph for an ingenious artist in Bond Street, in order to recommend an improved kind of argand, which he denominated the "Royal Lamp;" and I never can sufficiently regret the injustice done to the gallant General Saldanha, who, in an account of his conduct at Oporto, which I drew up under his own eye, was stated to have "behaved like a hero;" but when it came to be printed, it unhappily appeared as if the general had "behaved like a hare."

What I wrote of "the Horticultural fête" was altered into "the Horticultural fate," as if there was a destiny affecting all the entertainments of that society. When the late Mr. Canning offered Lord F. the office of "Secretary of State," the public were led, by a mere transposition of the letters, to believe that a new office was to be instituted under the title of "Secretary of Taste;" and what gave the more effect to this mistake was the noble lord's admitted fitness for the latter office. I once ventured to bear my humble testimony to the assiduous attendance of a certain reverend dean on the "Minster," but had the mortification to find myself insinuating blame against the worthy divine, for his assiduous attendance on the "Minister;" and what was still worse, having to communicate the deserved elevation of "Doctor Jebb" to an Irish mitre, I was made to announce that "Doctor Jobb" was to be the new Irish Bishop. I remember reporting the case of a poor French lady, who "appeared at Bow Street with her pug-dog in her arms," but the printer most ungallantly stated the fair stranger to have appeared "with a pig in her arms;" and on the next day of her attendance a vast crowd had assembled to look at this extraordinary pet, and the poor Frenchwoman narrowly escaped being pelted for disappointing their expectations. In something the same way, a respectable tradesman in Oxford Street has had his shop-windows broken, to the loss of near ten pounds, because, having invited the public to inspect his extensive assortment of a fine manufacture called "linos," the printer chose "to invite the public to inspect a large assortment of the finest lions."

I am, sir, a warm friend of his Majesty's Government (for the time being), and cannot but deeply feel that even my political views are sometimes distorted. Amongst the benefits to be expected from recent measures in Ireland, I had enumerated the "increase of tillage,"—this was changed into increase of "pillage," and copied into all the ultra-Tory papers; and when I said that these same measures of conciliation would induce every loyal and well-disposed subject to unite "in quieting Ireland," it was perverted into a sneer, as if all loyal and well-disposed subjects should unite "in quitting Ireland."

Pray, sir, do me the justice to lay this explanatory letter before the public; above all, let it be correctly printed.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

A COURT REPORTER.

We very often suffer in a similar manner. About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of "fiends" in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting "peasants;" and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a "surgeon" was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per lb.

THE VISIT TO WRIGGLESWORTH.*

It is said that a certain place not mentionable to "ears polite" is paved with "good intentions." Whether it will ever be macadamized (for that, I believe, is the term for "unstoning," now fast gaining ground, as I am looking over my paper, which, in all probability, everybody else will overlook) I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that although I was beyond measure mortified by the results of the Twickenham prank, my exclusion from the society of the Miss Dods, and my absolutely necessary escape from an association with them, I was very soon reconciled to my fate after the arrival of Devil Daly (as I used subsequently to call him) at my lodgings in Suffolk Street.

The instant he had been dislodged from the cottage by the appearance of the young ladies whose family he had so seriously outraged on the previous evening, instead of walking his horse back to Smart's, at the Toy, at Hampton Court, he cantered up to visit me in London; not so much from any particular affection for me, but because, although himself the victim, there was something so exciting and delightful to him in a joke, that he could not deny himself the pleasure of narrating to me the history of the arrival of the sylphs, and his extraordinary ruse of the bleeding nose. I never saw him in higher spirits, and, *quoad* my resolutions, I could not, for the life of me, refuse to join him in a stroll about town, which, although the season was somewhat advanced, was yet agreeably full, with a pledge to dine with him somewhere afterwards.

In those days clubs were scarce, although *then* hearts were plenty; there were no clubs of note at that period but White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's. To be sure, there was the Cocoa Tree, and there was Graham's, but the number of members was small, the system confined, and therefore, although Daly and I were as proud as Lucifer, and as "fine as fine could be," men had no resource when they wished to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul"—the one in the shape of a cutlet, and the other in the tapering form of a bottle of claret—but to repair to a coffee-house, a place which, I find, is now (I speak while I am arranging my papers) obsolete—a dear, nice, uncomfortable room, with a bar opening into it, a sanded floor, an argand lamp smoking a tin tray in the middle of its ceiling, boxes along its sides, with hard carpet-covered benches, schoolboy tables, and partitions, with rods, and rings, and curtains, like those of a churchwarden's pew in a country church.

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* From "Gilbert Gurney."

I selected Dejex's, at the corner of Leicester Place. Attention and civility, a good *cuisine*, and good wine, formed its particular attractions, and the courteous attention of "mine host" gave a new zest to his cookery and his claret. I own I love attention and civility—not *that* which seems to be extracted by dint of money, or by force of the relative situations of guest and landlord, but that anxious desire to please, that consideration of one's little peculiarities, and that cheerfulness of greeting which, even if it be assumed, is always satisfactory. To Dejex's we resolved to go, and having "secured our box" and taken our stroll, we found ourselves seated and served by a little after six o'clock.

There was something irresistibly, practically, engaging about Daly, and I never felt more completely assured of the influence over me of a man with whom I had been so short a time acquainted, than I was when I found myself again—in the course of eight and forty hours—associated with him in a place which, of all others, was the most likely to afford him some opportunity of exhibiting his eccentricities; for the company consisted in a great degree of *emigrés* of the ancient *régime*, who, until the master-hand of Wellington was raised to cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties, which negotiation had for years in vain attempted to untwist, "had made England the asylum for their persecuted race." Yet, however much their misfortunes—the natural results of anarchy and revolution—might excite our sympathies and demand our assistance, some of them, it must be admitted, were, to our then unaccustomed eyes, extremely strange specimens of humanity; they were what Mr. Daly, in his peculiar phraseology, called "uncommon gigs;" and one very venerable *ci-devant* marquis, who wore spectacles, the said Daly, as he advanced up the room, somewhat too loudly, I thought, pronounced to be "a gig with lamps."

However, we got through dinner, and had safely demolished our admirable *omelette soufflée* without any outbreaking on the part of my mercurial companion; the coffee-room began to thin, and I began to be more at my ease than before, when Daly proceeded to recount some of his adventures, which proved to me that, however deeply the scene of the preceding day at Twickenham might have impressed itself on *me*, it was to *him* a "trifle light as air."

"But how," said I, "shall I ever reconcile the Dods? I am destined to meet those people; you are not."

"I was destined to meet them this morning," replied Daly, "and, if it had not been for this 'bleeding piece of earth,'" laying hold of his nose, "I could not well have escaped; but for you, rely upon it, it will all turn out right. In a week they will have utterly forgotten you."

"What," said I, "will Fanny so soon lose all recollection of me?"

"To be sure she will," said Daly. "As somebody says,

'Fancy's visions, like the sand,
Every idle mark receive;
Lines are traced by every hand,
Which no lasting impress leave.'"

"But *her* hand," said I.

"You took and shook," replied he, "and very wisely too; but recollect it was nearly dark when we made our exit."

"And you insulted the father——"

"——who first affronted *me*," said Daly; "and even if the girls *did* know me this morning, and recognise me as assistant clerk to the deputy-assistant surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, the deuce is in it if the whole family must not respect me as a high-minded, honourable, and conscientious assistant clerk."

"Yes, but it was quite light enough when we arrived," said I, "to see them and their beauties; why not light enough for them to see our deformities?"

"Deformities!" said Daly; "speak for yourself, Mr. Gurney; women don't care so much for men's beauty as you may suppose. Here am I—plain, but genteel, like a Wedgwood teapot—I make my way, and whatever you may think of yourself and Miss Fanny, I flatter myself Gussy, as her ma' called her, was equally well pleased with your humble servant."

"And yet we may never see either of them again," said I.

"I am not so sure of that," said Daly; "I have done worse to a father than I did to Dod in the course of my life, and yet have come to be domesticated in the family afterwards."

"As how?" said I.

"Some three years since," said Daly, "I was down at my friend's Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth's, in Surrey—charming place—nice wife—excellent shooting—capital cook—and inexhaustible cellars. 'Marmaduke,' said I, 'I hate battues; here you have a party staying for the wholesale slaughter of pheasants—eleven double barrels all of a row—more chance of homicide than sport; do me the kindness to let me off, and permit me to "range the fields" by myself, and I will consent to be laughed at for my small gains when the card comes in before dinner.' 'Do as you like,' said Wrigglesworth; 'this is Liberty Hall; shoot alone or in company—with dogs or without—have the keeper or not—*comme il vous plaira*.' Accordingly, away I went, more eager for the sport as having to render an account of my single exploits, young enough to do my day's work well, and strong enough to bring my day's work home. I admit I was not quite so well pleased with what I saw, or rather what I did not see, as I went on: birds were scarce, wild, and shy, and I did not get a shot for the first hour, except at a venerable rabbit, who had retired from public life, but who had somewhat incautiously left his tail out of the burrow which he had selected for his final retreat; at him I went, and he died—first tenant of my bag."

"A tenant in tail," said I, punning professionally.

"Well, sir," continued Daly, who never stopped for anybody, "on I went, until at last, after three hours' ploughing and plodding, I fell in with one of the nicest little snug copses you ever set your eyes on. In I went—whurr went the pheasants—bang went the barrels—down came the birds—and, by the time I had crossed the copse, three cocks and—*heu mihi!*—two hens graced my store."

"Pretty sport for the time," said I.

"No sooner, however," said Daly, "had I emerged from the thicket, than I found myself upon a sort of parkish-looking lawn, on the rise of which stood a very respectable house, at the door of which I could distinguish a group of persons standing, and from the court-yard of which I saw some sort of servant leading forth a stout short-legged pony, with a thick neck and a stumpy tail—evidently master's favourite—equal to fourteen stone, warranted never to shy, trip, or stumble. Upon its back did I see a portly gentleman bestride himself, and forthwith begin to canter towards me, followed at a somewhat splitting pace by two keepers on foot, each armed either with guns or sticks, which I could not easily distinguish."

"I foresee," said I.

"So did I," said Daly; "the moment I saw the governor coming full tilt, I knew I had been trespassing, and the moment I stepped upon his infernal lawn, felt that I had put my foot into it."

"Well," said I, "what happened?"

"Why," continued Daly, "I standing still, and he moving somewhat rapidly, the elder of the two had the best of it, and I was very soon within six inches of his cob's nose, and within about half a yard of his own. 'You are a pretty fellow, sir,' said the irate gentleman, 'to come poaching and killing the birds in my preserves, close to my house—why, what the devil are you thinking of, you rascal? Here, Stephens—Thomson——'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am extremely sorry——'

"'Sorry,' interrupted Mr. Bagswash—(for such was the gentleman's name)—'sorry, yes, and well you may be sorry; Botany Bay is too good for a fellow like you, sir. Lay hands on him.'

"'One moment, sir,' said I, 'I am a gentleman.' Whereupon Squire Bagswash and his keepers burst into an unseemly fit of laughing.

"'A pretty gentleman too,' said Bagswash.

"'I thank you, sir,' said I, 'I don't want compliments, I only want a hearing. I am staying on a visit at Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth's, and here is my card.' Saying which I produced—from what I happened by the merest but luckiest accident in the world to have about me, my card-case—my visiting ticket.

"'Young man,' said my opponent, having read it, 'is this genuine? My name, sir, is Bagswash; I am personally known to Sir Marmaduke. Is what you are saying true?'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am not accustomed to have my word doubted. I admit, that not being perfectly acquainted with the boundaries of the Wrigglesworth property, I have transgressed and trespassed. I am sorry for it; and sorry that you should have so far forgotten yourself as to use language which, I am quite sure, in a more temperate mood you would regret.'

"'Sir,' said Bagswash, half doubting, and certainly more than half fearing me, 'I don't know that I have used any strong expressions, I——'

"'Rascal, I think,' said I, bowing profoundly.

"'If I did, I—really,' said Bagswash, 'I—might—but I was irritated—sir, this is my manor.'

"'Why, sir,' said I, 'as to your manner, I *do* think it might have been a little more courteous—I——'

"'Yes, sir,' said my antagonist, who evidently was anxious to justify his coarseness and vulgarity, 'but—the manor, I mean—for I can't pun, sir, and I hate puns, sir; the manor, I mean, costs me a very large sum annually—a very large sum indeed, sir, to preserve; and therefore when I see what I conceive to be a poacher immediately under my nose, actually in my homestead—upon my lawn, I may say—shooting right and left, it *does* put me in a passion, and I own I was warm, and perhaps hasty; but it *is* a provocation, and I should like to know, under all the circumstances, what *you* yourself would say if you were *me* at this moment?'

"'Say, sir!' said I; 'I haven't the smallest hesitation about that, sir. If I were *you* at this moment, I should say,—"Mr. Daly, I beg your pardon for the hasty way in which I spoke when I thought you a poacher; and, in order to show that although passionate I am not vindictive, I hope, as it is just luncheon-time, and you must have walked a long way and haven't had very good sport, that you will do me and Mrs. Bagswash the favour to come in and take a cutlet, or a little cold meat, as the case may be, and make up our differences with a glass or two of wine."

"'By Jove,' cried Bagswash, 'you are a queer fellow—the very spit of your father, whom I knew before I retired to these parts.'

"'Oh,' whispered one of the keepers to the other, 'master does know him—he *had* a father.'

"'Oh,' said the other; and they both immediately lowered their sticks to the ground.

"'And,' continued the squire, 'you have only just anticipated me in an invitation, except that I apprehended some more serious requisition on *your* part.'

"'Not a bit, sir,' said I; 'there are a vast many gentlemen in the world who don't look like gentlemen, and the shooting jacket and gaiters equalise appearances so much, that Nature must have done a vast deal to give a man an aristocratic appearance under so rough a husk—but as to any meeting, except at your hospitable table, I have not the slightest wish for it. In my opinion, sir, one luncheon is preferable to two balls.'

"'Ah!' said Bagswash, 'I am glad o' that, in spite of your pun. Run up, Stephens, and tell them to get luncheon as soon as possible. Mr. Daly, a friend of Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth, is coming to join our family party.'"

"Well, Daly," said I, "there your presence of mind served you well."

"Hear the sequel," said Daly. "Encouraged by the acquiescence of Bagswash, as I was yesterday by the invitation of Dod, I proceeded towards the house, placing, ever and anon, my hand on the neck of his cob, or the pommel of the saddle, in order to mark to the distant group the familiar nature of our acquaintance; and in this fashion we reached the mansion, upon the steps of which a bevy of graces, in number more like the Muses, welcomed us. I *had* a reputation even then, and the moment the girls had heard who was coming, they made up their minds to mirth—even the big Mrs. Bagswash rolled herself into the hall, like a fillet of veal upon castors, to do me honour.

"Bating the parents," continued Daly, "I never saw a more prepossessing family. I forget all their names; but one was slim and sylph-like, another plump and pleasant, a third a wicked-looking brunette, a fourth a demure and bashful blonde: all I felt as entered the house was, that if I had brought eight friends with me, I might, by giving each his choice, have had some one of the 'tuneful nine' left entirely to myself."

"And," said I, "were you the only man?"

"No," replied Daly, "there were two yahoos, in white cord breeches and leather gaiters, and a boy with a frill and a frock, upon which a favourable eruption of brass sugar-loaf buttons had taken place; a Dr. Somebody, who turned out to be the nearest apothecary; and a very pale, long-legged youth, the curate of the parish."

"A largeish luncheon-party," said I.

"Well," said Daly, "I sat down, having first very much ingratiated myself with old Bagswash, who was as chary of his pheasants as if they had been of the golden breed, by insisting upon it that his man Stephens should disencumber my bag of the birds which I had shot on his land, retaining my solitary rabbit, in order to grace my tale when I reached Wrigglesworth; and there I found myself placed between mine hostess, and number one of the daughters—a very nice, pretty thing—not what one should call well set up, but Nature, as I said about gentlemen to her papa, had done a great deal for her; poor thing, how I pitied her!—and pity is akin to love. So, after luncheon, and *some* wine, do *you* know, Gurney, I almost began to subside into a tenderer feeling. But then, one of nine!"

"Well, and how did it end?" said I.

"Why," replied Daly, "it would have ended, I have no doubt, as prosperously as it begun, had not my new friend, Bagswash, committed himself by begging me to drink some London Particular Madeira—Duff, Murphy, Gordon, or something of that sort. The moment I tasted it I knew what it was, and, rather elated by circumstances, and my other previous libations, I had the temerity to address the dear, interesting, white-necked creature next me, and, in a tone of confidential condolence, begged her not to be deceived, for that although her amiable papa might be a judge of other things, he evidently knew nothing of wine, and that the stuff he called 'London Particular' was neither more nor less than infernally bad Teneriffe.

"The male Bagswash was unconscious of the imputation, but the queen B. overheard me, and, looking towards what might literally be called her open countenance, I saw symptoms of fire breaking out, and in less than a minute afterwards the domestic Proserpine exclaimed 'Come, girls, let us go—too much of your *pa's* Tenreefe will do you a mischief.' Up she got, and out she wheeled herself, and the moment she set the example, away went the nine she Bagswashes, like so many goslings after the maternal goose.

"I," continued Daly, "regretted the retreat, for I had had an opportunity to insinuate myself, and never saw an audience more thoroughly prepared to be gratified; indeed, so convinced were they, from what they had heard of me, that I was a vastly agreeable person, and talked epigrams, that when, while they were all sitting with their ears open to catch my *facetiæ*, I happened to observe (the first observation I had made, too, and that, in reply to a question of the big Bagswash) that I thought mustard went remarkably well with cold boiled beef, they all burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and the doctor, who had been tutored into a belief in my superlative wit, exclaimed, 'Oh, oh, that's too bad!' which every fool cries out, either when he thinks a thing remarkably good, or does not comprehend it in the least, which last was the case—as indeed it was with all the rest of the party—with my new-found medical friend."

"Did you contrive," said I, "to affront the rest of the company before you quitted it?"

"Not all of them," said Daly; "no; I believe I got off pretty well, but evidently the worse for wear; for, Teneriffe or not Teneriffe, it is my maxim to stick to the wreck as long as she floats, and as long as I could get anybody to sit, I staid; the curate and the boy with the frill went with the ladies, but Bagswash and the parish Paracelsus remained. However, at last, seeing all the bottles empty, and no disposition on the part of Baggy to replenish, I made a move, and never did I see a man more happy at having got out of a scrape than mine host. He sent his kindest regards to the Wrigglesworths—hoped to see me soon again—did I know my road home? In short, I cannot enumerate the civilities he heaped upon me, which, considering his respect for my friend Sir Marmaduke, and the fact of his having nine unmarried daughters, I duly appreciated, and forthwith bent my way homewards."

"Glad, I should think," said I, "to be safe out."

"On the contrary," said Daly, "I should like to have remained where I was; if it had not been for the anger of the respectable cat-of-nine-tails about the Teneriffe, it would have been a very agreeable domicile. However, once started, onwards I went, rejecting, indignantly, the offer of Bagswash to send a man to show me the way;—nothing I hate so much; as if a man who had followed his nose into a place could not follow his nose out of it."

"I trust," said I, "that your intrepidity was crowned with success?"

"Rather crippled," replied Daly, "as you shall hear; however, there are two ends to my story, or, rather, a story and a sequel."

"Pray go on," said I, knowing that so long as his breath lasted, his tongue would wag, as a cherry-clapper does while the wind blows.

"Gad, sir," said he, "I walked off—I admit the Teneriffe to have been potent—and I thought of one thing, and another thing, and I believe I thought of all the things in the world, except the way which I was going. They say, you know, some men have every sense but common sense—my case to a hair. Common sense is like flour; the other sort of sense is like sugar and gilding, and all the rest of those things—beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish the *pâtisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments; now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread. I never had the flour—never shall have. So you perceive that the sugar and the flummery being my staple, on I went and went, until I began to think I had missed my way, and just then I found myself stopped by a gate opening into—or, rather, shutting me out of—a remarkably well-stocked farm-yard—ricks, stacks, stables, barns—everything comfortable and convenient; with half a million cocks and hens, walking about like ladies and gentlemen, all as happy as happy could be. Over the gate I stepped, waded my way through the straw, and, leaning over the hatch of one of his outhouses, who should I see but the farmer himself. As I advanced, he touched his hat, and civilly asked whether I had had much sport?

"'Not much,' said I, recollecting that the whole contents of my bag now amounted to one elderly rabbit, with a Cape tail; 'I am on my way to Wrigglesworth, and out of it, too, as I think. How far have I to go?'

"'Seven miles, I count,' said the farmer. 'You are coming right away from it, sir. Wrigglesworth lies over there, on your left.'

"'Thank you,' said I, 'thank you. If you will just give me a sort of concise direction,—I am a dab at topography. Merely give me the points, and I'll go across a country I never saw in my life before.'

"'Well, sir,' said the kind fellow, 'if so be as that is the case, I'll tell you. When you get out of the gate down there, turn to your left, and keep on straight till you come to Pussy's Nob; then away to the right, over Sumpter's Green, and you'll soon see the Crooked Billet. Don't go near that, but turn short round by Wheatley's Copse; keep on, till you come to the stile on your left; go over that, through Timsbury's Lane, and that will bring you out by the Three Mackerel, and there they'll be sure to put you in the right road.'

"'Thank you,' said I to the farmer, 'I will follow your instructions most implicitly; but I suppose I shall have no chance of getting a shot, now, in that direction—even at a pheasant-roosting—eh?'

"'No, sir,' said the farmer, 'can't say as how I think you will get many more shots this evening.'

"'Well,' said I, 'now both my barrels are loaded. I've got nothing in my bag but an old buck rabbit with a nob tail; and as I hate going home with no proofs of my sport, and the one head—or tail—that I have bagged takes the domestic character, what shall I give you to have a shot with both barrels at all those ducks in the pond, and the fowls on the side of it, standing here, and to carry away what I kill?'

"'You'll kill a woundy sight on 'em, I think, at that distance,' said the considerate farmer.

"'Perhaps yes—perhaps no,' said I.

"'And to have all you kill?' said he, doubtingly.

"'Yes; all I kill fairly out-and-out,' said I.

"'Why, you shall give me half-a-guinea,' said the man.

"'Half-a-guinea!' echoed I. 'No, no; if I kill three or four of them it will be the outside. No; I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll stand here—won't move an inch; and you shall have a seven-shilling piece for the slaughter.'

"'Well, sir,' said the farmer, hitching up his lower garments, 'a bargain's a bargain. Hand over the twine.'

"Whereupon," said Daly, "I tipped him that beautiful miniature portrait of half-a-guinea, and told him I was ready to take my shots. He nodded assent; and, having pocketed the money, bade me proceed. I did so. Crack went one barrel—bang! slap went the other—bang!—and such a fluttering, and cackling, and squashing, and squabbling you never heard. I ran forward, and secured, as my spoil, four hens in high condition, a very respectable cock, fit companion for my rabbit; and from the pond fished, with the butt-end of my Manton, two extremely corpulent ducks, who had paid the debt of nature in the most decided manner; these I got out, the others I got up, and stuffed them all incontinently into my bag, delighted to think what a display I should make at Wrigglesworth, where it was quite clear I could, by no possibility, arrive in time for dinner. However, that was *my* joke, and it seemed to be the farmer's; he laughed quite as much as I did."

"Inherent good humour, I suppose," said I.

"Why, as for that," said Daly, "*you* shall judge. I bagged my birds in the first instance; and then, having secured my booty, began to rally my victim; and having acknowledged his civility in giving me my travelling directions, said to him, with a low bow, 'Thank you for the game, sir.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the farmer, 'you are a deuced sight better shot than I counted upon, considering what you had in your bag afore.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I think you are what you may call "done." Seven shillings won't pay for the poultry in my pouch, I guess.'

"'No,' said the farmer, 'nor three times the money, I count.'

"'Well, then,' replied I, 'I think I have the best of the bargain.'

"'Not much,' said the man.

"'Not much!' cried I; 'why, a guinea's worth of fowls for a seven-shilling piece——'

"'Yees, sir, that's true,' said the fellow, turning slowly away from the hatch, and grinning as he turned; '*but they are none on 'em mine.*'

"I could have killed him for his roguery; but there was so much fun in it——"

"—— So much in your own way," cried I.

"Exactly so," said Daly; "that, instead of breaking his head, which he most righteously deserved, I joined in his infernal horse-laugh, and made the best of my way out of the farm-yard, lest I should be immediately apprehended by the right owner as a robber of hen-roosts."

"And," said I, "you carried home your spoils."

"Not I," exclaimed my unstoppable companion. "Take some wine—help yourself—and listen; for the sequel is most terrible. I had *such* a night of it!"

"How?" said I.

"Why," said Daly, "out of the gate I went, turned to my left, and got to Pussy's Nob; but it began to get dusk, and very soon afterwards dark; and when I began veering away over Sumpter's Green, I found myself on a wide common, without path, guide, or guide-post. As the darkness increased, so did the declivity; and when I had lost all power of seeing, I was gratified by feeling myself in a sort of quagmire, which, for all I knew, might get softer and thicker every step I took. I looked out for the stars, and saw a few: but they were of no kind of use to me; for I had not the slightest idea what direction, even under their guidance, I ought to take. I resolved to avoid the bogs; and kept edging away, until I at length reached a gap, which, as it led off the infernal common, I hoped might lead me to some habitation."

"Where spring-guns and steel-traps were set every night," said I.

"Not a bit of it," said Daly. "I went on, following my nose, until I found myself at the edge of a copse, which I began to think looked extremely like Squire Bagswash's preserve. However, it was not *that;* but I heard people talking at no great distance, and a call of 'Halloo!' How to act I did not exactly know, with a gun and a bagfull of cocks and hens, and a venerable rabbit to boot. What could I do? To have answered the call would have been to be detected as a poacher in the dark. I resolved, at all events, on getting rid of my poultry in the first instance, and accordingly emptied my store, rabbit, tail, and all, and proceeded somewhat more gaily after having thrown out my ballast; yet not without some apprehension, either of being shot by the keepers for a poacher, or by the poachers for a keeper; I so got clear of the whistling firs and moaning larches as fast as I could, still utterly ignorant of my course."

"And getting late," said I.

"It must then have been past eight," said Daly. "On I trudged; scrambled over the furrows of one field, and through the turnips in another; and so on and on, until at last I was forced to sit myself down on a gate and rest; and, I give you my word, although I have known a great deal of the world, I never was so dead beat in my life as I was then. Not a house could I see. The glimmering of a rushlight in a cottage window would, in my eyes, have been thrice more brilliant than the whole regalia of England collected. But no: there were no cottages—no rushlights; and I do believe I went the length of swearing at my own stupidity in undertaking my solitary excursion. Only one set-off was there to the whole thing;—I had seen the Bagswashes, male and female, and laid in materials for an *historiette* for the next evening—that is, if I really survived the present one; but I began to feel cold, and hungry, and thirsty. However, it appeared pretty certain that out of the fields I must get, if I went straight on end, and could not well fail of fetching up in a road somewhere at last."

"Which, as you are here alive to tell the tale," said I, "of course you did."

"Why, yes," said Daly, "I did; but it was not for a long time; and then I had come to a full stop; and, striking the butt of my Manton on the ground, I swore, by stock and barrel, that I would not budge from under a huge tree which overshadowed me till daylight came to my aid. I was ravenous—I was chilled—I was wretched—I was tired to death; but why tire myself more?—and accordingly, feeling, and I daresay looking, very like the dear Don of La Mancha, I sat myself down with my back against the trunk, and, if you'll believe me, fell fast asleep."

"Asleep!" said I.

"Fast as a church," said Daly, "and dreamt—dreamt, first, that I was starving,—*that*, I think, must have been a sort of waking vision; then, that I was at a ball; and then I dreamt of being safe back at mine host's hospitable mansion; and then I had a confused, hurly-burly kind of a dream, either that I was Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth, or that Lady Wrigglesworth was Mrs. Daly, or something of that sort, and that I tumbled out of bed, which tumble was to me a 'dying fall;' for I rolled over on my side, and woke—in no bed—in no house, but where I had lain me down, under the tree before-mentioned."

"You must have caught your death of cold?" said I.

"No, Dalys and cats are very tenacious," said my jocular friend; "I roused myself—sat up and listened—recollected where I was, and heard at the same moment what was really 'sweet music to mine ear,' the sound of a bell-team. Ho! ho! says I—you are *there*, are you?—where there are bells there are horses—where there's a team there's a waggon—where there's a waggon there's a road—up I jumped, and as fast as I could, just roused from my slumbers, scrambled over brambles and clambered over fences, until I caught sight of the waggoner's lantern waggling on the side of the tilt like a bright pendulum to regulate the wheels; the moment I saw *that* I knew I was landed, and, after encountering a few of those thumps and bumps which 'flesh is heir to,' found myself on a high road. Waggons, even those called 'flies,' may be overtaken, and although dead beat, and sore of foot, I soon came up with the eight plaited-tailed animals which were dragging the mountain, second only in size to the Juggernaut idol.

"My first object was to ascertain where I was, and what the direction of the vast pile before me. I found, to my particular satisfaction, that I was within two miles of Ripley, and that the edifice was moving towards London—the result was, an involuntary spring upon the shafts of the vehicle, and a look at the waggoner, which, by the light of his revolver, was perfectly intelligible. The gun, the gaiters, the grace, and the gentility, spoke the gentleman, and he gave me leave to assume the post which he himself was prevented by Act of Parliament from occupying. All my sorrows fled the moment I felt myself moved along without any personal exertion, and the smiles which had nearly been exhausted during my toil and trouble, returned, as Moore sings, to 'gild my brow.' 'I have had walking enough,' said I to myself, 'and grieving enough—*nunc est ridendum.*'"

"Excellent wag!" said I.

"Excellent waggon, rather," said Daly, "for so it proved; and after three-quarters of an hour's hard tugging by the '*bell* assemblée' before me, I was dropped, gun, gaiters, bag, and all, at the door of the Talbot—facing the Green. I tipped my driver—bade adieu to the tilt—and began knocking loudly at the door of mine ostlery."

"And a nice enough inn it is," said I.

"It turned out to be past midnight," said Daly; "and, by the merest luck in the world, the exemplary widow who then occupied it had not gone to her rest, or roost. She personally answered my call, and replied to my knock. After a few preliminary 'Who's there's?' she opened the door; and the moment she recognised me—for I was well known upon the road—her delight, as you may conceive, was unspeakable.

"'Bless my heart, Mr. Daly,' said the widow, 'what a time o' night to be strolling about with your gun! Why, where do *you* come from?'

"'That,' said I, 'is about the last question in the world I can answer satisfactorily. I have been wandering across a country with which I am not particularly well acquainted—have tired myself to death, and fallen asleep.'

"'Fallen indeed,' said mine hostess, 'into a ditch, Mr. Daly, I should think. Why, dear me, what a condition you are in!'

"'Exactly,' said I; 'recumbent repose in October under an oak, is not particularly delicate; however, my darling, give me some supper, some hot brandy and water, and order me the most comfortable bed in the house, for I am a-tired.'

"'Why, sir,' asked the dear woman, 'where is your servant with your clothes—you cannot think of sleeping here in that condition?'

"'Not exactly,' said I; 'I shall take off my clothes when I go to bed—and as for my servant, he is snug and happy at Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth's (where I ought to be too), unless they have sent him out with a rake and a lantern to search for me and drag all the horse-ponds in the neighbourhood. I tell you I am hungry—and tired—and shall be very sleepy;—out with your tit-bits and delicacies—something piquant—nice—savoury, eh—and after that, a comfortable nest.'

"'You shall have something to eat,' said the widow, 'and something to drink, for those I can give you myself; but as for a bed, I haven't one in the house—crammed full from top to bottom.'

"'I'm very tired,' said I; 'I can sleep compact like a dog on a hearth-rug—half a bed will do for me.'

"'Come, Mr. Daly,' said the landlady, 'none of your nonsense—I have no bed whatever to-night, and here it is almost one o'clock—you had better let me ring up the next turn-out, and get back to Wrigglesworth.'

"'Thank you, Fanny,' said I; 'I used to call her Fanny in her husband's time, and he was killed, switching a rasper, three years before; 'not I—I should not get there till nearly four—all the family "in a deep sleep buried,"—no, no—non of *your* nonsense—where am I to rest?'

"'I told you the truth,' said the widow; 'there's not a bed disengaged.'

"'Not one?' said I—looking, as I fancied, most insinuatingly, and helping myself to a glass of brandy from a bottle covered with a gilt bunch of grapes, at the same time gently pressing the tip of mine hostess's little finger.

"'Not one, upon my life, Mr. Daly,' replied she; 'indeed, we are so full, that my sister Jane, who is here, is obliged to sleep with *me*.'

"'That's very unfortunate indeed,' said I; 'however, I rejoice that you have so much custom—all's good for trade—at all events, let me eat—let me warm myself—both in the sunshine of those bright eyes, and in the blaze of the parlour fire.'

"Mine hostess proceeded to make me exceedingly comfortable—I ate cold fowl and ham, and drank hot brandy and water, and eventually punch. Mine hostess sipped shrub—a liquor which, if it were *liqueur*, would rank fathoms above either Curaçoa or Maraschino—till at last the clock striking two, reminded her it was time to go to bed.

"'Ah,' said I, 'that is extremely just and proper. But, alas! I am like my melancholy little friend who was "very gentil, but whose hair came a leetle through the top of his hat,"—I have no bed to go to.'

"'It's very provoking,' said the landlady, 'so tired as you are, too.'

"'It is, indeed,' replied I—seeing a proposition of some sort or other on the tip of her tongue.

"'Now,' said she, looking remarkably serious, 'can I trust you—will you promise me, if I give you a bed, to do as I bid you, Mr. Daly?'

"'Your commands,' said I, 'shall be obeyed to the letter—only let me rest myself quietly and comfortably—it is all I ask—for never was poor devil so tired in his life as I.'

"'Take a drop more punch, Mr. Daly,' said my landlady, 'it will make you sleep the sounder.'

"'No fear of that,' said I; 'but what do you propose?'

"'Why,' said mine hostess, 'I *have* one bed unoccupied.'

"'Why didn't you say so before?' cried I.

"'I'll tell you why,' said my fair friend; 'it's a double-bedded room, and the other bed is occupied by a——'

"'—— snoring farmer, from Farnham,' said I; 'or perhaps a tight-skinned sailor, walking his way to town from Portsmouth.'

"'No,' said she, looking very pathetic—and very pretty by the way—'by a lady.'

"'A lady,' said I, 'oh, charming thought!——'

"'There it is,' interrupted the lady, 'that's just what I expected, you are all fire and tow—alight in a moment—now I shall not say another word, and you must sleep, if you *will* sleep here, in the arm-chair by the fire.'

"'No,' said I, 'no—don't be angry—I didn't know—I thought——'

"'Yes, Mr. Daly, that's what you are always thinking, I believe,' said mine hostess, 'but that won't do—the lady who occupies the other bed in the double-bedded room is a sad invalid; she has been stopping here for some time, and the only rest she gets is by dint of laudanum, which the doctor gives her in large doses, and she sleeps soundly during the night, which makes up for the sufferings she endures by day. If you choose to behave well—and, tired as you are, I don't like to turn you out or leave you here—you shall have the other bed. You must go gently into the room, and when you are in bed I will come and take away your candle; and as I sleep in the next room, if you don't remain perfectly quiet I shall insist upon your getting up and coming down again here into the bar.'

"'Agreed,' said I, 'I only ask for a bed—all I want is rest—I am scarcely able to walk or stand, therefore I agree to your condition; let me finish my punch, and marshal me the way I should go.'

"After looking at me suspiciously and hesitatingly for a minute or two, my dear landlady agreed to trust me; and accordingly having seen that my bed was properly prepared she returned, and, lighting a candle, preceded me upstairs, and opening the door of the room put her finger to her lips to enforce silence, whispering me, that when I was in bed I should knock against the wainscot which separated her room from that in which I was to repose, and that she would come and fetch my candle.

"I promised to obey all her injunctions. The curtains of the other bed were closely drawn—I never felt so awkward in my life—but I had promised; yet one peep before the light vanished—no—perhaps the lady would wake and scream, and I should be forthwith ejected. I resolved to keep my faith, at all events till mine hostess was herself asleep, and then see—as far as utter darkness would permit—how the affair would terminate.

"Accordingly, I hurried off my clothes—washed my face, hands, and mouth as gently and quietly as possible, and having concluded my brief preparations for depositing myself on my much longed-for couch, gave the concerted signal, and scarcely was well in my place before my dear landlady entered the room on tip-toe, and, coming up close to the bedside and having whispered 'Now, remember your promise,' took the glimmering light away, and left me in the dark with my fair and slumbering companion.

"There was something very strange in my position; I was tired to death, but somehow I could not sleep. I lay and listened to hear whether my fair *incognita* would sneeze—or cough—or cry 'hem'—or play off any little coquettish trick which, under the circumstances, I thought probable enough. I durst not move, for *I* knew I was watched; however, I sat up in the bed and began to wonder. Is it, thought I, an old woman or a young woman?—an invalid is interesting, and, bless her, she must be uncommonly genteel, for she does not snore in the least—a few minutes served to convince me that my landlady did—and I rather rejoiced in the sound of her slumbers, since I thought I might perhaps succeed in attracting the attention of my sleeping partner; and the fact that a gentleman of my very respectable pretensions was so whimsically associated with her—knowing mine hostess's archness—induced me to attribute her readiness to quarter me upon the slumbering beauty, to a foreknowledge on her part that my introduction would not be considered altogether an intrusion.

"After I had satisfied myself that my landlady was really safe, I had recourse to some slight coughs, which do occasionally infest one; but no, my signals were not answered: the dose of laudanum had been particularly strong that night. At last I thought I heard a slight movement. I began to listen till I heard the beating of my own heart, and felt a sort of drumming palpitation in my ears. I held my breath: pshaw, thought I, this woman has been cheating me, the other bed is tenantless,—a trick to try me,—and for what a stupid dolt she will set me down if I don't convince her that I had at least curiosity enough in my composition to ascertain what was in it.

"My feelings fired at the thought. Up I got,—groped my way across the room,—the white dimity drapery being just visible amidst the 'palpable obscure.' I reached the bed,—I paused,—I heard nothing;—I partly opened the curtains at the side, and said in a soft, *very* soft voice,' Hem!' No answer. 'Ma'am,—ma'am,' still silent;—'are you there?' said I;—-and, placing my hand on the pillow, found she was. Dear, unconscious creature, there she lay, comfortably cuddled up in the clothes, and sleeping, or seeming to sleep, soundly. I was, I admit, on the point of proceeding to awaken her, in order to announce my presence, when, in stepping towards the head of the bed, my foot came in contact with a chair which stood on its right-hand side, which was overthrown with a crash that, in an instant, roused—not my dear opium-drinker—but my lynx-like landlady. I heard her jump out of bed. I jumped into mine, but, in less than two minutes, there she was, like Margaret's 'grimly ghost,' standing before me, loading me with reproaches, and ordering me, in the most peremptory terms, to take the candle, descend the stairs, and dress myself in the parlour behind the bar, and wait until she came down to eject me from the house; seeing that she could have no kind of confidence in a gentleman who had so much confidence in himself.

"Vain were my pantomimic supplications: she would listen to nothing but immediate abdication; and I could not well be angry with her, for she had put faith in me, and perhaps run the risk of losing a valuable customer by indulging me with the luxuries of ease and rest which, under no other circumstances, she could have afforded me. I implicitly obeyed her commands; and, as soon as she had retired to dress herself, collected my wearing apparel, and slunk downstairs to prepare for my departure, which seemed inevitable. As I passed along the passages, I heard multifarious snorings in all directions, which convinced me of the truth of my landlady's assertions as to the influx of company, and made me repent more sorely than before, that I could not for once in my life act with discretion and decorum.

"I had scarcely finished dressing myself when my landlady made her appearance in the parlour.

"'I really am surprised, sir,' said she, 'at your conduct. I thought, as a gentleman, you might have been trusted, considering the circumstances under which I ventured to put you into that room.'

"'Really,' said I, 'I thought you were playing me a trick, and I could not bear your having the laugh against me, and so I certainly *did* venture just to ascertain——'

"'Ascertain!' cried the landlady; 'that's just the very thing you ought upon no consideration whatever to have done. Did I not tell you the lady was an invalid? Oh! Mr. Daly, Mr. Daly! I believe you are the d——'

"'——evil be, ma'am,' said I, interrupting her, 'to him who evil thinks. I meant no harm, and——'

"'You might have ruined me, sir,' said mine hostess.

"'Might I?' said I; 'when?'

"'This very night, sir,' said she; 'this very hour. Why, what would have been thought of me and my house, if it had been known that I had allowed you to sleep in that room? Nobody would have believed that I did it out of pure regard for your comfort, tired and knocked up as you were, and because I had not a hole or corner besides into which you could have poked yourself: however, it will be a lesson for me another time; and now, Mr. Daly, if you will take my advice,—the lads are getting up in the yard,—you will let me order out a chaise and pair, and go on to Guildford, where, I have no doubt, they have plenty of beds, and where you may get some comfortable rest; and as the brother of the lady in No. 3 is sleeping here to-night, something unpleasant to all parties might happen in the morning, and you would do me a very great favour if you would go.'

"I felt considerably inclined, for many reasons, to accede to what appeared the very reasonable desire of mine hostess: first of all, I might do her a mischief by staying; in the second place, the lady might complain to her brother; in the third place, the White Hart at Guildford was a remarkably good inn; and a well-made bed, and a well-warmed bed-room, would be extremely comfortable by comparison with the chilly atmosphere and the chair-slumber of the parlour behind the bar at Ripley. To Guildford I must eventually proceed,—and why not now? So, with the best possible grace, I told mine hostess that I was at her command, and begged of her to dispose of me as she thought fit.

"I paid her liberally for the horses, the repast, and the portion of my night's rest which I ought to have had; and when I stepped into the 'yellow and two,' I shook hands with her, and she gave me a look as much as to say, again and again, 'Daly, Daly! you are not to be trusted.'

"Well, sir, away I went, glasses rattling, and wind whistling (a short stage, you know); and, before four, we reached the White Hart. I had forestalled my Guildford sleep in the chaise; however, we soon made them hear at the inn, and in less than three quarters of an hour I was again rolled up in the sheets, having before I went to bed written a note to my servant at Wrigglesworth, which I desired might be sent off early in the morning, directing him, after leaving word with Sir Marmaduke's man that I was alive, if not merry, to come to me with my clothes and other requisites for dressing by ten o'clock; and certainly, I must say, I never did enjoy my rest and quietness so entirely and completely as upon that particular occasion. Instead of ten o'clock—having desired that I might not be disturbed—I did not awake until past noon, and then regretted that my balmy comfort had been broken in upon.

"From my servant, when I saw him, I learned that my friends at Wrigglesworth had really expressed great anxiety on my account, which did not displease me,—I rather like to create an effect,—but I did not hear that my dear Lady Wrigglesworth had either absented herself from dinner or disappeared for the evening in consequence of my absence, which I confess mortified my vanity a little. I dressed, and having ensconced myself in the drawing-room of the White Hart, the walls of which apartment were most constitutionally decorated with loyal and orthodox prints, and which immediately faces the Gothic House, I delighted myself by watching the movements of two uncommonly pretty girls in the said antiquated edifice, who appeared to be in full possession, in the absence, as I surmised, of some greater, and probably graver, personages.

"After breakfast I strolled out. I like Guildford: it is a nice, clean, handsome, healthy town; the hill in the street I admit to be a nuisance; the alternation between climbing up and sliding down is tiresome, and even dangerous. These little objections did not affect me—nothing affects me when I am on the hunt for subjects—so away I went—smack bang into a Quaker's shop to buy myself a pair of gloves—and there—there I saw what I had never before seen—two Quaker children playing about the place, thee'ing and thou'ing each other with perfect French familiarity. Now, do *you* know," continued Daly, "it is quite worthy of remark,—that nobody—always, I presume, excepting Quakers themselves—has ever seen a Quaker baby in arms, a Quaker lady *enceinte*, or a Quaker gentleman with a *wooden* leg—eh? I like these statistical speculations. So, having bought my gloves, I returned to 'mine inn,' about one, intending forthwith to proceed to Wrigglesworth.

"Just as I reached the door of the White Hart, and just as my man was bringing out my horses, my eye was attracted by a funeral procession, consisting merely of a hearse, one mourning coach, and a private carriage, which had halted before the door; two persons who had occupied the coach having entered the house while fresh horses were put to the three vehicles. A natural and not very blameable curiosity prompted me to ask a jolly, merry-looking undertaker, whose funeral it was, whether they were going, and whence they had come?

"'Why, sir,' said the man, 'what you see here isn't the regular job as I hopes to turn it out at Chichester next Tuesday, which is the day fixed for the interment of the corpse. Short notice, you see, sir; could not do everything in a minute, sir.'

"'What is the name of the ——?' I hesitatingly asked.

"'Miss Barmingfield, sir,' said the man, 'is the name of the corpse. Poor young lady, it was as well as you and me three days ago, and was a coming down to Chichester to spend a month with its mother; when, just in a minute, it was taken ill at Ripley, and out it went for all the world like the snuff of a candle.'

"'At Ripley!' said I; 'did she live at Ripley?'

"'No, sir, she didn't,' said the undertaker; 'you'll excuse *me*—she died there.'

"'But she must have lived there first, I presume,' said I, rather angrily; for a joker hates to be joked upon.

"'A very short time indeed,' said the jolly undertaker. 'She arrived at the Talbot the day before yesterday, about twelve o'clock, in high health, and by six at night, as I said afore, she was a corpse.'

"'At the Talbot!' said I. 'And are you bringing the body from the Talbot now?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the man; 'on our way to Chichester.

We could not move her, poor dear young lady, afore, because I couldn't get things ready till this morning.'

" 'Pray,' said I, with a degree of agitation which evidently astonished my companion in the crape, 'where—in what part of the Talbot at Ripley did the young lady die?'

" 'In Number 3; that 'ere double-bedded room right over the gateway,' said the man. 'We only packed her up this morning.'

"My dear Gurney, you may easily imagine what my feelings were. Only conceive the idea of having been turned into a double-bedded room in the dark with a dead woman! It was lucky that the horses were pronounced ready, and that Major Barmingfield, whose residence at Ripley mine hostess had so truly announced, made his appearance just at the moment that the undertaker had enlightened me on the subject. I felt a mingled sensation of horror at the event, of joy at my escape from the place where it occurred, and of repentance for my misconduct towards my landlady, who had so good-naturedly strained a point for my accommodation, which nearly overset me; and I have not a notion what I should have done, had it not been that the coldness of the weather afforded me an excuse for drinking off a glass of brandy, and the lateness of the hour forced me to mount my nag and begin my canter to Wrigglesworth forthwith."

A VISIT TO THE OLD BAILEY.

As I entered the Court, a case of some importance had just terminated, and the judge just concluded his summing up, when the clerk of the arraigns put the customary question to the jury, "How say ye, gentlemen—is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" Upon which the jurymen laid their heads together, and I heard something in a whisper from their foreman, who immediately pronounced the agreeable verdict, "Not guilty." The prisoner bowed gracefully—he was a pickpocket—and retired.

The prompt decision of the jury convinced me that it must have been a clear case; and I rejoiced at the departure of the now exonerated sufferer.

"That's a reg'lar rascal," said the sheriff to me in a whisper; "never was such a case heard on, to be sure—seventeen watches, thirty-two pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of spectacles, and five snuff-boxes, all found upon his person!"

"Yet," said I, "the evidence could not have been very strong against him—the jury acquitted him after a minute's consultation."

"Evidence, Mr. Gurney!" said the sheriff, "how little do you know of the Old Bailey!—why, if these London juries were to wait to consider evidence, we never should get through the business—the way we do here is to make a zig-zag of it."

I did not exactly comprehend the term as it was now applied, although Daly had often used it in my society with reference to a pin and a card universally employed at the interesting game of *rouge et noir;* and I therefore made no scruple of expressing my ignorance.

"Don't you understand, sir?" said the sheriff—"why, the next prisoner will be found guilty—the last was acquitted—the one after the next will be acquitted too—it comes alternate like—save half, convict half—that's what we call a zig-zag; and taking the haggregate, it comes to the same pint, and I think justice is done as fair here as in any court in Christendom."

This explanation rendered the next prisoner who made his appearance an object of considerable interest to me. He was a little dirty boy, who stood charged with having stolen a pound of bacon and a peg-top from a boy somewhat his junior. The young prosecutor produced a witness, who, as far as appearances went, might, without any great injustice, have taken the place of the prisoner, and who gave his evidence with considerable fluency and flippancy. His manner attracted the notice of one of the leading barristers of the court, Mr. Flappertrap, who, in cross-examining him, inquired whether he knew the nature of an oath.

"Yes, I does," said the boy.

"Explain it," said Flappertrap.

"You may be d——d," replied the lad; "that's a hoath, arn't it?"

"What does he say?" said the judge—who, as I about this period discovered, was as deaf as a post.

"He says, 'You may be d——d,' my lord," said Flappertrap, who appeared particularly glad of an opportunity to borrow a phrase, which he might use for the occasion.

"What does he mean by that?" said the judge.

"That is the way, my lord, he exhibits his knowledge of the nature of an oath."

"Pah! pah!" said the judge—"Boy, d'ye hear me?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I hears."

"Have you ever been to school?"

"Yes," said the boy, "in St. Giles's parish for three years."

"Do you know your catechism?"

The boy muttered something which was not audible to the court generally, and was utterly lost upon the judge personally.

"What does he say?" said his lordship.

"Speak up, sir," said Mr. Flappertrap.

The boy muttered again, looking down and seeming embarrassed.

"Speak louder, sir," said another barrister, whose name I did not know, but who was remarkable for a most unequivocal obliquity of vision—"speak to his lordship—look at him—look as I do, sir."

"I can't," said the boy, "you squints!"

A laugh followed this bit of *naïvete*, which greatly abashed the counsellor, and somewhat puzzled the judge.

"What does he say?" said his lordship.

"He says he knows his catechism, my lord."

"Oh—does not know his catechism—why then, what—"

"*Does* know, my lord," whispered the lord mayor, who was in the chair.

"Oh—ah—*does* know—I know—here, boy," said his lordship, "you know your catechism, do you?"

"Yes," replied he, sullenly.

"We'll see, then—what is your name?" said his lordship.

"My name," said the intelligent lad—"what, in the catechism?"

"Yes, what is your name?"

"M. or N. as the case may be," said the boy.

"Go down, go down," said the judge, angrily, and down he went.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said his lordship, "this case will require very little of your attention—the only evidence against the prisoner at the bar which goes to fasten the crime upon him, is that which has been offered by the last witness, who evidently is ignorant of the nature and obligation of an oath. With respect to the pig's toes which the prisoner stands charged with stealing——"

"A peg-top, my lord!" said Flappertrap, standing up, turning round, and speaking over the bench into the judge's ears.

"Peg-top," said his lordship—"oh—ah—I see—very bad pen—it looks in my notes like pig's toes. Well—peg-top—of the peg-top which it is alleged he took from the prosecutor, there has not been one syllable mentioned by the prosecutor himself; nor do I see that the charge of taking the bacon is by any means proved. There is no point for me to direct your attention to, and you will say whether the prisoner at the bar is guilty or not; and a very trumpery case it is altogether, that I must admit."

His lordship ceased, and the jury again laid their heads together; again the foreman gave the little "hem" of conscious readiness for decision; again did the clerk of the arraigns ask the important question, "How say ye, gentlemen, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty," said the foreman to the clerk of the arraigns; and "I told you so," said the sheriff to me.

The next case was a short one. The prisoner a woman, the evidence clear and straightforward; but no great interest was excited, because it was known that the case, for the trial of which in point of fact the learned judge had, for particular reasons, given his attendance, and which accounted for his lordship's presence at the close of the session, was very speedily to come on. This extraordinary combination of circumstances afforded me the most favourable opportunity of seeing all the sights of this half awful, half amusing scene, even to the discharge of the grand jury, who had been specially kept together for the purpose of finding or ignoring the bill preferred against the eminent culprit, who was evidently the great attraction of the day—having found which, they had but three more to decide upon.

It was in the middle of the defence of the female prisoner, now "*coram nobis*," and just as she was making a beautiful but useless appeal to the "gentlemen of the jury," that a bustle in the court announced some coming event.

"I am," said the weeping prisoner, "an orphan—I lost my mother while I was yet a child—my father married again, and I was driven from what had been before a happy home—I have only to pray——"

Bang went a door—the scuffle of feet were heard—down went some benches—"Make way—make way!" cried some of the officers. "Stand back, sir, stand back—the gentlemen of the grand jury are coming into court." To what the moaning prisoner at the bar might have limited her supplications, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining, for the noise I have mentioned was succeeded by the appearance of eighteen or nineteen men, dressed up in something like the shabbiest dominoes I had seen at Lady Wolverhampton's masquerade, trimmed with very dirty fur—the leader, or foreman, carrying in his hand three bits of parchment. As these gentlemen advanced to a space reserved for them in the centre of the court, the judge kept exchanging bows with them until they had all reached their destination—the foreman then delivered to the clerk of arraigns the three bits of parchment, who, putting his glasses on his nose, read—James Hickson, larceny—not found.—John Hogg, felony—true bill.—Mary Ann Hodges, felony—not found. The clerk then informed his lordship, partly by words, and partly by signs, the result of the deliberations of the grand jury, and the fact that there were no more bills to set before them. Having thus far proceeded, that officer inquired if the gentlemen of the grand jury had any presentment to make; whereupon the foreman, one of the largest and dirtiest-looking persons imaginable, but whose countenance was indicative of love of power and command, and who appeared, at the moment he prepared himself to unburthen his great soul of a grievance, to feel as if the whole world were a football, made for him to play with,—

"My lord," said he, drawing himself up into an attitude, "I am sure I need not, at this time of day, enter into any discussion with your lordship on the vast importance of the rights and privileges of Englishmen—of the original establishment of the trial by jury in this country. It would be worse than idle to occupy your valuable time and that of this court, by dilating upon the merits of our constitution—the chiefest of which has, I may say—been always—and I will say—wisely, considerately, and prudently held to be that peculiar mode of administering justice between man and man. But, my lord, if in civil cases the deliberation and decision of a jury are considered adequate safeguards to the rights and property of the people, the law, still more careful of their lives and liberties, has interposed in criminal cases another and a higher tribunal, in the nature of a grand jury." [Hereabouts the judge, having bowed his head graciously, omitted to raise it again, having dropped into a sound slumber.]

"That tribunal of mediation in the first instance, is full of importance; and whatever subsequent proceedings may be taken in a case, I do say, for myself and my fellows, that the decision upon *ex-parte* evidence requires more circumspection, more care, and more consideration than a verdict delivered after a case had been argued, and after witnesses have been heard on both sides.

"If, my lord, your lordship concedes this point, I will merely say, generally, that when the mind is occupied by any important object, more especially in matters of jurisprudence, it is absolutely necessary that nothing, if possible, should occur to irritate or exacerbate the feelings—all should be calm, and at rest."

Several people turned their eyes towards his lordship, and some smiled.

"No incidental annoyance should be permitted to interpose itself; nothing which could divert the judge from the point to which his intellectual faculties ought to be directed, and to which, my lord, under suitable circumstances, they would as they should naturally converge. But, my lord, we are finite beings—creatures of habit—subject to all the weaknesses of our nature, and liable to be acted upon by impulses almost unaccountable to ourselves. For myself and my fellows, I may, perhaps, hope for a favourable interpretation of our intentions, and a lenient judgment of our conduct. We have, my lord, struggled hard to do our duty, and I hope we have done it serviceably and effectually—conscientiously and faithfully, I am sure we have. But, my lord, we do think it necessary to call your lordship's most serious attention to a fact which is embodied in the presentment I hold in my hand. It is one which occurs to us to be of paramount importance, as far as the tempering of justice with mercy is involved: we have suffered grievously from the existence of the evil to which we point; and although at this time of the year its effects are of course not so heavily felt as in the winter season, we have considered it a duty we owe to this court, to our fellow-countrymen, and, we may say, to every man intimately or remotely connected with the administration of criminal justice, spread as they may be over the whole surface of the globe, to state that the chimney in the grand jury-room smokes so much and so continually, that it is impossible to endure its effects calmly or patiently; and we therefore think it right to bring the matter thus formally before your lordship, and to desire that measures may be taken to abate a nuisance which, by its effects, is calculated to thwart, impede, and even distort the course of justice, and produce evils, the magnitude of which it is scarcely possible to imagine, and certainly not to express."

A buzz of approbation from the gentlemen of the grand jury, who had been undergoing the process of smoke-drying for several days, created a stir in the court, in the midst of which the learned judge awoke; and the lord mayor having whispered into his lordship's wig, his lordship bowed, and the clerk took the parchment.

"Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen of the grand jury," said his lordship, "I am happy to say that your labours for the present are concluded; there are no more bills for your consideration. Your presentment shall be attended to, and I have to acknowledge your great zeal and attention, and to give you thanks for your services:—gentlemen, you are now discharged."

The bows, and scufflings, and cries of "Make way there for the gentlemen of the grand jury, who are coming out of court," were resumed, and the orator and his peers retired, leaving the poor girl at the bar, wondering what had happened, and what could be the reason that the worshipful community with the cat-skin tippets should have interposed themselves in the middle of her pathetic defence, in order to discuss the irritating characteristic of a smoky chimney.

I admit that the pompous oratory of the foreman, the "*mons parturiens*"—a splendid exhibition, and the "*ridiculus mus*," which eventually presented itself, were to me treats of no common order, and I regretted that Daly was not with me to participate with me in devouring the grave absurdities which we should have had before us.

The trial of the girl was concluded, and I had no doubt as to her fate, now that I became acquainted with the principle,—she was acquitted, and never shall I forget the effect which this result of her trial produced upon her manners and features. The moment my friend Zig-zag had pronounced the words, "Not guilty," the pathetic expression which had characterised her countenance turned into the most humorous, and having winked her eye at the learned judge, who, poor man, had summed up decidedly against her, she proceeded to place her two hands extended in a right line from the tip of her nose, in the direction of his lordship's seat, after the fashion of what is called "taking a double sight," and then, making a noise which, if not indescribable by imitation, is certainly irreducible to writing, something between that which a hackney-coachman utters to encourage his tired horses, and that which a duck makes when it sees either a ditch or a drake in dry weather, she turned herself suddenly round with the least graceful pirouette I ever saw, leaving one of the hands which she had previously elevated for observation the last part of her person visible.

A short case of pot-stealing followed—the prisoner was found guilty in ten minutes; and then came *the* case. It was a curious and intricate one, and I felt quite assured, when I saw the prisoner, a genteel-looking young man, take his place under the inverted mirror, contrived with an almost diabolical ingenuity, so as to refract and reflect the light upon his face from the huge window at his back; I said to myself, having got both hardened and hungry during my short probation in court, "We shall not dine at six to-day."

It might, perhaps, injure the feelings of the individual himself, or, if he is dead, those of his friends and relations, to detail the particular case, the more especially as nothing could be clearer than that the crime laid to his charge was amply and satisfactorily—to everybody except himself—proved and substantiated.

Just as the last witness for the defence was under cross-examination, I saw one of the lord mayor's servants put his powdered head in a little hole, and whisper something to the ordinary of Newgate, a remarkably pious-looking man, in full canonicals, with a bag-wig, which, to use Foote's phraseology, speaking of Dr. Simony (by whom, as of course everybody knows, he meant the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), "looked as white as a curd, and as close as a cauliflower." It struck me that either the pretty wanton who had just been acquitted desired some serious conversation with the clergyman, or that the last convicted pot-stealer felt some qualms of conscience, and had sent for spiritual assistance; but no,—my friend Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury relieved my mind from any such apprehensions, by inviting me to a whisper, with an expression of countenance which convinced me that it was nothing of so serious a character which had suddenly summoned the reverend divine from the court.

"Good news!" said the sheriff; "land is in sight."

"What?" said I, not exactly catching the idea.

"Dinner is not far distant," said the sheriff, "the ordinary has been sent for to dress the salad."

Well, thought I, that ever a man so dressed, and so addressed, as the reverend divine opposite, should quit the seat of justice tempered with mercy, to mix oil and vinegar in a salad-bowl, does seem strange. It was evident to *me*, from the manner in which my friend spoke of the chaplain's secular vocations, that his respect for the table was infinitely greater than that which he entertained for the cloth, and never from that day have I seen painted over suburban inns, "an ordinary on Sundays at two o'clock," without thinking of the reverend functionary so styled in the Old Bailey, and the probable duties he would be called upon to perform.

The evidence having terminated, and the clock pointing to fifteen minutes after six, his lordship began summing up. I have already mentioned that his lordship was deaf, and the strange blunders which I noticed in his early charges will perhaps serve to inform the reader of these papers, whoever he may be, that his lordship's handwriting was utterly unintelligible, even to himself; indeed, so completely illegible were his notes, that the only resource his lordship had, if ever they were called for upon motions for new trials (which perhaps I need not here add, was in his lordship's case by no means an unfrequent occurrence), was to send them to be printed—printers being proverbially the best decypherers in the world.

His lordship's charge—barring the inevitable blunders and hesitations, rendered absolutely necessary by this almost hopeless illegibility—was exceedingly minute and elaborated. He recapitulated the evidence of the three first witnesses verbatim, and continued thus of the fourth:—

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, here is Amos Hardy—Handy—no, not Handy—Harding—Amos Harding tells you, that on Tuesday—no, not Tuesday—I see—Friday the 14th—that is, the 24th—he was going along Liverpool—no—Liquorpond Street—near Gug's Island—Guy's—no—Gray's Inn Lane—yes—going along Liquorpond Street, Gray's Inn Lane—at about eight o'clock in the morning—and saw the fire break out of Mr. Stephenson's windows. This, gentlemen of the jury, is a very remarkable fact—and in connection with some other circumstances to which we shall presently come, is quite worthy of your particular attention—you perceive that he swears to eight o'clock in the morning."

"Evening, my lord," said Mr. Flappertrap, standing up and whispering his lordship audibly.

"Evening is it?" said his lordship—"ay, so it is—

evening — no matter — he swears to the time at which he saw the fire break out — and hence will naturally arise in your minds a chain of circumstances which it will be my duty to endeavour to unravel. In the first place——"

Hereabouts one of the servants of the court put his head in at one of the doors at the back of the bench, and whispered the lord mayor much after the same manner in which Mr. Flappertrap had just before whispered the judge. His lordship immediately pulled out his watch — then looked at the clock—and then wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, and laid that slip of paper upon his lordship's notes. The judge took up the memorandum, and tore it in pieces—as I thought indignantly.

"You know what that means?" said my friend, the sheriff.

"No," said I.

"Dinner's waiting," replied my friend—an announcement which startled me, as it seemed impossible but that it would be kept waiting for some time. This little scene, however, was followed by the arrival of the recorder, who, after bowing to the lord mayor, took his seat on the bench.

"I told you so," said the sheriff; "Mr. Recorder is come to try the remaining cases——" A cry of "Silence—pray, silence," indicated that Mr. Sheriff Bucklesbury and I were speaking somewhat too loudly.

"The circumstances to which I allude," continued his lordship, after he had torn up the note, "are in fact so clearly detailed in the evidence you have heard, that to men of intelligence and experience, like those I am now addressing, any attempt at explanation on my part would be superfluous. The case appears a very clear one—you have to decide upon the value of the evidence, and return your verdict accordingly, giving the prisoner the benefit of any doubts you may entertain on the question."

Never was I more surprised than at finding the promised explanations and comparisons of fact and testimony so suddenly cut short, after the manner of "the story of the Bear and Fiddle," and I could not help, while the clerk of the arraigns was putting his accustomed question to the jury, noticing the circumstance to my worshipful friend.

"To be sure," said the sheriff, "don't you see—the time is up—he smells the marrow puddings."

The jury, emulating the expedition of the judge, in one minute, according to the zig-zag system, acquitted the prisoner; whereupon, his lordship rising to depart, addressed that individual in words to this effect:—

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been tried by an able, patient, and conscientious jury of your countrymen, who, convinced like myself of the enormity of your crime, and of the wicked intentions by which you were actuated in its commission, have returned the only verdict which they could justly and honestly return—they have well discharged their duty. And although it is not my province in this place to pronounce the awful sentence of the law upon you, I shall take care——"

Here Mr. Flappertrap whispered his lordship that the jury had acquitted the prisoner.

"By-and-by, sir," said his lordship, angry at being interrupted—"I shall take care, young man, that an example shall be made in your person of the——"

The lord mayor here ventured to suggest that the "young man" was found not guilty.

"Very well, my lord—presently, presently," said his lordship—"even-handedness of justice; and that an enormous offender of your class may not be suffered to escape the just vengeance of the laws which he has outraged."

Here Mr. Flappertrap whipped a bit of paper over the desk of the bench into the very place which the announcement of dinner had so recently occupied. His lordship looked at it, and exclaimed, unconsciously—"Oh! ah!—umph!" and then continued—"It is true that upon the present occasion the mercy and forbearance of the jury have been exercised in a signal manner; and I trust their benevolence and indulgence will not be thrown away upon you. I maintain my own opinion still—yet they have decided, and I have only to receive that decision—you are discharged, sir, and may go about your business; but I can tell you this, young man, you have had a very narrow escape indeed."

There was not a man in court who did not tacitly admit the truth and justice of at least the concluding passage of his lordship's address to the acquitted prisoner; nor was that individual himself the least astonished of his lordship's auditors. The incident, however, was worthy of its place in the day's proceedings, as producing a climax to the judicial operations of the learned lord, and leaving upon the minds of all his majesty's liege subjects then and there present, a conviction, that however classical it may be to picture Justice blind, it is not, as a matter of convenience and utility, at all desirable that she should also be deaf.

THE TOOTHPICK-MAKERS' COMPANY.

The day was extremely fine; the windows of the rooms opening to the water, the house smelling of fried fish and mud, and the little boys with naked legs screaming, "please to make a scramble," we having attained this enviable position in the building which looked like a race-stand, by treading a labyrinth of the dirtiest alleys and stable-yards that ever pauper or pony inhabited. It was, however, a joyous scene; and Hull, who was good enough to be my Mentor on the occasion, pooh-poohed the waiters into allowing us to look at the dinner-room, all laid out for the company; more than a hundred were expected, partitions had been pulled down, holes cut out here, and props poked in there, to afford the required accommodation; in short, everything gave token of a goodly day.

Hull, who was at home everywhere, and everywhere popular, appeared, as soon as he arrived, to supersede everybody else.

"My dear friend," said he, "I happen to know these people—the Toothpick Makers are one of the most ancient corporations of the city. My dear sir, the Mercers were incorporated in the 17th of Richard the Second—I have a tract that will prove it—1393 they were embodied—I know the clerk of the company at this day—so do you."

"No, I do not," said I.

"Pooh, pooh," said Hull, "don't tell *me*—Jemmy Hobbs—everybody knows Jemmy Hobbs—married Miss Ball of Blackheath—splendid fellow, Jemmy. Well! these Mercers are a fine company, so are the Grocers,—St. Anthony is their patron. My dear sir, I am forced to know all these things. Then there are the Drapers, and the Fishmongers—pooh, pooh—Doctors, and Proctors, and Princes of the Blood, are all fishmongers—Walworth was a fishmonger—eh—my dear friend, you should see their paintings—splendid things—Spiridiona Roma—fish in all seasons. Then there are the Goldsmiths and the Skinners, and the Merchant Tailors—Linen Armourers—eh—queer fellows, some of them; but I do assure you—" (this was said in a whisper,) "you will see some men here to-day worth seeing."

"I suppose," said I, "the Toothpick Makers' Company was founded by Curius Dentatus—whence comes the French *cure-dent*."

"Pooh, pooh," said Hull, "no such thing—much older than Curius Dentatus—I happen to know—founded in the reign of Edward the Fifth, my dear friend."

About this period the company began to arrive "thicker and faster," and certainly I had never seen any one of them before, which gave, at least, an air of novelty to the scene. Generally speaking, they ran fat, and wore white waistcoats, such as that to which I had likened the bow window of 77, St. James's Street: they looked all very hot, and puffed a good deal;—however, they kept coming and coming, until the drawing-room, as a sort of thing like a bad conservatory, well placed to the south-west, was called, was so full that I began to be as hot as my companions. Six o'clock arrived, but no dinner; the master of the house (who, from wearing a similar sort of uniform waistcoat, I took to be a Toothpick Maker,) came in and spoke to some of the fattest persons of the community, evidently intimating that the banquet was ready—nevertheless no move was made, because it appeared that Mr. Hicks had not arrived.

"You had better," said one of the more important persons in the room, "let men be placed ready to see when Mr. Hicks arrives at the end of the lane by the stables."

"Yes, sir," was the answer; and from that time I heard nothing but Hicks and Mr. Hicks talked of, until I was driven by extreme curiosity to inquire of my omniscient friend Hull, who Mr. Hicks was.

"Hicks!" exclaimed Hull—"why, my dear friend, you know Mr. Hicks—the great Mr. Hicks—everybody knows Hicks."

"I for one," said I, "do not—" and it turned out that at the moment I was not likely to be enlightened, for, just as Hull was about to give me an account of this important personage, a hubbub and bustle near the door, which speedily pervaded the whole assembly, proclaimed his arrival. In a moment the buzz of conversation ceased, a sort of circle was made round Mr. Hicks, and several of the most distinguished members of the community hurried up to take their places near him. Hull dragged me towards this sanctum, this magic ring, and, with a look of the greatest importance, assured me, that it was right that I should immediately be presented to Mr. Hicks. The presentation accordingly took place, and no sooner was it over, than one of the grandees came up to me, and, in a confidential whisper, informed me that my place at dinner was on the left of Mr. Hicks, as being a friend of the master. I concluded that the arrangement was attributable to Hull, who, I found, was to be my neighbour on the left, and, although I could have dispensed with the honour of so close an approximation to the hero of the day, I rejoiced mightily that I was placed so near my friend Hull, who would be as useful to me upon such an occasion as is a catalogue of the pictures at an exhibition anywhere else.

In a very short time dinner was announced, and Mr. Hicks, having the master on his right hand, led the way to the large room upstairs, round the whole of which the table ran, exhibiting, as I entered the apartment, a lengthened line of tin covers, looking like a collection of cuirasses, glittering on the board;—the heat was tremendous, and the air redolent with fried flounders. A few minutes sufficed to arrange us, grace was said by the chaplain, and we fell to. As in all similar cases, the exercise of eating and drinking superseded conversation or remark, and I, who did but little in that way myself, and having therefore an opportunity of seeing the *modus operandi* at my leisure, became suddenly enlightened as to the extent to which such pleasures may be carried. Of each and every dish did each and every man partake, from turtle to white-bait, both inclusive; by comparison with the individuals now before and around me, my friend Bucklesbury, whom I had a week before considered a prodigy in the way of feeding, sank into insignificance; to the elaborated course of fish succeeded a host of fowls, cutlets, hashes, stews, and other things of that nature, accompanied by sundry haunches of venison, and succeeded again by ducks innumerable, and peas immeasurable. The destruction of all these articles was, however, effected with ease in less than an hour and a half, during which the attentions paid to Mr. Hicks were most marked and gratifying: if the sun shone in upon the tip of his nose, the waiters were ordered to pull down the blinds before him; if the gentlest breeze wantoned about the back of his neck, the master of the house was called to shut the window behind him; for *him* the chairman culled the choicest bits; to *him* the landlord tendered his most particular wines: every eye was fixed on *his* actions, every ear seemed open to *his* words; he had, however, as yet spoken little, but had "eaten the more."

All sublunary pleasures must have an end, so had this dinner; and a call of silence, and the thumping of the president's hammer upon the table, announced that some professional gentlemen were about to sing *Non nobis, Domine.* They began—we all standing up—I with the sun full in my eyes, setting over London in all its glory. The voices harmonised beautifully; but fine and melodious as they were, I felt that the canon, or whatever it is called, very much resembled a fire which, smouldering and smouldering in the low notes, kept perpetually bursting out in a fresh place, when one fancied it out. As far as the religious feeling of the thing goes, it was misplaced; and as for its duration, it seemed to be more like three graces than one.

This over, the wine began to pass, and "beards to wag;" Hicks grew condescending, and the day began to mend; the King's health was given—song, God save the King—chorus by the company, all standing—The Queen—The Prince of Wales—then the Duke of York and the Army—the Duke of Clarence and the Navy—the Memory of St. Ursula, the mother of all Toothpick Makers, with an appropriate glee, received with loud cheers.

The Master then rose and begged to propose a toast. No sooner had he uttered these words, than the whole room rang with applause, the wine-glasses danced hornpipes upon the table to the music of the forks and spoons, and the noise was tremendous. "I see," continued the worthy president, "that you anticipate my intentions; gentlemen, there could be no doubt upon your minds what the toast would be" (more cheering). "I will not occupy your time, nor hinder you from the gratification of your feelings upon this topic by dilating upon the merits of the illustrious individual whose health I am about to propose; whether we regard him in public life, guiding by his zeal and energy the community which he fosters and protects by his influence, or view him in private society, the ornament of the circle of which he is the centre, our gratitude and admiration are equally excited. Gentlemen, I will not trespass upon your time, or wound, what I know to be the delicacy of his feelings, by recapitulating the deeds which gild his name, and which have, during the last year, added so much to his honour and reputation, and to the welfare and comfort of his colleagues and associates:—I beg to propose the health of Benjamin Spooner Hicks, Esq.,—a name dear to every Englishman—with all the honours."

Then came a storm of applause unparalleled, at least in my experience. A band of music, which had hitherto been silent, struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes," and nine times nine cheers were given in a style the most overwhelming. During this storm of rapture, I seized the opportunity of once again asking Hull who Hicks was, and what he had done, to deserve and receive all these extraordinary marks of approbation and applause, but all I could extract from my rubicund friend was, "Pooh, pooh,—don't tell me—you know Hicks—my dear friend, everybody knows Hicks—there isn't a man better known in the universe." There was no time amidst the din of glory to assure him once more that I had by no possible accident ever heard his name before, so I resumed my seat, as the object of our enthusiasm quitted his, to return thanks. His up-rising was hailed by the company with an almost Persic adoration:—silence at length having been obtained, he spake—

"Sir, and Gentlemen,—there are certain periods in our existence which entirely defy description—this, as far as I am concerned, is one of them. I have been placed in many trying situations, and I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, I have behaved as became a man (loud cheers); I am aware that some of my efforts for the benefit of my fellow-creatures have been crowned with success (hear, hear, hear); and I am thankful to Providence that I am possessed of the means to do good to them as is not so well off as myself (loud cheers). I say, sir, it would be the height of baseness for a man who has been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, not now and then to take it out, and feed them as has not been so fortunate (great cheering). My political feelings and principles I need not touch upon (immense cheering); they are known to all the world (tumultuous applause); I shall steadily maintain the course I have heretofore followed, and observe the straight line, neither swerving to the right, nor to the left, as little awed by the frown of power as flattered by its smiles (hear, hear, hear).

"Gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for the honour you have done me, and beg to drink all your good healths in return."

The shoutings were here renewed, but to an extent far beyond the former exhibition. Mr. Hicks sat down, but still the thunder continued; and scarcely had it subsided, even for a moment, when Mr. Hicks, upon his legs again, caused a relapse which nearly drove me mad.

Hicks waved his hand, and it was a calm—you might have heard a pin drop—he had to propose the health of the worshipful chairman, the Master of the Toothpick Makers' Company.

After expressing in almost the same words that Hicks had just before used, his conviction that this was the "proudest moment of his life," the chairman continued to observe, that if anything could possibly add to the gratification of having his health drunk by such an assembly, it was the fact of its having been proposed by such an individual. He then proceeded to say, that he was quite sure in that society, composed as it was of men of all parties, all professions, and all politics, he need not expatiate upon the merits of the honourable gentleman to whom he had previously alluded—they were known all over the world. *He*, like Hicks, returned the most heartfelt acknowledgments for the favour he had received at their hands, and sat down amidst very loud acclamations.

Still I was left in ignorance of all the great deeds which "gilt" my friend Hicks's "humble name;" and I found, being so near him, that it was quite impossible to get enlightenment. At length, however, I was destined to hear something of the character of his achievements; for shortly after the worshipful master had sat down, and just before the healths of the wardens of the Toothpicks, or some such functionaries, were about to be toasted, a tall, thin, pale man—a rare specimen in the Museum—rose and said, as nearly as I can recollect, what follows:—

"Sir, I am sure you will forgive me for the intrusion I now venture upon; but I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without expressing, on my own part and on the behalf of several of my worthy neighbours, a sense of our obligation—and, indeed, the sense of obligation under which, like us, the rest of civilised Europe, are laid, by the manly, courageous, zealous, and indefatigable exertions of the honourable gentleman on the right of the chair, to whom you have so justly referred (loud cheers). It may, perhaps, be thought superfluous in me to enlarge upon a subject so familiar to your hearts; but I cannot avoid mentioning a trait which at once displays the greatness of that honourable gentleman's mind, the prowess of his courage, and his immutable determination to do justice to all men"—(still louder cheers followed this point).

"I think," continued the pale man, "I need not speak more distinctly upon the subject to which I allude." (Here shouts rent the room, and glasses began to dance again.) "But, lest there should be any gentleman present, who might by accident be unacquainted with the circumstance to which I refer"—(cries of "no, no! impossible! hear, hear! order, order!") "I say, *if*—for it may be so—if such a thing should be, I think it best at once to explain, that the conduct to which I now specifically refer, but which I may truly say is of a piece with every action of his honoured life, is that which our great benefactor—and friend—if he will allow me so to call him"—(Hicks nodded, and said "hear!")—"observed upon the occasion of removing the lamp from the corner of Black Lion Street to the head of Spittle Court." (Immense cheering.) "Sir, I do not wish to go into the question of the eleven yards of pavement from the Swan Inn to the bootmaker's"—(roars of laughter burst from part of the company, as the evident severity of this remark upon the conduct of some other eminent individual, murmurs from others, "hear, hear!" from many, and "oh, oh!" from a few!) "I strictly confine myself to the lamp; and I do say, without fear of contradiction, that the benefit conferred on society by that change, and the manly way in which it was effected, without truckling to the higher powers, or compromising the character and dignity of the Company, has shed immortal lustre upon the name and fame of the honourable gentleman to whom I have alluded. (Immense cheers.) I have to apologize for this effusion"—("no, no! bravo") "but it is involuntary. I have for several months laboured under emotions of no ordinary nature; I have now unburdened my mind, and have done my duty to myself, my honourable friend, and my country."

The ogre sat down amidst the loudest possible applause, and more shouts were sent forth in honour of Hicks.

The healths of the Wardens of the Company were then drunk—*they* returned thanks:—then came alternately songs and glees by the professional gentlemen:—then they drank Mrs. Hicks and family;—and then—for be it observed, the fervour of the applause increased as the night grew older—the uproar was tremendous. Nine times nine seemed infinitely too small a complement of cheers to compliment the Hickses, and I had become dead tired of the whole affair, when Mr. Hicks—the great Mr. Hicks—rose to return thanks for *that* honour. He talked of connubial felicity, and spoke of the peculiar merits and charms of his daughters with all the eloquence of a tuft-hunting mother. Having done which, he fell to moralising upon the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of recollecting that Greenwich was nearly five miles from town; that, happy as we were, prudence pointed to a period at which such enchantments should terminate. "Gentlemen," said he, "in conclusion, I have obtained permission to propose one parting bumper. I believe we are all agreed that the constitution of England is a blessing envied by every country in the world—(loud cheers). We have drank the king, the queen, the royal family, the army, the navy, the ministers, and indeed everything that we could be well supposed to drink constitutionally. Gentlemen, the place in which we are now assembled suggests to me the best, the most loyal, the most appropriate, and the most constitutional toast possible as a conclusion. I give it you with feelings of mingled loyalty and piety—I propose to you, 'The Crown and Sceptre,' and may they never be separated."

This unqualified piece of nonsense, delivered seriously by Hicks (rather overcome) to about fifty or sixty survivors of the original dinner, nearly killed me with laughing: not so the company—at it they went—cheered like mad—up-standing nine times nine—rattle went the forks—jingle and smash went the glasses—and, in the midst of the uproar, Hicks rose, the Master did the same, and, of course, we followed the example.

Then came all the worry and confusion about carriages—the little alley was crowded with people seeking for conveyances—it had just begun to rain. Hull looked at *me*, and inquired what vehicle I had?—I had none—I was annihilated—when, judge my delight and surprise at finding the illustrious Hicks himself at my side, offering Hull and myself places in his coach. I could scarcely believe it; however, so it was, and an advantage was derivable from it for which I was scarcely prepared.

"Come down with *me*," said Hicks, "directly:—this way—they are preparing a deputation to light me through the alley to the carriage—I want to avoid it. My boy tells me it is all ready—if we can but get round the corner, we shall be off without being observed—they *will* do these things, but *incog.* for me—I hate state and finery—eh, Mr. Hull?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Hull, "*you* need no new honours—to be sure—what a day—eh—never was any thing so splendid!"

And so Hicks's boy, or, as Hull called him, "b'y," preceding, we made our escape into the patriot's carriage; and never did I more rejoice in my life. The quiet of the calm which aeronauts experience when they rise in a few minutes from the tumultuous shoutings of the populace into the dead stillness of the vast expanse above, cannot be more surprising than was the tranquillity of the coach compared with the boisterousness of the company.

Mr. Hicks carried us as far as he could, without inconveniencing himself, and set us down at the corner of a small street in Cheapside, having, just before we parted, mentioned to me that if at any time I should be in need of any article in the hardware line, I should find every thing he had at wholesale prices and of the very best quality.

Hull and I walked westward, but whether it arose from the length of the way or its width, I cannot exactly state, I was uncommonly tired when I reached home. When I fell asleep, which I did as soon as I got into bed, I dreamed of the extraordinary infatuation which possesses men in all classes of life to believe themselves eminently important, and their affairs seriously interesting to all the rest of the world; and became perfectly satisfied that every sphere and circle of society possesses its Hicks, and that my friend the hardwareman was not one bit a greater fool than his neighbours.

THE MAN-SERVANT'S LETTER.*

Murrel Green, Thursday.

"Dear Sarah,—I should not wonder if you wasn't a little surprised at neither seeing nor hearing from me before this, as I calculate you also will be at reading the date of this hepistol. The truth is, that the Captain, whose stay in England will be very short, says to me, just as I was coming off to you the night after I wrote, 'Lazenby,' says he, 'where do you go when you leave me?' So I contumaciously expressed myself in these identical words, 'Why, sir,' says I in a masculine manner, 'I am going to Blissford.' Whereupon he observed to me that he supposed I had got what the French calls a *chair ah me* there, and that I was likely to settle myself in the neighbourhood—so then I expostulated with him and mentioned my notion of setting up in the general line, and he laughed and said that he hoped to do that himself some day, and was quite factious upon the toepick, which after his manner the night before, rather constaminated me, as Goldfinch says in Ben Jonson's 'Beggars' Opera;' whereupon he says, looking at me in his droll way, 'Tom,' says he, 'I shan't be long in London; hadn't you better go up with me and Mrs. M. when we are married, and stop with us till we go?'—for, mind you, he is going to take her out with him to share the toils of the champaign; and this was the very first of his directly insinuating that the thing was all settled: so I hesitates a little; and thinking of you, my dear Sarah, I says, says I, 'Sir, will you give me an hour to preponderate?'—'To be sure I will,' says the Captain. Well, I begins to think; and I calculated I might make a few pounds by stopping and paying his bills, and managing his luggage, and all *that*, before he went. So I says to

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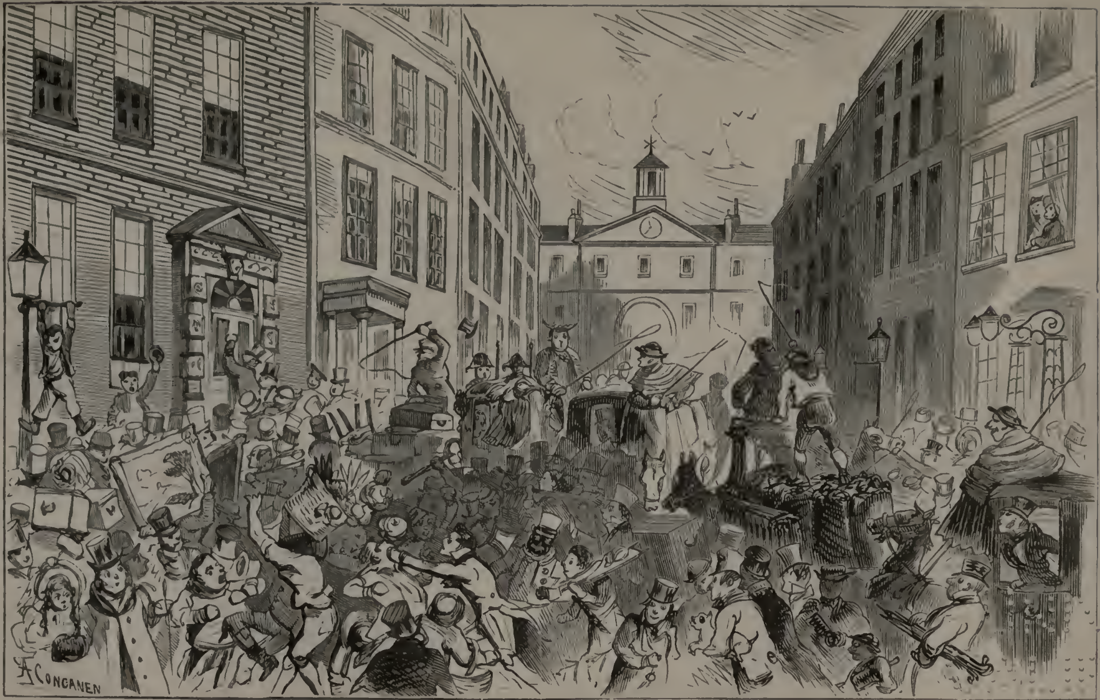
* From "Gurney Married."



THE BERNERS STREET HOAX.

Susan—she as I wrote about in my last—'If you was *me*,' says I, 'what would you do in this conundrum?'—'Why,' says Susan, 'if you ask me *my* advice, if I was *you* I'd stay and go with the Captain.' So I considers a bit more; and I says to her, 'I don't much like missus as is to be.'—'Nor I,' said Susan, 'although I have knowed her longer than you; but for all *that*, I'm going as her maid; only to stay till they leave England for good.'—'Why,' says I, having heard her opinion of the future Mrs. Merman, and how Mrs. Gibson had gone away entirely excavated by the levity of her mistresse's behaviour, 'I had no notion you would do such a thing.'

"So Susan says to me, 'Lazenby,' says she—she calls me Lazenby, for we are quite like brother and sister now—'my old missus wishes it; and she hints something about remembering me hereafter; and so what is it?' says Susan; 'in these days, folks don't stick at trifles; and sure if Miss Millicent is good enough to be Captain Merman's wife, she is good enough to be my missus.' That seemed remarkably judicial to my comprension; and so, thinking what was good for Susan could not be interogatory to me, up I goes to the Captain, and agrees to stay with him, as I tell you, till he bids a Jew to his native land, at which perriod, dear Sarah, I hope to return to you, like the good bee who, as Pope says in 'The Deserted Village'—

'Behaves in bee-hives as behoves him,'

and bring you an affectionate art, and I should say upwards of seven pounds fourteen shillings in hard cash by way of hunney. Susan says she should like to know you, she is so much indisposed towards you by my inscription of you; and I should like you to be friends, which perhaps may be some of these days, if she comes back to that part of the country. She would be uncommon nice company for both of us, she is so candied and filantropical, and it is a great thing for a married couple to have such a friend.

"I don't know whether you have ever been in this quarter of the world, although, as I don't think you could well have got to Blissford by any other road from London, pr'aps you have; it is very wild and romantic, with a bit of a green before the door, upon which there are geese, ducks, enseterar; and Susan and I am going to take a walk, and we shall carry this letter ourselves to Artley Row, where is the Post-office, because, as I have promised the Captain not to say anything one way or thé other, I thought if he saw a letter redressed to the Passonage, he might inspect something; so Susan and I agreed it would be better to go out in the dusk as if miscellaneously, and slip it in unbeknown to any body, while master and missus is enjoying their *teat a teat* after dinner. We go on to the meterpolis in the morning, and Susan and I go outside in the rumble-tumble, for Miss Pennefather has lent us the charriot, which I suppose I shall have to bring back, which, as I cannot do without horses, will be a very pretty incursion. I don't in course know how long the Captain will be before he goes, so do not fret. I have got your wach, which does not keep tim well, but I never look at it without thinking of you. Susan says it wants to have new hands put to it, and I shall give it to a watchmaker in town to riggle at it spontaneously on my arrival. The Captain and his mate seem very happy, which also makes me think of you, Sarah dear; she certainly is no beauty to my taste; she is a good deal in the Ottomy line, and I should say not easily pleased; but in course as yet it all goes uncommon comfortable; for, as O'Keefe says in his comical farce of 'Love for Love:'—

> To fools a curse, to those a lasting boon,
> What wisely spends the hunney moon.

"I hope poor Miss Fanny don't take on about the loss of master; I'm sure if I was she, and knew that he left me for the sake of Malooney's money, I should care no more about him than nothing at all—true love loves for itself a loan—don't it, dear Sarah? Oh, Sarah! Susan and I had some hot sassages and mashed potatoes for dinner to-day, and I did so think of you, and I said so; and Susan says to me, says she, 'Does your Sarah love sassages?' so I said, says I, 'Yes, where's the girl of taste as doesn't?'—and so she says again, 'Then I wish she was here'—and we both laughed like bogies. So *that* shows we don't forget you.

"As to Miss Fanny, there is one thing—which, if you have an opportunity upon the sly, you may incoherently hint—which may be p'rhaps a considerable revelation of her despondency, if she still cares for master; which is this—the officer which is to have the recruiting party in place of him, as Rattan told me before I came away, is taller and better-looking than master, and quite the gentleman: p'raps, if you tell Miss Fanny that, it will controvert her regret, and make her easy—I know enough of the seck, Sarah, to know that it is with females as it is with fighters—to use the words of Young in his 'Abelard and Eloisa,'—

One down, t'other come on.

"And so perhaps Miss Fanny may make up her mind to the gentleman which will relieve my master—I am sure I hope she may, for she is I am sure constipated to make any man happy in that way. Well, Sarah dear, I must now say good-bye—or else, Tim flies so fast, Susan and I may be mist. I haven't room to tell you all about Master's wedding, which was all done with as little ceremony as possible, and as Susan says there was not a minnit to be lost, but I will explain all particulars when I come back to you, which will not be long first. So squeeze my keeping you in expence for these few days, for I was so busy I could not write before, but Susan says she is sure you will forgive me, and so I think you will.

"I say, dear Sarah, in exclusion, I hope that you have not been speaking to William Waggle, the baker's young youth, because, as I am absent, it might give some grounds for calomel—Mrs. Hodgson and those two Spinkeses her sisters is always a-watching—I'm not a bit jellies myself—no, I scorn the 'green hided malster,' as Morton says in his 'New Way to pay old Debts'—but I know the world—I know what the old Tabbies say, and how they skirtinize every individil thing which relates to us—as I says to Susan—the eyes of the hole world is on us two—you and me—and therefore, Sarah dear, mind what you do, and do not encourage any of them to walk with you in an evening—specially Bill, inasmuch as the whiteness of his jacket would make the round-counter the more evident to the Hargooses of the place.

"A jew Sarah—the next you will hear from me will be in London—most probably at the Whiteoss Cellar in Pickadilly, or the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, which the Captain thinks the quietest spots to fix upon—rely upon my righting you the minute I have time—I told Rattan that I was going back to Blissford, so he will have had no message for you; besides, I don't want you to have any miliary connexions during my abstinence—therefore please to remember me in your art, as I do you in mine, and if you will, do me the fever to pay Mrs. Jukes three and ninepence which I owe her for washing my things, which I will repay you when we meet—best love, in which Susan, though she does not know you, joins with equal sincerity—take care cf yourself, dear Sarah, and mind about the baker.

"Yours always true till death,
"THOMAS LAZENBY."

THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

"HERE," said he, drawing from one of his pockets a very small dirty black-letter book, "this is all I shall do to-day—

my pursuit, you know—eh—old books—rare books—I don't care what I give so as I can secure them—this is a tract of 1486—seventeen pages originally—five only wanting—two damaged—got it for seventy-two pounds ten shillings—Caxton—only one other copy extant—that in the British Museum."

"Seventy-two pounds for *that!*" said I.

"To be sure," replied Hull; "why, my dear sir, it is not worth *my* while to come out of the city unless I spend seventy or eighty pounds in the morning—I cannot afford the time for less."

"And what is it about?" said I, innocently.

"Why, I do *not* happen to know *that*," said Hull; "it is an essay, I believe, to prove that Edward the Fourth never had the toothache; but it is, as you see, in Latin, and I don't read Latin."

"Then why buy it?" said I.

"Buy!" exclaimed he, looking at me through his glass with an expression of astonishment—"I buy thousands of books!—pooh, pooh! millions, my dear sir, in the course of a year, but I never think of reading them—my dear friend, I have no time to read."

I confess I did not exactly comprehend the character of the bibliomania, which appeared to engross my friend, nor the particular gratification which the purchase of the unreadable works seemed to afford him. But he only curled up his mouth, as much as to say that I was a dunce, and that there was a sort of delight—felt in common with magpies, I presume—of picking up objects and hiding them away in dark holes and corners.—*Gilbert Gurney.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

ABSENCE of mind may be defined to be a slowness of mind, in speaking or in action. The absent man is one who, when he is reckoning up a bill, and hath collected the particulars, will ask a by-stander what the amount is. When he is engaged in a law-suit, and the day of trial comes, he forgets it, and goes into the country. He goes to the theatre to see the play, and is left behind, asleep upon the benches. He takes any article, and puts it away securely; then he begins to look for it, and is never able to find it. If a man comes and tells him of the death of a friend, and asks him to the funeral, he says, with a melancholy countenance, and tears in his eyes, "What uncommon good luck!" When he receives money, he calls men to witness the transaction; when he pays a debt, he does not. He quarrels with his servant for not bringing him cucumbers in winter; and forces his children to run and wrestle for their health, till they are ready to die of fatigue. When in the country, he dresses his dinner of herbs, he salts them until they are unfit to eat. And if anybody ask him, "How many dead have been carried through the sacred gate, to be buried?" he answers, "I wish to my heart you and I had half as many."

A DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLER.

Lady Cramly was, or rather had been during her husband's lifetime, the authoress of a solitary work, upon the memory of which she still lived and revelled. She had published two volumes of travels. In some of the countries which she described she really *had* been, but in others certainly not; but wherever the scene was laid, Lady Cramly and Seraphine were at the top of the tree. Princes were proud to hand them to their carriage—crowned heads opened their palaces to receive them—Lady Cramly received medals, orders, and decorations, which never before had been conferred upon females. Seraphine—with a pug nose, low forehead, and high shoulders—had been painted by all the first artists, and modelled by all the first sculptors on the Continent. The book of travels had gone through eleven editions—Mr. Liberal, the eminent publisher, had made six thousand pounds by it, and would have made more, only that he had foolishly insisted, out of respect to the character of her particular friend the Pope, upon expunging the authoress's account of her having waltzed with his Holiness at a masquerade during the carnival, to which he went only to have the pleasure of being her partner. Upon this circumstance, and her having been made a Burgher (or rather Burgheress) at Bruges (the only instance of the honour ever having been bestowed upon a lady), she not unfrequently descanted, and so often had she told the histories amongst others, that all who heard them, including Seraphine herself, felt certain, that if nobody else believed them, Lady Cramly did.

It was of Lady Cramly the wag said that her authority ought never to be doubted, for she must always be *re-lied* upon. Nevertheless, her poetical prose was very amusing, and upon Waller's principle (we presume) she was certainly an extremely eloquent and entertaining companion.

DALY'S PRACTICAL JOKES.*

Among the group was a man whose name was Daly—who, of all the people accounted sane and permitted to range the world keeperless, I hold to have been the most decidedly mad. His conversation was full of droll conceits, mixed with a considerable degree of superior talent, and the strongest evidence of general acquirements and accomplishments. He appeared to be on terms of familiar intimacy with all the members of our little community, and, by his observations and anecdotes, equally well known to persons of much higher consideration; but his description of himself to *me*, shortly after our introduction, savoured so very strongly of insanity—peculiar in its character, I admit—that I almost repented having, previously to hearing his autobiography, consented to send on my horses to Teddington, in order to accompany him to that village after the departure of the rest of the party to London, in a boat in which he proposed to row himself up to Hampton Court, where, it appeared, he had, a few days before, fixed his temporary residence.

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* From "Gilbert Gurney."

"I hope," said he, "that we shall be better acquainted. I daresay you think me an odd fish—I know I *am* one. My father, who is no more, was a most respectable man in his way—a sugar-baker in St. Mary Axe. I was destined to follow in his wake and succeed to the business; however, I cut the treacle tubs at an early age—I saw no fun in firkins, and could not manage conviviality in canvas sleeves. D'ye ever read the *London Gazette?*"

"Sometimes," said I.

"In that interesting paper," said Daly, "I used to look twice a week to see the price of Muscovados. One hapless Saturday I saw my father's name along with the crush: the affair was done—settled; dad went through the usual ceremony, and came out of Guildhall as white as one of his own superfine lumps. Refreshed by his ruin, my exemplary parent soon afterwards bought a house in Berkeley Square, stood a contest for a county, and died rather richer than he started."

"And you, I suppose, his heir?" said I.

"He had not much to leave," replied my new friend. "He ran it rather fine towards the close of his career. My two sisters got their fortunes paid, but I came off with what we technically called the scrapings—four hundred a year, sir, is the whole of my income; all my personal property I carry under my hat. Timber I have none—save my walking-stick; and as to land, except the mould in three geranium pots, which stand in my sitting-room window, I haven't an inch. Still, Mr. Gurney, although I have not a ducat in my purse,

> 'Yet I'm in love, and pleased with ruin.'"

"I envy your philosophy and spirits," said I.

"You are right," replied Daly; "fun is to me what ale was to Boniface; I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I talk for fun—I live for fun; hence my addiction to our dear funny friends of to-day. They just suit me—they do nothing but laugh; they laugh *with* one when present, and *at* one when absent—but to me that is the fun."

I immediately thought of the "funny" observations upon myself, which I had overheard earlier in the day, pretty well assured that the voice of my new laughter-loving acquaintance had not been the least loud in the debate.

"I admit myself fond of practical joking," continued my friend. "I don't mean in one's own particular circle—there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humour—what they think uncommonly good fun one day, they will seriously resent as an insult the next. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to ascertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have poured into his coat-pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of thing, but on the great scale I confess my addiction. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the chaise at the corner of Egham, to turn the finger-post at the corner half round—sent all the people bound for London to Chertsey, all the people destined for Egham to Windsor, and all the people destined for Windsor to London—that's *my* way."

"Probably," said I, "but not theirs. And do you often indulge yourself in these freaks?"

"Perpetually," replied Daly; "I've whipped off every knocker in Sloane-street three nights running—a hundred and ninety-four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke should be brought to bear, I flatter myself you will hear of my darkening the whole parish of Pancras, by grinding a gimblet through a gas-pipe."

"These frolics must cost something," said I.

"Occasionally," said my friend; "but what of that? Every man has his pursuits—I have mine."

"I should think," replied I, "if you perform such tricks often, your pursuits must be innumerable."

"What!" exclaimed Daly; "pursuits after me, you mean? I'm obliged to you for *that*—I see we shall be better acquainted—of that I am now quite certain. One thing I *must* tell you of myself, because, although there is something equivocal in the outset of the adventure, I set it all to rights afterwards, and will prove to you that in fact all I did was done for fun—pure fun."

I foresaw an awkward discovery of some sort by the prefatory deprecation of criticism; however, I listened to my slight acquaintance with complacency and confidence.

"You must know," said Daly, "that I once had a brother, —long since dead,—and you must know that he was my elder brother, and he went abroad; I remained at home, and was my father's darling—he fancied nothing on earth was like me. I was the wittiest, if not the wisest fellow breathing; and I have seen my respectable parent shake his fat sides with laughing at my jokes and antics, till the tears ran down his rosy cheeks. Nevertheless I *had* a fault,—I cannot distinctly aver that I have even yet overcome it,—I was extravagant — extravagant in everything — extravagant in mirth—extravagant in love—extravagant in money-matters. After my respected parent's death, I lodged at an upholsterer's —excellent man!—occupied his first floor—but paid him no rent; on the contrary, borrowed money of him."

"Indeed!" said I, "I——"

"Don't frown, Mr. Gurney," interrupted Daly, "you will find that it comes all right in the end. I'm as honest as a Parsee—don't be alarmed—I was then much younger than I am now; and, although the world unjustly, ungenerously, and invariably judge a man's character in after life by the foibles of his youth, don't be prejudiced, but hear me. I borrowed money of him—I consulted him upon all occasions—he was delighted with me, I with *him*—reciprocity of feeling, you know, and all that sort of thing. My upholsterer was my *cabinet*-minister—who better? who fitter to be consulted when any new measure was on the *tapis?* So things went on for a year, at the end of which, I owed him fourteen hundred and seventy-two pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny, without the interest."

"That was no joke, Mr. Daly," said I.

"No; but what followed was," continued my equivocal friend. "My cabinet-minister applied for funds—I had none on hand. I therefore quitted London, and retired to the blest shades of Holyrood—not that this sort of constraint was at all necessary, for my friend, the sofa-maker, never troubled himself to inquire after me."

"Why, then, did you go?" said I.

"Why, you see I thought he might," replied Daly. "After I had hovered about Scotland, seen the sights, visited the Highlands, shot some grouse,—and a pretty job I made of that, umph!—I returned to Edinburgh, and began to be anxious to get back to London. I therefore took the resolution of killing myself forthwith."

"Horrible!" said I.

"Most horrible!" replied he; "nevertheless, I put that resolve into immediate execution."

"How?" I inquired.

"By transmitting an account of my death to the metropolitan newspapers in these words—'Died, at Antigua, on the 15th March, in the 28th year of his age, Robert Fergusson Daly, Esq., son of the late Thomas Fergusson Daly, Esq., of St. Mary Axe, London.'"

"What earthly purpose could that have answered?"

"You shall hear," said Daly. "About ten days after this announcement, having 'incurred' for a suit of mourning, I proceeded to my friend the upholsterer. Dear man, I recollect his little white bald head peering over his desk in the counting-house as well as if it were but yesterday—in I went—made a bow—up jumped my creditor.

"'Ah, Mr. Daly,' cried he, 'then what I have read in the newspaper is not true!—you are alive and merry.'

"Upon which I, looking as grave as a judge, said with a long-drawn sigh, 'Sir, I see you have fallen into the common mistake.'

"'Mistake, sir,' said he, 'no mistake in the world! Why, I read in the newspapers that you were dead. How those fellows do fib!'

"'In this instance,' I replied, 'they are as true as the tides to the moon—or the needle to the Pole.'

"'Why,' cried he, 'you are not dead, for here you are!'

"'So I am,' said I; 'but I am not the Mr. Daly who died in Antigua.'

"'That's very clear,' said the old cabinet-maker; 'for, as I said before, here you are.'

"'Still,' said I, 'sir,'—I thought the sir good—'you do not understand: I am the brother—the twin brother of poor Bob Daly who lived here with you, and who has died, as I unfortunately know, deep in your debt.'

"'What!' exclaimed the upholsterer, '*you* his brother! Impossible—ridiculous! Why, I should know you from a thousand by that little knob on your nose.'

"'That may be, sir,' said I; 'but I was born with a knob on my nose as well as my brother. I assure you he is in his grave at Antigua.'

"This astounded him, and he was proceeding to ring the bell in order to call up the housemaid, who had made herself particularly familiar with my knob, in order to identify me, when I pacified him by fresh assurances that he was mistaken, and that I was come to settle the account due from my late brother to himself."

"This," said I, "was all very funny, no doubt; but *cui bono?*"

"*Nous verrons,*" said Daly. "The moment I talked of paying, all doubt ended; he felt convinced that it could not be me; for he was quite of opinion that at that time I had no notion of muddling away my income in paying bills. So he listened, looking all the while at my knob—you see the thing I mean, Mr. Gurney," said Daly, pointing to a pimple; "till at last I begged to see his account—he produced it—I sighed—so did he.

"'Sir,' said he, 'this is—dear me, is it possible two people should be so much alike?—your brother's last account before he went.'

"I could not help saying, 'He is gone to his last account now, sir.' If it had been to save my life, I could never check my fun.

"'Lord, how like Mr. Robert that is!' said the upholsterer.

"'What is the amount?' said I.

"'Fourteen hundred and seventy-two pounds, thirteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny. As for interest, Mr. Daly, I don't want it.'

"'Sir,' said I, drawing out of my pocket a handkerchief whiter than unsunned snow, 'I honour and reverence you. I can now account for the high respect and veneration with which my poor brother Bob used to speak of you and write about you. You shall judge what he has done;—he has died worth three thousand five hundred pounds; the claims upon him are numerous and heavy; in his letter, the last I ever received from him, he directs me to make an equitable division of his property.'

"'Poor fellow!' said the cabinet-maker.

"'An innocent young creature, with three children,' said I, 'first claims his care.'

"'Dear me!' said the man. 'Rely upon it I won't interfere there. No, no. I gave him credit further than he asked it. I won't visit his sins upon those who, perhaps, are helpless, and certainly blameless in this affair.'

"There was something so kind in this, that I was near betraying myself; but I should have spoiled the joke.

"'After those,' continued I, 'you come next; and, having divided his assets fairly, he decided that he could, acting conscientiously towards others, afford to pay you five shillings in the pound upon the amount due; and, accordingly, I have brought you to-day a sum calculated at that rate—that is to say, three hundred and sixty-eight pounds, thirteen shillings and sixpence, for I don't descend to fractions.'

"'Well, now,' said the honest old man, 'I love and honour him for that. He needn't have paid me a farthing. I knew not where he was;—and to think of me on his death-bed!—that, sir, shows good principle; and as you are so like him in everything else,—and how like him you are, to be sure!—I hope and trust—don't be angry, sir—that you will follow the example he has set you in the last act of his life.'

"'Then,' said I, 'you accept the proposal?'

"'Most happily, sir,' said he. 'I tell you I honour his feelings. I had given the whole thing up as lost: I thought he was a hard-hearted and a practised taker-in of credulous men——'

"'Sir,' said I, bowing, 'you little knew my poor brother Bob if you thought that. Here, sir, is the money; all I ask, as a satisfaction to the interesting young creature who survives him, is a receipt in full of all demands as against him.'

"'In course, Mr. Daly,' said the upholsterer, taking the notes I proffered. 'Why, la!' exclaimed he, 'I declare you have got the very ring on, that I have seen a hundred times, with a leetel patent key twisted into the inside, that he used to wear.'

"'Yes,' said I, rather taken aback at this; for with all my cunning I had forgotten to disring my finger for the occasion. 'Yes, it was the only thing he left me; and I wear it for his sake.'

"'And how well it fits!' said the cabinet-maker.

"'Often the case with twins,' said I. 'There are two hundred, three hundred, and fifty, a ten pound note, eight guineas, and five shillings and sixpence ; count it yourself.'

"'And now,' said he, 'I am to give you a receipt in full; to be sure I will. But I do wish you would do me one favour, sir,' continued he ; 'I wish you would let my housemaid Becky see you ; she was very fond of your poor brother, and very attentive to him, and I should—I know it is taking a great liberty—I should like her to see you.'

"'I should be too happy,' said I, trembling at the apprehension that the girl, who was more than usually civil to me while I lived in the lodgings, should make her appearance, convinced that she would not be deceived as to the identity, or believe in the story of two brothers having the same knobs on their noses ; 'but don't you think it might shock the poor young woman ?'

"'No, no, sir,' said he, looking over a black leather book for a proper stamp ; 'Becky isn't frightened at trifles ; shall I ring ?'

"I could not help myself, and Becky was summoned. Luckily, however, she had just stepped out to get something, and satisfied, by the way in which the other servant conveyed the intelligence to her master, that it was not very probable she would soon return, I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and remained until he had written, signed, and delivered my entire acquittance from my whole debt, in consideration of the receipt of three hundred and sixty-eight pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence ; having secured which, I made my bow and left my upholsterer, not ill pleased with the adventure of the day."

"Yes, sir," said I, after I had heard this narrative, "but I see no joke in all this : it appears to me that a person less favourably disposed than myself would find a very different name for such a proceeding."

"So would anybody," said my valuable friend, "if it were not for the sequel. A short time after, I had the means to set all right, and lost no time in doing so ; I confessed my *ruse* to my worthy friend, made him laugh heartily at his own credulity, paid him the difference, and gave Becky a guinea or two."

I honestly confess, that although my new friend polished off the end of his story with a few retributive facts, the account of his adventure with the cabinet-maker did not very much elevate him in my opinion, and I began again to repent of having hastily engaged myself as a passenger in his boat, so appropriately, as he himself said, called a "funny." The only consolation I could afford myself arose from the consideration that our connection would not be of long duration—that it need never be renewed—that few people, if any, would see me in my way up the river—and that, from all I had heard of him from himself, he did not appear likely to die a watery death, so that my personal safety was rather guaranteed than not, by my having placed myself under his command in our aquatic excursion.

I had never seen such a man before, nor have I ever seen such a one since: from the time he sat down to dinner till all was done, his tongue never ceased—he was *au-fait* at everything—played billiards better than anybody I ever saw—jumped higher—imitated birds and beasts, including men, women, and children, more correctly—caught more fish in an hour than all the rest of the punters did in three—sang all sorts of songs—made speeches—and told stories of himself which would have made my poor mother's hair stand on end. One of his practical jokes, played off upon one of the ladies of our party, I must set down. She had never been at Richmond before, or if she had, knew none of the little peculiarities attached to it. He desired the waiter to bring some "maids of honour"—those cheesecakes for which the place has been time out of mind so celebrated. The lady stared and then laughed; Daly saw her surprise, and elicited all he wanted—her innocent question of, "What do you mean by maids of honour?" "Dear me," said he, "don't you know that this is so courtly a place, and so completely under the influence of state etiquette, that everything in Richmond is called after the functionaries of the palace? What are called cheesecakes elsewhere, are here called maids of honour; a capon is a lord-chamberlain; a goose, a lord-steward; a roast pig is a master of the horse; a pair of ducks, grooms of the bedchamber; and a gooseberry tart, a gentleman usher of the black rod; and so on."

The unsophisticated lady was taken in; and with all the confidence which Daly's gravity inspired, when she actually saw the maids of honour make their appearance in the shape of cheesecakes, convulsed the whole party, by turning to the waiter and desiring him, in a sweet but decided tone, to bring her a gentleman usher of the black rod, if they had one in the house quite cold.

These were the sort of *plaisanteries* (*mauvaises,* if you will) in which this most extraordinary person indulged. In the sequel, I had occasion to see his versatile powers more profitably engaged, and which led me to reflect somewhat more seriously upon the adventure of the upholsterer and the receipt in full of all demands.

The dinner was rather inconveniently despatched, in order to suit the convenience of the engaged performers, and by seven o'clock my new friend and myself were left to commence our voyage up the river. His spirits appeared even higher than they had been before, and I felt myself, when consigned to his care, something in the same situation as Mr. O'Rourke on the eagle's back: whither I was to be carried by his influence, or how to be dashed down when he got tired of me, I could not clearly comprehend; nor were my apprehension of consequences in any satisfactory degree diminished when my perilous companion commenced a violent wordy attack upon a very respectable round-bodied gentleman who was sitting squeezed into the stern-sheets of a skiff, floating most agreeably to himself adown the stream, the gentle south-west breeze giving the sail of his boat a shape very similar to that of his equally well-filled white dimity waistcoat.

"Hollo!" cried my friend Daly; "I say, you sir, what are you doing in that boat?"

The suburban Josh maintained a dignified silence.

"I say, you sir," continued the undaunted joker, "what are you doing there? you have no business in that boat, and you know it!"

A slight yaw of the skiff into the wind's eye was the only proof of the stout navigator's agitation.

Still Daly was inexorable, and he again called to the unhappy mariner to get out of the boat. "I tell you, my fat friend," cried he, "you have no business in that boat!"

Flesh and blood could not endure this reiterated declaration. The ire of the Cockney was roused. "No business in this boat, sir!" cried he, "what d'ye mean?"

"I mean what I say," said Daly; "you have no business in it, and I'll prove it."

"I think, sir, you will prove no such thing," said the navigator, whose progress through the water was none of the quickest; "perhaps you don't know, sir, that this is my own pleasure-boat?"

"That's it," said Daly, "now you *have* it—no man can have any *business* in a *pleasure*-boat. Good-day, sir. That's all."

I confess I was a good deal shocked at this mode of terminating the colloquy. However, no ill consequences arose; the fat man went his way, and so did we, and in a few minutes more embarked in Daly's "pleasure"-boat, in which I felt, according to his dictum, that I had no business whatever.

Richmond, which seems, every time one sees it, as if it were dressed to look lovely for that particular day, was smiling in all its radiance and gaiety; the velvet meadows of Twickenham, studded with noble trees, looked cooler and greener than ever; and my friend began to perform that incomprehensibly agreeable exercise of pulling up against the stream, when all at once a thought seemed to flash across his mind, and a look of regret sadden his countenance; the expression was too distinct to be mistaken or disregarded.

"What," said I, "what is the matter? have you left anything behind?"

"No," said he, laughing; "but if I had thought of it, we would not have come away so soon from Richmond; and I would have shown you some sport in Cockney-catching."

"What do you mean?" asked innocent I.

"A trick specially my own," replied Daly, "to be played with the greatest success between the grounds of Sion and Kew Gardens. Thus:—In the dusk of the evening—I prescribe scientifically—take a strong line, fix him to a peg in the bank of Sion, carry him across the river, and fix him to another peg in the bank of Kew; strain him tight, and then retire to watch the effect. Tide running down, presently comes a Cockney couple, the man flirting and pulling, the lady sitting and smiling; when they reach the chosen spot, the tight line catches the Cockney Corydon on the back of his head, and tumbles him forward at the feet of his Phyllis; in a twinkling, the same effect is produced on the lady, with this single simple difference, that the cord catches *her* under the chin, and tumbles her backwards. In the confusion of the moment, tide ebbing fast, the happy pair are swept down the stream, and having, after the lapse of a few minutes, set themselves to rights again, begin to wonder what has happened, and of course never think of trying back against tide to ascertain the cause; which, however, if they did, would assist them little, for the moment you have caught your Cockneys, you cast off the line from the peg, and the cause of the mischief disappears from the sight—*probatum est.*"

"That seems rather a serious joke," said I.

"Umph!" replied Daly; "perhaps you would prefer keeping the line, but for my part I am not particular."

This he certainly need not have mentioned. Every moment added fresh evidence to the fearful fact; I was yet unprepared for what was to come.

"I wish," said my friend, as he plied the oar, "that we had stayed a little longer at Richmond. I think one more bottle of claret, *tête-à-tête*, would have been vastly agreeable."

"I should not have disliked it myself," said I. "Is it impossible to repair the mischief?—is there no agreeable retreat on these shores, in which we may solace ourselves for our imprudence?"

"No," said my friend; "the Eel-pie House is a wretched hole—the inns at Twickenham are all inland—there is nothing marine short of the Toy, and we are to part long before I reach that much-loved spot."

"Then," said I, "we must make up our minds to the evil, and bear it as well as we can."

At this moment we were under the bank of a beautiful garden, upon which opened a spacious bow-windowed dinner-room, flanked by an extensive conservatory. Within the circle of the window was placed a table, whereon stood bottles and decanters, rising, as it were, from amidst a cornucopia of the choicest fruits. Around this table were seated a highly-respectable family; a portly gentleman, whose cheeks and chin gave ample evidence that such refections were "his custom always in the afternoon," and near him a lady, evidently his better, if not his larger half—on either side bloomed two young creatures, unquestionably the daughters of the well-fed pair. Our appearance, although the lawn was some twenty or thirty yards in depth, had caught their attention, as their respective forms and figures had attracted our notice.

"There," said I, "this scene is exhibited to us by our evil genius, to tantalize us with the prospect we may not enjoy."

"You are wrong," said Daly, "quite wrong—be quiet—beautiful girls, cool wine, and agreeable society, are worth making a dash for. Those girls will we become acquainted with—that society will we join—those wines will we imbibe."

"Do you know them?" said I.

"Never saw them by any chance in my life," said Daly; "but here goes—the thing is settled—arranged—done. Have you a pocket-book and a pencil about you? if you have, lend them to *me;* say nothing, and I will manage the rest. Assent to all I assert, and stay in the boat till we are invited to partake of the collation."

"But, my dear sir," said I.

"Mum," said Daly, at the same moment pulling the head of his funny 'chock block,' as the sailors say, into the bank of the garden, upon whose velvet surface he jumped with the activity of an opera dancer. I sat in amazement, doubting what he was about to do, and what I should do myself. The first thing I saw was my friend pacing in measured steps along the front of the terrace. He then affected to write down something in my book—then he stopped—raised his hand to his eyes, as if to make an horizon in order to obtain a level—then noted something more—and then began to pace the ground afresh.

"Bring the staff out of the boat," said he to me, with an air of command, which was so extremely well assumed, that I scarcely knew whether he were in joke or in earnest. I obeyed, and landed with the staff. Without any further ceremony, he stuck the pole into the lawn—a measure which, as he whispered to me, while in the act of taking it, he felt assured would bring things to a crisis.

Sure enough, after a certain ringing of the dinner-room bell, which we heard, and which conveyed to Daly's mind a conviction that he had created a sensation, a butler, *bien poudre*, in a blue coat, white waistcoat, and black *et ceteras*, followed at a properly-graduated distance by a strapping footman, in a blue-and-scarlet livery, were seen approaching. I thought the next step would be our sudden and unceremonious expulsion from the Eden he had trespassed upon—not so my friend, who continued pacing, and measuring, and "jotting down," until the minister for the home department was at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the butler, "but—my master's compliments, begs to know what your pleasure here is—it is not usual for strangers to land—and——"

"Exactly like the man in the boat, sir," said Daly, "only quite the reverse. I am not here for pleasure—business calls me here—duty, sir—duty. Here, Mr. Higgins, carry the staff to that stump."

These words were addressed to me, and I, completely infatuated—fascinated, like the bird by the rattle-snake—did as I was told, not daring to rebel, lest a *dénoûment* might ensue, which would *éclater* in our being jointly and severally kicked into the river, in which case, from the very little, or rather the very great deal, which I had seen of my companion during our short acquaintance, I felt perfectly certain that *I* should sink, and *he* would swim; and that, while I was floundering in all the agonies of ignominy and disgrace, he would be capering and flourishing with the two pretty girls in the dining-room, laying all the blame of the affair upon my most incompetent shoulders, and cracking his jokes upon the tyro who had so blunderingly botched the business.

The butler, who found that he made very little impression upon Daly, seemed inclined to come at *me*, which, as I had not the slightest idea of the game my companion was playing, nor the faintest notion what he expected to be the result, alarmed me considerably. Daly was too much on the alert, however, to permit me to be cross-questioned.

"Sir," said he to the butler, "present my compliments to your master, and make my humble apologies for the liberty I am obliged to take. I am the acting deputy-assistant surveyor of the Grand Junction Paddington Canal Company, and an Act of Parliament is just about to be applied for, to construct and cut a branch from the basin at Brentford into the river Thames, near this point. A great deal depends upon my decision as to the line it will take, and I should not have ventured to land without apprising your master of my business, but that no time is to be lost, inasmuch as my plan for the cut must be ready for the committee to-morrow."

"Cut a canal through my master's grounds, sir?" said the butler.

"Right through," said Daly, poking the fore-finger of his right hand very nearly into the butler's left eye; "and what I am now so particular about is, I am most anxious that the line should not take down the corner of the conservatory."

"Dear me, sir," said the man, "my mistress would go mad at the very thought of such a thing. Will you just wait, sir, while I speak to Sir Timothy?"

"Certainly," said he; "and assure him—assure Sir Timothy—that I will do all I can to preserve the elevation of his mansion; for, as it all depends upon my opinion, I shall, of course, be extremely scrupulous how I decide."

"I am sure, sir," said the astounded and mollified butler, "Sir Timothy will be greatly obliged to you. I'll be back directly, sir."

Saying which, the butler returned to the house, and giving a significant look at the strapping footman, with the grenadier shoulders and balustrade legs, which seemed to imply that he need not kick us into the water till he had consulted his master, the fellow followed him, which afforded me an opportunity of asking my volatile friend what the deuce he was at.

"Leave me alone," said he,—

> "'Women and wine compare so well,
> They run in a perfect parallel.'

I am the company's acting deputy-assistant surveyor, and having surveyed this company, I mean to be made a participator in those good things of which they seem to be in full possession. Yes, Mr. Gurney, as King Arthur says—

> 'It is our royal will and pleasure to be drunk;
> And this, our friend, shall be as drunk as we.'

Who knows but we may make an agreeable and permanent acquaintance with this interesting family?"

"But," said I, "you don't even know their name."

"You are in error," replied Daly; "the man's name *is* known to me."

"Then perhaps you are known to *him*," said I.

"That is a *non sequitur*," said Daly; "I knew nothing of him before I landed here—now I am *au-fait*—my friend in the powder and sticking-plasters calls his master Sir Timothy. There are hundreds of Sir Timothies; but what do I, upon hearing this little distinctive appellation, but glance my eye to the livery-button of the lacquey—and what do I see there? a serpent issuing from and piercing a garb or gerb. The crest is unique—*ergo*, my new acquaintance is neither more nor less than Sir Timothy Dod."

"Why," said I, "you are, like myself, a bit of a herald, too!"

"Exactly," replied Daly; "in my composition are

'Arts with *arms* contending;'

I am a bit of every thing; but somehow all my accomplishments are so jumbled, and each is so minute in itself, that they are patched together in my mind like the squares of a harlequin's jacket, only to make their master ridiculous. Here, however, comes Sir Timothy himself. You are my clerk—keep the staff and the joke up, and you shall be repaid with some of Tim's very best Lafitte, or I'm an ass."

"Good-day, sir," said Sir Timothy, somewhat warmed with the intelligence given him by the butler, and the exertion of trotting him across his lawn. "My servant tells me that you are here for the purpose of deciding upon the line of some new branch of the Paddington Canal;—it is very extraordinary I never should have heard of it!"

"You ought, Sir Timothy," said Daly, "to have been apprised of it. Do you understand much of ground-plans, Sir Timothy?"

"No, sir; very little indeed," replied the worthy knight.

"So much the better," I heard Daly distinctly say, for he could not resist an impulse. "If you will just cast your eye over this paper, I will endeavour to explain, sir. A, there you see;—A is your house, Sir Timothy; B is the conservatory; C is the river,—that perhaps you will think strange?"

"No, sir," said Sir Timothy, "not at all."

"Then, sir, D, E, F, and G are the points, from which I take the direct line from the bridge at Brentford; and thus you perceive, by continuing that line to the corner of Twickenham churchyard, where the *embouchure* is to be——"

"The what, sir?" said Sir Timothy.

"The mouth, sir,—the entrance to the new branch, the canal will clip your conservatory diagonally to the extent of about eighteen feet six inches, and leave it deprived of its original dimensions somewhat in the shape of a cocked-hat box. You see—so, sir,—H, I, K."

"I give you my honour, sir," said Sir Timothy, "such a thing would drive Lady Dod mad!"

"I admit it would be a dreadful cut," said Daly; "and then the noise of the bargemen and the barge-horses close under the windows,—clanking chains,—horrible oaths,—disgusting language——"

"My daughters' bed-rooms are at that end of the house," said Sir Timothy. "What am I to do, sir? What interest can I make? Are the magistrates—are the——"

"No, sir," said Daly, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity; "all that would be perfectly unavailing. The decision as to the line rests entirely with me; and, as I said to Mr. Higgins, my assistant,—Higgins," continued he, calling me to him, "let me present you to Sir Timothy Dod,—I said to Higgins, what a pity it would be to disturb the Dods,—what a cut at their comforts;—it goes against my heart to send in the plan, but the line is so decidedly the shortest. 'Ah, sir!' says Higgins to me, with a deep sigh, I assure you,—'but *do* consider the conservatory.'"

"I'm sure, sir," said Sir Timothy, extending his hand to me, "I feel very grateful for your kindness. It would indeed be a sad thing; and must the decision be made so soon?"

"Immediately, sir," said Daly; "but we are keeping you out here in the open air without your hat. I am afraid, sir, you may catch cold."

"Oh no, sir," said Sir Timothy; "don't mind that. Perhaps, gentlemen, you will do me the kindness to walk in. The servants shall take care of your boat. I will introduce you to Lady Dod, she must try what *her* influence can effect, and I am sure you have the disposition to serve us. Here, Philip, James, George, some of you, come and make this boat fast, and stay down by her while the gentlemen stop. Let me show you the way, gentlemen."

I never shall forget the look which Daly gave me as we followed the respectable knight to his lady and family,—the triumphant chuckle of his countenance, the daring laugh in his eyes; while I, who only saw in the success of the design the beginning of a signal defeat, scarce knew whether I was walking on my head or my heels: resistance or remonstrance was equally vain under the circumstances, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in the presence of Lady Dod and her daughters, breathing an atmosphere redolent with the fumes of the departed dinner, and the still remaining fruit and wine. I never was so abashed in my life. My friend, on the contrary, seemed perfectly at home; and, placing himself beside her ladyship, made a sign for me to occupy a vacant seat between the young ladies. Never did I see two more lovely girls.

The courtesy of Sir Timothy, the sweetness of my lady, and the constrained fun of the girls, were, I admit, when I recovered my composure in some degree, a good treat; while Daly, "helping himself and passing the bottle" to *me*, kept up a fire of conversation, which, if the senior Dods had known anything of the world, would have convinced them in ten minutes that the part of acting deputy-assistant measurer was an assumed one. It certainly was a sight to see the respectable lady of the house pleading the cause of her conservatory, and piling the choicest fruits upon the plate of the arbiter of her destinies, while Fanny's civilities to me were displayed with equal zeal and far superior grace. I would have given the world to have owned the truth; and I am sure, if we had done so, we should not have been the worse received; for, independently of the excellence of the joke and the impudence of the proceeding, the relief which would have been afforded to the minds of the whole Doddery would have ensured us their eternal favour and affection.

Daly having finished the claret, and taken a last "stopper over all" (as the sailors say) of sherry, gave me the signal for departure. I, too, gladly took the hint, and drew back my chair. Fanny looked as if she thought we were in a hurry; however, it was getting late, and my master had some distance to pull. We accordingly rose and prepared to take leave. I bowed my adieu to the girls, and shook hands with Fanny, at which I saw Augusta toss back her head and throw up her sparkling eyes, as much as to say, "Well, Fanny," meaning exactly the reverse. I bowed low to my Lady Dod, and Sir Timothy attended us to our boat. I stepped in; Daly was at the bow; Sir Timothy desired the man who had been left in charge of the funny to go away; and then I saw, with doubt and trepidation, the respectable dupe of Daly's consummate impudence shake him by the hand with a peculiarity of manner which particularly attracted my attention. I saw him in the execution of this manœuvre press upon his palm a bank-note, with a flourish in the corner like the top of a raspberry tartlet.

I never was more agitated. If Daly took this bribe for saving the corner of the conservatory, it was an act of swindling. The strawberries, grapes, and claret, were fit matters of joke, although I admit that it was carrying the joke a little too far; but money,—if he took *that*, I was resolved to avow the whole affair to Sir Timothy, show up my companion, and leave him to the fate he deserved. Judge my mingled delight and horror when I heard him say,—

"Sir! what I have done in your house or in your society to induce you to believe me capable of taking a bribe to compromise my duty, I really don't know. Mr. Higgins, I call you to witness that this person has had the insolence to put a fifty-pound bank-note into my hand. Witness, too, the manner in which I throw it back to him." Here he suited the word to the action. "Learn, old gentleman," continued he, with an anger so well feigned that I almost believed him in earnest, "that neither fifty nor fifty thousand pounds will warp an honest man from the duty he owes to his employers; and so, sir, good-night, and rely upon it, your conservatory goes,—rely upon it, Sir Timothy;—it comes in the right line, and the short line, and down it goes—and I feel it incumbent on me not only to tell the history of your petty bribe, but to prove my unimpeachable integrity by running the canal right under your dining-room windows; and so, sir, good-night."

Saying which he jumped into the boat, and, pulling away manfully, left his unfortunate victim in all the horrors of defeated corruption, and the certainty of the destruction of his most favourite object, for the preservation of which he had actually crammed his betrayers, and committed himself to a perfect stranger.

THE BALLET.

Not being at this present writing in love with any opera dancer, we can see with "eyes unprejudiced," that the performances to which we allude (*ballets*) are in the highest possible degree objectionable as referring to taste, and disgusting as relating to decency.

First, then, as to taste—nobody upon earth, we should think, can be bold enough to assert that the horizontal elevation of the female leg, and the rapid twisting of the body—the subsequent attitude and expansion of the arms—are graceful—we mean merely as to dancing. No man certainly, except those whose intellects and appetites are more debased than those of men in general, can feel either amusement or gratification in such an exhibition.

Woman is so charming, so fascinating, so winning, and so ruling by the attractions which properly belong to her—by her delicacy—her gentleness—and her modesty—that we honestly confess, whenever we see a lovely girl doing that which degrades her, which must lower her even in her own estimation, we feel a pang of regret, and lament to find conduct applauded to the very echo which reduces the beautiful creatures before us to a mere animal in a state of exhibition.

But if there really be men who take delight in the "*Ionici motus*" of the Italian Opera, surely *our own* women should be spared the sight of such indelicacies: nothing which the Roman satirist mentions as tending to destroy the delicate feelings of the female sex could possibly be worse than those which week after week may be seen in the Haymarket.

We have strenuously attacked, for its unnatural indecency, the custom of dressing actresses in men's attire upon the English stage, but a lady in small clothes is better on a public theatre than a lady with no clothes at all.

We are quite ready to admit, without in the smallest degree lamenting, the superiority of foreigners over the natives of England in the art and mystery of cutting capers, and if the ladies and gentlemen annually imported jumped as high as the volteurs in Potier's "Danaides" at the Porte St. Martin, neither would our envy nor our grief be excited; but we certainly do eye with mistrust and jealousy the avidity with which "foreign manners," "foreign customs," and "foreign morality," are received into our dear and much-loved country.

While custom sanctions the nightly commission of waltzing in our best society, it perhaps is only matter of consolation to the matrons who permit their daughters to be operated upon in the mysteries of that dance, to see that women can be found to commit grosser indelicacies even on a public stage.

A correspondent of the *Spectator*, in the 67th Number, Vol. I., describes accurately under another name the mechanical part of the foreign waltz of these days, and says:—"I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure, had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation."

We say so now; but the waltz has proved a bad speculation to the very dowagers who allow it to be committed; for, as can be proved by reference to fashionable parish registers, there have been fewer marriages in good society by one half, annually upon the average, since the introduction of this irritating indecency into England.

If, therefore, the public dances at the King's Theatre are looked at, merely as authorities for the conduct of private balls, the matter is still worse; but we have too high an opinion of our countrywomen in general to think this of them, and we are sure that we are speaking the sentiment of the most amiable and the most charming when we raise the voice of rebuke against the dress and deportment of the Italian *Corps de Ballet*.

One advocate we are certain to have in the person of an old gentlewoman next to whom we sat last Saturday se'nnight, who clearly had never been at the Opera during the whole course of her long and doubtlessly respectable life, till that very evening.

When the ballet commenced, she appeared delighted; but when one of the principal females began to elevate her leg beyond the horizontal, she began evidently to fidget, and make a sort of see-saw motion with her head and body, in pure agitation; at every lofty jump I heard her ejaculate a little "Oh!" at a somewhat lengthened *pirouette* she exclaimed, *sotte voce*, "Ah!" with a sigh; but at length, when a tremendous whirl had divested the greater part of the performer's figure of drapery—the band ceasing at the moment to give time to the twirl—the poor old lady screamed out, "Oh, la!"—which was heard all over the house, and caused a shout of laughter at the expense of a poor, sober-minded Englishwoman, whose nerves had not been screwed up to a sufficiently fashionable pitch to witness what she saw was a perfect, but thought must have been an accidental exposure, of more of a woman's person than is usually given to the gaze of the million.

Whitlings and whipsters, dandies, demireps, and dancers may rank us with our fat friend in the tabby silk, to whom we have just referred, if they please; but we will always run the risk of being counted unfashionable rather than immoral.

So few people moving in the world take the trouble of thinking for themselves, that it is necessary to open their eyes to their own improprieties; the natural answer to a question, "How can you suffer your daughters to witness such exhibitions?" is, "Why, everybody else goes, why should not they?" And then, the numerous avocations of an Opera-house evening divert the attention from the stage. True; but there is a class of women differently situated, who are subject to the nuisance, merely because those who do not care about it are indifferent to its correction; we mean the daughters and wives of respectable aldermen and drysalters, and tradesmen of a superior class, who are rattled and shaken to the Opera once or twice in the season, in a hackney-coach, and come into the pit all over finery, with long straws abstracted from "their carriage," sticking in their flounces.

Who is there that does not know that the Lady Patronesses of Almack's have interdicted pantaloons, tight or loose, at their assemblies? We have seen a MS. instruction (which, alas! never was printed) from this mighty conclave, announcing their fiat in these words: "*Gentlemen will not be admitted without breeches and stockings!*"

No sooner was this mandate, in whatever terms the published one was couched, fulminated from King Street, than the "lean and slippered pantaloon" was exterminated, and, as the Directresses directed, "short hose" were the order of the day.

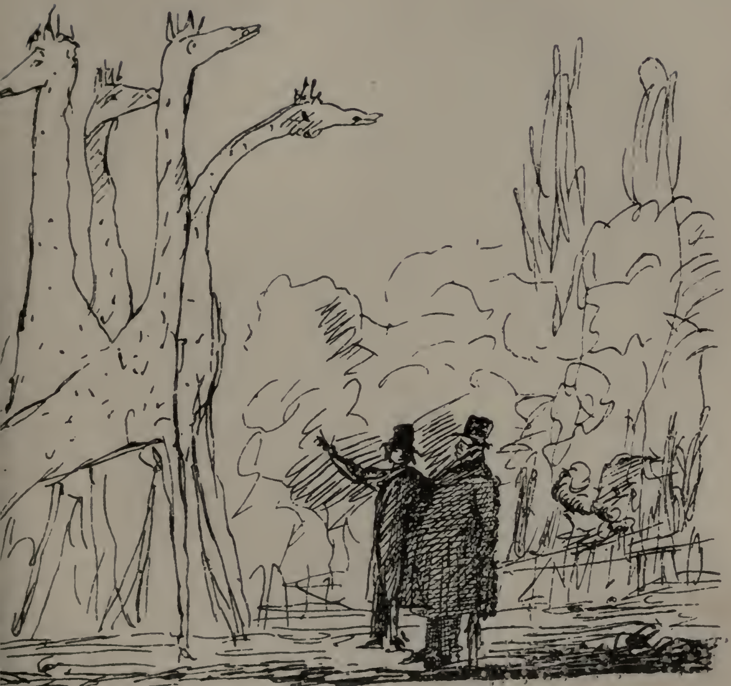
If the same lovely and honourable ladies were to take the Opera House under their purifying control, and issue, in the same spirit at least, an order that "Ladies will not be permitted to appear without ——" (whatever may be the proper names for the drapery of females) we are quite convinced that they would render a great service to society, and extricate the national character from a reproach which the tacit endurance of such grossnesses has, in the minds of all moderate people, unfortunately cast upon it at present.—*John Bull*, 1823.

TOLL-GATES AND THEIR KEEPERS.

Few persons can have passed through life, or London, without having experienced more or less insult from the authoritative manner and coarse language of the fellows who keep the different toll-bars round the metropolis; but even were those persons uniformly civil and well-behaved, the innumerable demands which they are authorised to make, and the necessary frequency of their conversation and appeals to the traveller, are of themselves enough to provoke the impatience of the most placid passenger in Christendom.

We will select one line of about three or four miles, which will answer by way of an example of what we mean: A man, driving himself (without a servant), starts from Bishopsgate-street for Kilburn. The day is cold and

AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



CALIFORNIA

Perhaps this ?

Hook, in his letter to Broderip (facsimile given elsewhere) suggests that as ey are going to Ascot races *tête-à-tête*, it might be as well to speak of it as *k-and-neck*. A rough sketch is enclosed of the Zoological Gardens, Hook inting with pride to the *necks* of the giraffes.

rainy—his fingers are benumbed; his two coats buttoned up; his money in tight pantaloon-pockets; his horse restive, apt to kick if the reins touch his tail; his gloves soaked with wet; and himself half-an-hour too late for dinner. He has to pull up in the middle of the street in Shoreditch, and pay a toll;—he means to return, therefore he takes a ticket, letter A. On reaching Shoreditch Church, he turns into the Curtain Road, pulls up again, drags off his wet glove with his teeth, his other hand being fully occupied in holding up the reins and the whip; pays again; gets another ticket, number 482; drags on his glove; buttons up his coats, and rattles away into Old Street Road; another gate; more pulling and poking, and unbuttoning and squeezing. He pays, and takes another ticket, letter L. The operation of getting all to rights takes place once more, nor is it repeated until he reaches Goswell Street Road; here he performs all the ceremonies we have already described, for a fourth time, and gets a fourth ticket, 732, which is to clear him through the gates in the New Road, as far as the bottom of Pentonville;—arrived there, he performs once more all the same evolutions, and procures a fifth ticket, letter X, which, unless some sinister accident occur, is to carry him clear to the Paddington Road; but opening the fine space of the Regent's Park, at the top of Portland Street, the north breeze blowing fresh from Hampstead, bursts upon his buggy, and all the tickets which he had received from all the gates which he has paid, and which he had stuffed *seriatim* between the cushion and lining of his dennet, suddenly rise, like a covey of partridges, from the corner, and he sees the dingy vouchers for his expenditure proceeding down Portland Street at full speed. They are rescued, however, muddy and filthy as they are, by the sweeper of the crossing, who is, of course, rewarded by the driver for his attention with a larger sum than he had originally disbursed for all the gates; and when deposited again in the vehicle, not in their former order of arrangement, the unfortunate traveller spends at least ten minutes at the next gate in selecting the particular ticket which is there required to insure his free passage.

Conquering all these difficulties, he reaches Paddington Gate, where he pays afresh, and obtains a ticket, 691, with which he proceeds swimmingly until stopped again at Kilburn, to pay a toll, which would clear him all the way to Stanmore, if he were not going to dine at a house three doors beyond this very turnpike, where he pays for the seventh time, and where he obtains a seventh ticket, letter G.

He dines and "wines;" and the bee's-wing from the citizen's port gives new velocity to Time. The dennet was ordered at eleven; and, although neither tides nor the old gentleman just mentioned, wait for any man, except Tom Hill, horses and dennets will. It is nearer midnight than eleven when the visitor departs, even better buttoned up than in the morning, his lamps giving cheerfulness to the equipage, and light to the road; and his horse whisking along (his nostrils pouring forth breath like smoke from safety-valves), and the whole affair actually in motion at the rate of ten miles per hour. Stopped at Paddington. "Pay here?"—"L."—"Won't do."—"G?"—(The horse fidgety all this time, and the driver trying to read the dirty tickets by the little light which is emitted through the *tops* of his lamps,)—"X?"—"It's no letter, I tell you?"—"482,"—"No." At this juncture the clock strikes twelve—the driver is told that his reading and rummaging are alike useless, for that a new day has begun. The coats are, therefore, unbuttoned—the gloves pulled off—the money to be fished out—the driver discovers that his last shilling was paid to the ostler at the inn where his horse was fed, and that he must change a sovereign to pay the gate. This operation the toll-keeper performs; nor does the driver discover, until the morning, that one of the half-crowns and four of the shillings which he has received, are bad. Satisfied, however, with what has occurred, he determines at all hazards to drive home over the stones, and avoid all further importunities from the turnpike-keepers. Accordingly, away he goes along Oxford Street, over the pavement, working into one hole and tumbling into another, like a ball on a *trou madame* table, until, at the end of George Street, St. Giles's, snap goes his axle-tree ; away goes his horse, dashing the dennet against a post at the corner of Plumtree Street, leaving the driver, with his collar-bone and left arm broken, on the pavement, at the mercy of two or three popish bricklayers and a couple of women of the town, who humanely lift him to the coach-stand, and deposit him in a hackney-chariot, having previously cut off the skirts of both his coats, and relieved him, not only of his loose change, but of a gold repeater, a snuff-box, and a pocket-book full of notes and memoranda, of no use but to the owner.

The unhappy victim at length reaches home, in agonies from the continued roughness of the pre-adamite pavement, is put to bed—doctors are sent for, the fractures are reduced, and in seven weeks he is able to crawl into his counting-house to write a cheque for a new dennet, and give his people orders to shoot his valuable horse, who has so dreadfully injured himself on the fatal night as to be past recovery.

TOM SHERIDAN'S ADVENTURE.*

Tom Sheridan was staying at Lord Craven's at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper ; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire.

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* This story, which Hook used to relate at dinner-parties, was afterwards amplified into a chapter of *Gilbert Gurney*. (See "The Visit to Wrigglesworth," *antea*, p. 425.)—*Ed.*

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half-ear-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here *is*, sir? These, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire, "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I——"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan," said the squire, "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?'"

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say), "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me,—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farmyard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond, in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him, and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Of what, sur?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot—now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish," said Tom, "fairish."

"And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other; and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head—"I think they be; but what do I care for that—*they are none of them mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did for his cunning and coolness."

POLLY HIGGINBOTTOM.*

In Chester's town a man there dwelt,
Not rich as Crœsus, but a buck;
The pangs of love he clearly felt—
His name was *Thomas Clutterbuck.*
The lady he did most approve
Most guineas gold had got 'em;
And Clutterbuck fell deep in love
With *Polly Higginbottom.*
O Thomas Clutterbuck!
And O Polly Higginbottom!
I sing the loves—the smiling lives—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

A little trip he did propose:—
Upon the Dee they got 'em;
The wind blew high—he blew his nose,
And sung to Polly Higginbottom.
The strain was sweet—the stream was deep—
He thought his notes had caught her;
But she, alas! first fell—asleep;
And then fell—in the water.
O Polly Higginbottom!
She went *to* the bottom—
I sing the death—the doleful death!—
Of pretty Polly Higginbottom!

Yet still he strain'd his little throat;
To love he did invite her;
And never miss'd her—till his boat,
He thought, went rather lighter.

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* From the musical Farce of "Catch Him Who Can" (1806).

But when he found that she was lost,
The summum of his wishes—
He boldly paid the waterman,
And jump'd among the fishes.
O Polly Higginbottom,
He comes to the bottom!
I sing the death—the double death—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.'

Round Chester stalk the river ghosts
Of this young man and fair maid:
His head looks like a *salmon-trout;*
Her tail is like a *mermaid.*

MORAL.

Learn this, ye constant lovers all,
Who live on England's island—
The way to shun a watery death
Is making love on dry land!
O Polly Higginbottom,
Who lies at the bottom!
So sing the ghosts—the water-ghosts—
Of Clutterbuck and Higginbottom.

SONG.*

MARY once had lovers two—
Whining—pining—sighing:
"Ah!" cries one, "what shall I do?
Mary dear, I'm dying!"
T' other vow'd him just the same—
Dead in grief's vagary;
But sighs could never raise a flame
In the heart of Mary.

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* From "Catch Him who Can."

A youth there came, all blithe and gay—
Merry—laughing—singing—
Sporting—courting, all the day—
And set the bells a-ringing.
Soon he tripp'd it off to church,
Lightly, gay, and airy;
Leaving t' others in the lurch,
Sighing—after Mary.

PHILIP.

In the famed town of Cadiz
Lived the fairest of ladies,
Donna Louisa Isabella:
And she had a lover,
Who did his mind discover;
And she thought him a charming fellow.

Now this fairest of ladies
Had a father lived in Cadiz,
And he lock'd her within a high tower:
And her lover coming thither,
He promised to be with her
At a certain appointed hour.

He was there at the time,
And he call'd out in rhyme—
For his heart was consumed to a cinder—
"You have nothing now to fear,
Since your Philip now is here;—
Louisa, pray come to the window!"

The lady appears,
And quiets all his fears;
For his boldness she likes him the better.
"All I want," says he, "to do,
Is to get convey'd to you—
This very interesting letter!"

THE BLACKSMITH.

A BLACKSMITH, you'll own, is so clever,
  And great in the world is his place;
And the reason I've guess'd, why for ever
  A blacksmith's deserving of grace.
Great lawyers who plead and who preach,
  While many good causes they mar,
May yield to the blacksmith to teach,
  For he labours still more at the *bar!*

When great men do wrong in the State,
  The Commons try hard at their polls;
While the blacksmith, as certain as fate,
  Could have 'em *haul'd over the coals.*
And if rogues put their name to a draft,
  The law for their hanging will teaze;
But blacksmiths are free from all craft,
  And may *forge* just as much as they please.

The *vices* of trade he holds cheap,
  And laughs at the world as it rails,
For, spite of the pother they keep,
  They can't make a smith *eat his nails!*
And if, to his praise be it spoke,
  To raise him still higher and higher;
You may say, and without any joke,
  All he gets is got *out of the fire!*

Then let blacksmiths be toasted round,
  For well it may always be said,
When a fortune by blacksmiths is found,
  They must hit the right *nail o' the head.*

No *irony* now I'm about,
To his *metal* you'll find him still true,
Since I've *hammer'd his history out*,
I hope 'twill be temper'd by you.

"MY FATHER DID SO BEFORE ME."*

When I was a chicken I went to school,
My master would call me an obstinate fool,
For I ruled the roast, and I roasted all rule,
And he wonder'd how ever he bore me.
His tables I blotted, his windows I broke,
I fired his wig, and I laughed at the smoke,
And always replied if he row'd at the joke,
Why—my father did so before me.

I met a young girl, and I pray'd to the miss,
I fell on my knee, and I ask'd for a kiss,
She twice said no, but she once said yes,
And in marriage declared she'd restore me.
We loved and we quarrell'd, like April our strife,
I guzzled my stoup, and I buried my wife;
But the thing that consoled me at this time of life
Was—my father did so before me.

Then now I'm resolv'd at all sorrows to blink—
Since winking's the tippy I'll tip 'em the wink,
I'll never get drunk when I cannot get drink,
Nor ever let misery bore me.
I sneer at the Fates, and I laugh at their spite,
I sit down contented to sit up all night,
And when my time comes, from the world take my flight,
For—my father did so before me.

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* From "The Fortress," a drama in three acts (1807). This song was sung with great success by Mathews. Vide *anteà*, p. 9.

"THROUGHOUT MY LIFE THE GIRLS I'VE PLEASED."

Throughout my life the girls I've pleased,
  So merry, so blithe and gay;
I've coax'd, I've flatter'd, I've sigh'd, and teased,
  And stole their young hearts away.
With their lips so red, and their eyes so bright,
Their nut-brown locks and their teeth so white,
The lasses were always my delight,
  And I am the boy for them.
    With my capering, tapering, twirling toe,
      My billet-doux note or letter a;
    My sighing—pining—whining—oh!
      My person—eye—etcetera!

My taste is wondrous civil, too;
  For mark, ye ladies, this—
There's nought you say, there's nought you do,
  To me can come amiss.
If serious be your turn of mind,
To grunt and groan I'm then inclined;
But if you'll laugh, why, still you'll find
  That I'm the boy for you.
    With my capering, etc.

Then as to person, what of that?
  Of all the girls I've seen,
If they've been plump, I've loved them fat;
  If thin, admired them lean;
And as to height, make no ado;
It matters not, I tell you true,
Whether two feet six, or six feet two,
  Still I am the boy for you.
    With my capering, etc.

THE CHAMBERMAID.

When clouds obscure the evening sky,
And rains in torrents pour,
The inn with joy the travellers spy,
And seek its welcome door.
'Tis there I stand to please them all,
And follow still my trade;
I smile and run whene'er they call,
A merry little chambermaid.

But when appears the dawn of day,
Farewell to every guest,
They take their leaves and onward stray,
Some east and others west.
And when that horrid bore, the bill,
Is call'd for, read, and paid,
I cry, "I hope, give what you will,
You'll not forget the chambermaid."

Thus happy might I pass my life,
But love rules in my breast,
And till I'm made a happy wife,
I ne'er shall be at rest.
Then Fortune's gifts in vain she sheds,
For love I leave my trade;
And give my all to him who weds
The merry little chambermaid.

SONG.*

When I was a very little fellow,
To Italy I went
Upon music intent,
With a voice very pliable and mellow.

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* From the Farce of "Music Mad" (1808).

Il sondo to my earo
Si suito e so clearo.
I like it;—I love it;—I adore, oh!
And den it was I resolved to have some more, oh!
Che il gela del timore
Sua Pace in tanta pena
Tanta Smorza l'ardore,
Gia sento in ogni vena.

To Turkey then I bent my way;
Tink, tink, a ting a ring, oh!
When cymbals jingle, music play,
Ting, ting a ting a ring, oh!
Yet then I change;
To Germany I range;
And Holland, too, mynher vat is der name,
Bazzoon, O Gloch da cram bo
Vat can a, do, do!
Then turn again
To flippant Spain,
Fast as ever I can go,
Where pretty sets
With castanets
Tack a rack to the merry Fandango.

In France I there
Learn'd many an air,
And music made my gain
With *Comment ça,*
Monsieur? Ha! Ha!
Miron ton ton ton tain!
But near home I got land,
And lilted I into Scotland,
Where Donald loo'd fair Maggie bonnie;
She loo'd Jock and hated Johnny;
Wi bit love between 'em ganging,
Sawney gied the lad a banging.

And now to Hibernia, the true land of harmony,
Tippling your whiskey to Shelim a gig,
Music, love, wine, and true friendship so charming ye,
Blood and ouns, boderoo, fizle my gig.
In England, no music is fit to be read,
Save one glorious tune that's in every one's head.
'Tis a tune we delight in,
So glorious to sing;
God save great George our King,
Long live our noble King!

GOD SAVE THE KING.

SIR TILBURY TOTT.*

THE plump Lady Tott to her husband one day
Said, "Let us go driving this evening, I pray."
(Lady Tott was an alderman's daughter.)
"Well, where shall we go?" said Sir Tilbury Tott;
"Why, my love," said my lady, "the weather is hot,
Suppose we drive round by the water,—
The water,—
Suppose we drive round by the water."

The dinner was ended, the claret was "done,"
The knight getting up—getting down was the sun,—
And my lady agog for heart-slaughter;
When Sir Tilbury, lazy, like cows after grains,
Said, "The weather is lowering, my love; see, it rains,—
Only look at the drops in the water,—
The water,—
Only look at the drops in the water."

---

* From "Gilbert Gurney."

Lady Tott, who, when earnestly fix'd on a drive,
Overcame all excuses Sir Til might contrive,
Had her bonnet and parasol brought her :
Says she, "Dear Sir Til, don't let me ask in vain ;
The dots in the pond which you take to be rain,
Are nothing but flies in the water,—
The water,—
Are nothing but flies in the water."

Sir Tilbury saw that he could not escape ;
So he put on his coat, with a three-doubled cape,
And then by the hand gently caught her ;
And lifting her up to his high one-horse "shay,"
She settled her "things," and the pair drove away,
And skirted the edge of the water,—
The water,—
And skirted the edge of the water.

Sir Til was quite right ; on the top of his crown,
Like small shot in volleys, the rain pepper'd down,—
Only small shot would do much more slaughter,—
Till the gay Lady Tott, who was getting quite wet,
Said, "My dear Sir T. T.," in a kind of half pet,
"Turn back, for I'm drench'd with rain-water,—
Rain-water,—
Turn back, for I'm drench'd with rain-water."

"Oh, dear Lady T," said Til, winking his eye,
"You everything know so much better than I;"
(For, when angry, with kindness he fought her.)
"You may fancy this rain, as I did before,
But you show'd me my folly ;—'tis really no more
Than the skimming of flies in the water,—
The water,—
Than the skimming of flies in the water."

He drove her about for an hour or two,
Till her ladyship's clothes were completely soak'd through,
  Then home to Tott Cottage he brought her,
And said, "Now, Lady T., by the joke of to-night,
I'll *reign* over you; for you'll own that I'm right,
  And know rain, ma'am, from flies in the water,—
      The water,—
  Know rain, ma'am, from flies in the water."

VENICE PRESERVED.*

Tune—"The Sprig of Shillelagh."

Och, tell me truth now, and did you ne'er hear
Of a pair of big traitors, call'd Jaffier and Pierre,
  Who thought that their country was shockingly served?
Who met in the dark, and the night, and the fogs,—
Who "howl'd at the moon" and call'd themselves "dogs,"
Till Jaffier to Pierre pledged his honour and life,
And into the bargain his iligant wife,—
  By which very means was ould Venice preserved.

The ringleaders held a snug club in the town,
The object of which was to knock the Doge down,
  Because from his duty they thought he had swerved.
They met every evening, and more was their fault,
At the house of a gentleman, Mr. Renault,
Who—och, the spalpeen!—when they all went away,
Stay'd at home, and made love to the sweet Mrs. J.,—
  By which, in the end, was ould Venice preserved.

---

* From "Gilbert Gurney."

When Jaffier came back, his most delicate belle—
Belvidera they call'd her—determined to tell
How she by old Renault that night had been served.
This blew up a breeze, and made Jaffier repent
Of the plots he had laid: to the Senate he went.
He got safe home by twelve: his wife bade him not fail;
And by half-after-one he was snug in the gaol,—
By which, as we'll see, was ould Venice preserved.

The Doge and the Court, when J.'s story they'd heard,
Thought it good for the country to forfeit their word,
And break the conditions they should have observed.
So they sent the police out to clear every street,
And seize whomsoever by chance they might meet;
And before the bright sun was aloft in the sky,
Twenty-two of the party were sentenced to die,—
And that was the way was ould Venice preserved.

Mr. Jaffier, who 'peach'd, was let off at the time;
But that wouldn't do, he committed a crime,
Which punishment more than his others deserved;
So when Pierre was condemn'd, to the scaffold he went,
Pierre whisper'd and nodded, and J. said "Content."
They mounted together, till kind Mr. J.,
Having stabb'd Mr. P., served himself the same way,—
And so was their honour in Venice preserved.

But och! what a scene, when the beautiful Bell,
At her father's, found out how her dear husband fell!
The sight would the stoutest of hearts have unnerved.
She did nothing but tumble, and squabble, and rave,
And try to scratch J., with her nails from the grave.
This lasted three months, when, cured of her pain,
She chuck'd off her weeds, and got married again,—
By which very means was this *Venus* preserved.

DAYLIGHT DINNERS.*

When Summer's smiles rejoice the plains,
And deck the vale with flowers;
And blushing nymphs, and gentle swains,
With love beguile the hours;
Oh! then conceive the ills that mock
The well-dress'd London sinner,
Invited just at seven o'clock
To join a "daylight dinner."

The sun, no trees the eye to shade,
Glares full into the windows,
And scorches widow, wife, and maid
Just as it does the Hindoos;
One's shoes look brown, one's black looks grey,
One's legs if thin, look thinner;
There's nothing equals, in its way,
A London daylight dinner.

The cloth seems blue, the plate's like lead,
The faded carpet dirty,
Grey hairs peep out from each dark head,
And twenty looks like thirty.
You sit beside an heiress gay,
And do your best to win her,
But oh!—what can one do or say,
If 'tis a daylight dinner?

A lovely dame just forty-one,
At night a charming creature,
My praise unqualified had won,
In figure, form, and feature,

---

* From "Gilbert Gurney."

That *she* was born, without a doubt,
  Before the days of Jenner,
By sitting next her, I found out,
  Once at a daylight dinner.

Freckles, and moles, and holes, and spots,
  The envious sun discloses,
And little bumps, and little dots,
  On chins, and cheeks, and noses.
Last Monday, Kate, when next me placed
  (A most determined grinner),
Betray'd four teeth of mineral paste,
  Eating a daylight dinner.

* * * *

CLUBS.

Tune—"Bow, wow, wow."

If any man loves comfort and has little cash to buy it, he
Should get into a *crowded* club—a most *select* society;
While solitude and mutton-cutlets serve *infelix uxor*, he
May have his club (like Hercules) and revel there in luxury.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Yes, *Clubs* knock taverns on the head! e'en *Hatchetts* can't demolish them;
Joy grieves to see their magnitude, and *Long* longs to abolish them.
The *Inns* are *out!* hotels for single men scarce keep alive on it,
While none but houses that are in the *Family way* thrive on it!
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

There's first the Athenæum club, so wise, there's not a man of it
That has not sense enough for six, (in fact, that is the plan of it :)
The very waiters answer you with eloquence Socratical,
And always place the knives and forks in order mathematical.
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Then opposite the *mental* club you'll find the *regi*mental one,
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very gentle one;
If *uniform* good living please your palate, here's excess of it,
Especially at private dinners, when they *make a mess of it!*
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

E'en Isis has a house in Town! and Cam abandons *her* city!
The *Master* now hangs out at the United University;
In Common Room she gave a route! (a novel freak to hit upon)
Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs to sit upon! Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The Union Club is quite superb—it's best apartment daily is
The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux *cum multis aliis:*
At half-past six, the *joint concern*, for eighteenpence, is given you—
Half-pints of port are sent in *ketchup bottles* to enliven you!
Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cosily,
And dream they climb the highest Alps, or rove the plains of Moselai;
The world for them has nothing new, they have explor'd all parts of it,
And now they are club-footed! and they sit and look at charts of it. Bow, wow, wow, etc.

The Orientals homeward bound, now seek their clubs much sallower,
And while they eat green fat, they find their own fat growing yellower:
Their soup is made *more savoury*, till bile to shadows dwindles 'em,
And Messrs. *Savory* and *Moore* with seidlitz draughts rekindles 'em. Bow, wow, wow, etc.

Then there are clubs where persons Parliamentary preponderate,
And clubs for men *upon the turf*—(I wonder they aren't *under it*)—
Clubs where the *winning* ways of *sharper* folks pervert the *use* of clubs,
Where *knaves* will make subscribers cry, "Egad, this is the *deuce* of clubs." Bow, wow, wow, etc.

For country Squires the only club in London now is Boodles, sirs,
The Crockford club for playful men, the Alfred club for noodles, sirs;
These are the stages which all men propose to play their parts upon,
For *clubs* are what the Londoners have clearly set their *hearts* upon. Bow, wow, wow, etc.

VISITINGS.

N.B.—A lady having presented the Author, on a visit, with her *thumb* to shake *hands* with, the Muse opened her mouth and spake as follows:—

Some women at parting scarce give you
So much as a simple good-bye,
And from others as long as you live, you
Will never be bless'd with a sigh;

Some will press you so warmly, you'd linger
  Beside them for ever, and some
Will give you an icy forefinger,
  But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some will give you a look of indifference,
  Others will give you a smile;
While some of the colder and stiffer ones,
  Bow in their own chilly style.
There are some who look merry at parting,
  And some who look wofully glum;
Some give you a blessing at starting,
  But Fanny just gives you a thumb.

There are some who will go to the door with you,
  Some ring for the man or the maid;
Some who do less, and some more, with you,
  And a few would be glad if you stay'd.
A good many wish you'd be slack again,
  Their way on a visit to come;
Two or three give you leave to go back again,
  But Fanny gives only her thumb.

With a number, ten minutes are longer
  Than you find yourself welcome to stay;
While some, whose affections are stronger,
  Would like to detain you all day.
Some offer you sherry and biscuit,
  Others give not a drop nor a crumb;
Some a sandwich, from sirloin or brisket,
  But Fanny gives simply her thumb.

Some look with a sort of a squint to you,
  Some whisper they've visits to make;
Some glance at their watches—a hint to you,
  Which, if you are wise, you will take.

Some faintly invite you to dinner,
(So faint, you may see it's all hum,
Unless you're a silly beginner,)
But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some chatter—thirteen to the dozen—
Some don't speak a word all the time ;
Some open the albums they've chosen,
And beg you to scribble in rhyme ;
Some bellow so loud, they admonish
Your ear to take care of its drum ;
Some give you an ogle quite tonish,
But Fanny gives nought, save her thumb.

Some wonder how long you've been absent,
Despair of your coming again ;
While some have a coach or a cab sent,
To take you away if it rain.
Some shut up their windows in summer,
Some won't stir the fire, though you're numb ;
Some give you hot punch in a rummer,
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some talk about scandal, or lovers,
Some talk about Byron or Scott ;
Some offer you eggs laid by plovers,
Some offer the luck of the pot ;
A great many offer you nothing,
They sit, like automata, dumb,
The silly ones give you a loathing,
But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some bore you with six-year-old gabies,
In the shape of a master or miss ;
Others hold up their slobbering babies,
Which you must be a brute not to kiss :

Some tell you their household disasters,
  While others their instruments strum;
Some give you receipts for corn plasters,
  But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Some talk of the play they've been last at,
  And some of the steam-driven coach;
While those who are prudes look aghast at
  Each piece of new scandal you broach:
Some talk of converting the Hindoos,
  To relish, like Christians, their rum;
Some give you a view from their windows,
  But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some ask what you think of the tussel, man,
  Between the all-lies and the Porte;
And Cod-rington's thrashing the muscle-man
  (Puns being such people's forte).
The men speak of change in the Cabinet;
  The women—how can they sit mum?
Give their thoughts upon laces and tabinet,
  But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some speak of the Marquis of Lansdowne,
  Who, to prove the old proverb, has set
About thief-catching—laying wise plans down
  In the *Hue and Cry* weekly gazette.
Some think that the Whigs are but noodles
  (But such are, of course, the mere scum);
Some give you long tales of their poodles,
  But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Good luck to them all!—where I visit,
  I meet with warm hearts and warm hands;
But that's not a common thing, is it?
  For I neither have houses nor lands:

Not a look but the soul has a part in it,
  (How different the looks are of some!)
Oh! give me a hand with a heart in it,
  And the devil take finger and thumb.

TO MR. ——, WHO PUTS OVER HIS DOOR "PEN AND QUILL MANUFACTURER."

You put above your door, and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of *pens* and *quills;*
And for the first you well may feel a pride,
Your *pens* are better far than most I've tried;
But for the *quills* your words are somewhat loose—
Who *manufactures quills* must be a Goose.

EPIGRAM.

It seems as if nature had curiously plann'd,
  That men's names with their trades should agree;
There's Twining the Tea-man, who lives in the Strand,
  Would be *whining* if robb'd of his T.

ON THE LATIN GERUNDS.

When Dido's spouse to Dido would not come,
She mourn'd in silence, and was Di, Do, Dumb!

THE SPLENDID ANNUAL;*

Or, Fortunes and Misfortunes of a Lord Mayor.

Literature, even in this literary age, is not the ordinary pursuit of the citizens of London, although every merchant is necessarily a man of letters, and underwriters are as common as cucumbers. Notwithstanding, however, my being a citizen, I am tempted to disclose the miseries and misfortunes of my life in these pages, because, having heard the "Anniversary" called a splendid annual, I hope for sympathy from its readers, seeing that I have been a "splendid annual" myself.

My name is Scropps—I *am* an Alderman—I *was* Sheriff—I *have been* Lord Mayor—and the three great eras of my existence were the year of my shrievalty, the year of my mayoralty, and the year after it. Until I had passed through this ordeal I had no conception of the extremes of happiness and wretchedness to which a human being may be carried, nor ever believed that society presented to its members an eminence so exalted as that which I once touched, or imagined a fall so great as that which I experienced.

I came originally from that place to which persons of bad character are sent—I mean Coventry, where my father for many years contributed his share to the success of parliamentary candidates, the happiness of new married couples, and even the gratification of ambitious courtiers, by taking part in the manufacture of ribands for election cockades, wedding favours, and cordons of chivalry; but trade failed, and, like his betters, he became bankrupt, but, unlike his betters, without any consequent advantage to himself; and I, at the age of fifteen, was thrown upon the world with nothing but a strong constitution, a moderate education, and fifteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings in my pocket.

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* This humorous sketch originally appeared (July, 1829) in *Sharpe's London Magazine*, a brief-lived monthly, which only reached its third number. The substance of it was afterwards incorporated into the novel of "Gilbert Gurney," where the name of Scropps was altered to Firkins. See the paper entitled "Lord Wenables Again" (p. 304).

With these qualifications I started from my native town on a pedestrian excursion to London; and, although I fell into none of those romantic adventures of which I had read at school, I met with more kindness than the world generally gets credit for, and on the fourth day after my departure, having slept soundly, if not magnificently, every night, and eaten with an appetite which my mode of travelling was admirably calculated to stimulate, reached the great metropolis, having preserved of my patrimony no less a sum than nine shillings and sevenpence.

The bells of one of the churches in the city were ringing merrily as I descended the heights of Islington; and were it not that my patronymic Scropps never could, under the most improved system of campanology, be jingled into anything harmonious, I have no doubt I, like my great predecessor Whittington, might have heard in that peal a prediction of my future exaltation; certain it is I did not; and, wearied with my journey, I took up my lodging for the night at a very humble house near Smithfield, to which I had been kindly recommended by the driver of a return post-chaise, of whose liberal offer of the moiety of his bar to town, I had availed myself at Barnet.

As it is not my intention to deduce a moral from my progress in the world at this period of my life, I need not here dilate upon the good policy of honesty, or the advantages of temperance and perseverance, by which I worked my way upwards, until, after meriting the confidence of an excellent master, I found myself enjoying it fully. To his business I succeeded at his death, having several years before, with his sanction, married a young and deserving woman, about my own age, of whose prudence and skill in household matters I had long had a daily experience. In the subordinate character of his sole domestic servant, in which she figured when I first knew her, she had but few opportunities of displaying her intellectual qualities, but when she rose in the world, and felt the cheering influence of prosperity, her mind, like a balloon soaring into regions where the bright sun beams on it, expanded, and she became, as she remains, the kind unsophisticated partner of my sorrows and my pleasures, the friend of my heart, and the guiding-star of my destinies.

To be brief, Providence blessed my efforts and increased my means ; I became a wholesale dealer in everything, from barrels of gunpowder down to pickled herrings ; in the civic acceptation of the word I was a merchant, amongst the vulgar I am called a drysalter. I accumulated wealth ; with my fortune my family also grew, and one male Scropps, and four female ditto, grace my board at least once in every week ; for I hold it an article of faith to have a sirloin of roasted beef upon my table on Sundays, and all my children round me to partake of it : this may be prejudice—no matter—so long as he could afford it, my poor father did so before me ; I plead that precedent, and am not ashamed of the custom.

Passing over the minor gradations of my life, the removal from one residence to another, the enlargement of this warehouse, the rebuilding of that, the anxiety of a canvass for common councilman, activity in the company of which I am liveryman, inquests, and vestries, and ward meetings, and all the other pleasing toils to which an active citizen is subject, let us come at once to the first marked epoch of my life—the year of my Shrievalty. The announcement of my nomination and election filled Mrs. S. with delight ; and when I took my children to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look at the gay chariot brushing up for me, I confess I felt proud and happy to be able to show my progeny the arms of London, those of the Spectacle-makers' Company, and those of the Scroppses (recently found at a trivial expense) all figuring upon the same panels. They looked magnificent upon the pea-green ground, and the wheels, "white picked-out crimson," looked so chaste, and the hammercloth, and the fringe, and the festoons, and the Scropps' crests all looked so rich, and the silk linings and white tassels, and the squabs and the yellow cushions and the crimson carpet looked so comfortable, that, as I stood contemplating the equipage, I said to myself, "What have I done to deserve *this?* O that my poor father were alive to see his boy Jack going to Westminster, to chop sticks and count hobnails, in a carriage like this!" My children were like mad things; and in the afternoon, when I put on my first new brown court suit (lined, like my chariot, with white silk), and fitted up with cut steel buttons, just to try the effect, it all appeared like a dream; the sword, which I tried on, every night for half an hour after I went up to bed, to practise walking with it, was very inconvenient at first; but use is second nature; and so by rehearsing and rehearsing I made myself perfect before that auspicious day, when Sheriffs flourish and geese prevail —namely, the twenty-ninth of September.

The twelve months which followed were very delightful, for, independently of the *positive* honour and *éclat* they produced, I had the Mayoralty in *prospectu* (having attained my aldermanic gown by an immense majority the preceding year), and as I used during the sessions to sit in my box at the Old Bailey, with my bag at my back and my bouquet on my book, my thoughts were wholly devoted to one object of contemplation; culprits stood trembling to hear the verdict of a jury, and I regarded them not; convicts knelt to receive the fatal fiat of the Recorder, and I heeded not their sufferings, as I watched the Lord Mayor seated in the centre of the bench, with the sword of justice stuck up in a goblet over his head —there, thought I, if I live two years, shall *I* sit—however, even as it was, it was very agreeable. When executions, the chief drawbacks to my delight, happened, I found, after a little seasoning, I took the thing coolly, and enjoyed my toast and tea after the patients were turned off, just as if nothing had happened; for, in *my* time, we hanged at eight and breakfasted at a quarter after, so that without much hurry we were able to finish our muffins just in time for the cutting down at nine. I had to go to the House of Commons with a petition, and to Court with an address—trying situation for one of the Scroppses—however, the want of state in Parliament, and the very little attention paid to us by the members, put me quite at my ease at Westminster; while the gracious urbanity of our accomplished monarch* on his throne made me equally comfortable at St. James's. Still I was but a secondary person, or rather only one of two secondary persons—the chief of bailiffs and principal Jack Ketch; there *was* a step to gain—and, as I often mentioned to Mrs. Scropps, I was sure my heart would never be still until I had reached the pinnacle.

Behold at length the time arrived! Guildhall crowded to excess—the hustings thronged—the aldermen retire—they return—their choice is announced to the people—it has fallen upon John Ebenezer Scropps, Esq. Alderman and spectacle-maker—a sudden shout is heard—"Scropps for ever!" resounds—the whole assembly seems to vanish from my sight—I come forward—am invested with the chain—I bow—make a speech—tumble over the train of the Recorder, and tread upon the tenderest toe of Mr. Deputy Pod—leave the hall in ecstasy, and drive home to Mrs. Scropps in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The days wore on, each one seemed as long as a week, until at length the 8th of November arrived, and then did it seem certain that I should be Lord Mayor—I was sworn in—the civic insignia were delivered to me—I returned them to the proper officers—my chaplain was near me—the esquires of my household were behind me—the thing was done—never shall I forget the tingling sensation I felt in my ear when I was first called "My Lord"—I even doubted if it were addressed to me, and hesitated to answer—but it *was* so—the reign of splendour had begun, and after going through the accustomed ceremonies, I got home and retired to bed early, in order to be fresh for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

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* George the Fourth.

Sleep I did not—how was it to be expected?—some part of the night I was in consultation with Mrs. Scropps upon the different arrangements; settling about the girls, their places at the banquet, and their partners at the ball; the wind down the chimney sounded like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the mews at the back of the house I took for trumpets sounding my approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family I fancied the popguns at Stangate, announcing my disembarkation at Westminster—thus I tossed and tumbled until the long wished-for day dawned, and I jumped up anxiously to realize the visions of the night. I was not long at my toilet—I was soon shaved and dressed—but just as I was settling myself comfortably into my beautiful brown broadcloth inexpressibles, crack went something, and I discovered that a seam had ripped half a foot long. Had it been consistent with the dignity of a Lord Mayor to swear, I should, I believe, at that moment, have anathematized the offending tailor;—as it was, what was to be done?—I heard trumpets in earnest, carriages drawing up and setting down; sheriffs and chaplains, mace bearers, train bearers, sword bearers, water bailiffs, remembrancers, Mr. Common Hunt, the town clerk, and the deputy town clerk, all bustling about—the bells ringing—and *I* late, with a hole in my inexpressibles! There was but one remedy—my wife's maid, kind, intelligent creature, civil and obliging, and ready to turn her hand to anything, came to my aid, and in less than fifteen minutes her activity, exerted in the midst of the confusion, repaired the injury, and turned me out fit to be seen by the whole corporation of London.

When I was dressed, I tapped at Mrs. Scropps's door, went in, and asked her if she thought I should do; the dear soul, after settling my point-lace frill (which she had been good enough to pick off her own petticoat on purpose) and putting my bag straight, gave me the sweetest salute imaginable.

"I wish your Lordship health and happiness," said she.

"Sally," said I, "your Ladyship is an angel;" and so, having kissed each of my daughters, who were in progress of dressing, I descended the stairs, to begin the auspicious day in which I reached the apex of my greatness. Never shall I forget the bows—the civilities—the congratulations—Sheriffs bending before me—the Recorder smiling—the Common Serjeant at my feet—the pageant was intoxicating; and when, after having breakfasted, I stepped into that glazed and gilded house upon wheels, called the stage coach, and saw my sword-bearer pop himself into one of the boots, with the sword of state in his hands, I was lost in ecstasy. I threw myself back upon the seat of the vehicle, with all possible dignity, but not without damage; for, in my efforts at ease and elegance, I snapped off the cut steel hilt of my own rapier, by accidentally bumping the whole weight of my body right, or rather wrong, directly upon the top of it.

But what was a sword hilt and a bruise to *me*—pride knows no pain—I felt none—I was *the* Lord Mayor, the greatest man in the greatest city of the greatest nation in the world. The people realised my expectation; and "Bravo! Scropps," and "Scropps for ever!" resounded again and again, as we proceeded slowly and majestically towards the river, through a fog which prevented our being advantageously seen, and which got down the throat of the sword-bearer, who was a little troubled with asthma, and who coughed incessantly during our progress, much to my annoyance, not to speak of the ungraceful movements which his convulsive barkings gave to the red velvet scabbard of the honourable glaive, as it stuck out of the coach window.

We embarked in *my* barge. A new scene of splendour here awaited me: guns, flags, banners, in short, every thing that taste and fancy could suggest, or a water-bailiff provide, were awaiting me. In the gilded bark was a cold collation.

I ate, or tried to eat, but I tasted nothing. Fowls, pâtés, game, beef, ham—all had the same flavour; champagne, hock, and Madeira, were all alike to me. "Lord Mayor" was all I saw, all I heard, all I swallowed; every thing was pervaded and absorbed by the one captivating word; and the repeated appeals to "My Lordship" were sweeter than nectar.

Well, sir, at Westminster I was presented and received; and what do you think I then did—I, John Ebenezer Scropps, of Coventry?—I desired the Recorder to invite the judges to dine with me at the Guildhall!—I, who remember when two of the oldest and most innocent of the twelve came the circuit, trembling at the very sight of them, and believing them some extraordinary creatures, upon whom all the hair and fur, that I saw, grew naturally; I not only asked these formidable beings to dine with me, but, as if I thought it beneath my dignity to do so in my own proper person, actually deputed a judge of my own to do it for me. I never shall forget their lordships' bows in return; mandarins on a mantelpiece are fools to them.

Then came the return. We re-embarked; and then, in reality, did I hear the guns at Stangate saluting me. I stood it like a man, although I have always a fear of accidents from the wadding. The tide was with us; we soon reached Blackfriars' Bridge; we landed once more in the sphere of my greatness. At the corner of Fleet Street was the Lady Mayoress, waiting for the procession; there she was, Sally Scropps—my own Sally—(her maiden name was Snob,)—with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and young Sally, and Jenny, and Maria, all crammed in the front seat, with their backs to *my* horses, which were pawing the mud, and snorting, and smoking like steam-engines, with nostrils like safety-valves; not to speak of four of my footmen hanging behind the carriage, like bees in a swarm. There had not been so much riband in my family since my poor father's failure at Coventry; and yet, how often, over and over again, although the poor old man had been dead more than twenty years, did I during that morning, in the midst of my splendour, think of *him*, and wish to my heart that he could see me in my greatness. Even in the midst of my triumph, I seemed to defer to my good, kind parent—in heaven, as I hope and trust—as if I were anxious for *his* judgment, and *his* opinion, as to how I should perform the manifold arduous duties of the day.

Up Ludgate Hill we went—the fog grew thicker and thicker—but then the beautiful women at the windows—those high up could only just see my knees, and the paste buckles in my shoes. This I regretted; but every now and then I bowed condescendingly to the people, in order to show my courtesy, and my chain and collar, which I had discovered during the morning shone the brighter for being shaken. But else I maintained a proper dignity throughout my progress; and, although I said an occasional word or two to my chaplain, and smiled occasionally at Mr. Water-bailiff, I took no more notice of Mr. Sword, and Mr. Mace, than I should have taken of Gog and Magog.

At length we reached Guildhall. As I crossed that beautiful building, lighted brilliantly, and filled with splendidly-dressed company, and heard the deafening shouts which pealed through its roof as I entered it, I felt a good deal flurried. I retired to a private room, adjusted my dress, shook out my frill, rubbed up my chain and collar, and prepared to receive my guests. They came, and shall I ever forget it? Dinner was announced; the bands played ' Oh! the roast beef of Old England;" onwards we went; a prince of the blood—of the blood royal of my own country—led out Sally—my own Sally—the Lady Mayoress; the Lord Chancellor handed out young Sally—I saw it done—I thought I should have fainted; the Prime Minister took Maria; the Lord Privy Seal gave his arm to Jenny; and Mrs. Snob, my wife's mother—a wonderful woman at her age, bating her corpulency—was escorted to table by the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in his full robes and collar of SS. Oh, if my poor father could have but seen *that!*

At the ball, my eldest girl danced with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and found him very chatty, though a bit of a "swell;" Maria danced with the Lord Privy Seal; and my youngest with a very handsome man, who wore a riband and star, but who he was, we none of us could ever find out; no matter—never did I see such a day, although it was but the first of three hundred and sixty-five splendid visions.

It would be tedious to expatiate in detail upon all the pleasures of this happy year, thus auspiciously begun. Each month brought its fresh pleasures; each week its new amusements; each day its festival. Public meetings, under the sanction of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor; concerts and balls, under the patronage of the Lady Mayoress. Then came Easter, and its dinner—Blue-coat boys and buns; then to St. Paul's one Sunday, and to some other church another Sunday. And then came summer; and then there was swan-hopping *up* the river, and white-baiting *down* the river; Crown and Sceptre below, navigation barge above; music, flags, streamers, guns, and company. Turtle every day in the week; peas a pound per pint, and grapes a guinea a pound; not to speak of dabbling in rose-water, served in gold, nor the loving cup, nor the esquires of my household, all in full dress at my elbow.

The days, which before had seemed weeks, were now turned to minutes; scarcely had I swallowed my breakfast, when I was in the justice-room; and before I had mittimused half a dozen paupers for begging about the streets, luncheon was ready; this hardly over, in comes a despatch or a deputation; and so on till dinner, which was barely ended before supper was announced. We all became delighted with the Mansion House. My girls grew graceful by the new confidence their high station gave them; Maria refused a good offer because her lover had an ugly name; and my dearest Sarah was absolutely persecuted by Sir Patrick O'Donahoo, who had what is called the run of the house, and who scarcely ever dined out of it during my mayoralty, whether I was at home or not. What did it matter? There was plenty to eat and drink; the money must be spent, and the victuals cooked; and so as we made ourselves happy, it was of no great consequence having one or two more or less at table. We got used to the place—the establishment had got used to us; we became, in fact, easy in our dignity, and happy in our state, when, lo and behold, the ninth of another November came—the anniversary of my exaltation—the conclusion of my reign.

Again did we go to Guildhall; again were we toasted and addressed; again we were handed in and led out; the girls again flirted with Cabinet ministers, and danced with ambassadors; and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to our old residence in Budge Row, Walbrook. Never in this world did pickled herrings and turpentine smell so powerfully as when we entered the house upon that occasion; and although my wife and the young ones stuck to the drinkables at Guildhall as long as was decent, in order to keep up their spirits, their natural feelings would have way, and a sort of shuddering disgust seemed to fill all their minds on their return home. The passage looked so narrow, the drawing-room looked so small, the staircase was so dark, and the ceilings were so low. However, being tired, we all slept well—at least, I did; for I was in no humour to talk; and the only topic I could think upon, before I dropped off, was a calculation of the amount of expenses which I had incurred during the just expired year of my magnificence.

In the morning we assembled at breakfast; a note which had arrived by the twopenny post lay on the table; it was addressed "Mrs. Scropps, Budge Row." The girls, one after another, took it up, read the undignified superscription, and laid it down again. My old and excellent friend Bucklesbury called to inquire after us. What were his first words?—they *were* the first I had heard from a stranger since my change;—"Well, Scropps, how are you, old boy? Done up, eh?"

"Scropps—old boy"—no deference, no respect, no "My lord, I hope your lordship passed a comfortable night; and how is her ladyship, and your lordship's amiable daughters?" not a bit of it—"How's Mrs. S. and the *gals?*" There was nothing in this; it was quite natural—all as it *had* been—all as it must be—all as it should be; but how very unlike what it *was* only one day before! The very servants themselves, who, when amidst the strapping, state-fed, lace-loaded lackeys of the Mansion House (transferred, with the chairs and tables, from one lord mayor to another), dared not speak, nor look, nor say their lives were their own, strutted about, and banged the doors, and talked of their "missis," as if she had been an apple-woman.

So much for domestic matters. I went out—I was shoved about in Cheapside, in the most remorseless manner, by the money-hunting crowd. My right eye had the narrowest possible escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher-boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round and said, "Vy, I say, who are you, I vonder, as is so partiklar about your *hye-sight?*" I felt an involuntary shudder. "Who am I?—to-day," thought I, "I *am* John Ebenezer Scropps; two days ago I *was* Lord Mayor of London;" and so the rencontre ended, evidently to the advantage of the bristly brute. It was, however, too much for me. I admit the weakness; but the effect of contrast was too powerful—the change was too sudden—and I determined to go to Brighton for a few weeks to refresh myself and be weaned from my dignity.

We went—we drove to the Royal Hotel; in the hall stood one of his Majesty's ministers, one of my former guests, speaking to his lady and daughter: my girls passed close to him,—he had handed one of them to dinner the year before, but he appeared entirely to have forgotten her. By-and-by, when we were going out in a fly to take the air, one of the waiters desired the fly-man to pull off, because Sir Something Somebody's carriage could not come up,—it was clear that the name of Scropps had lost its influence.

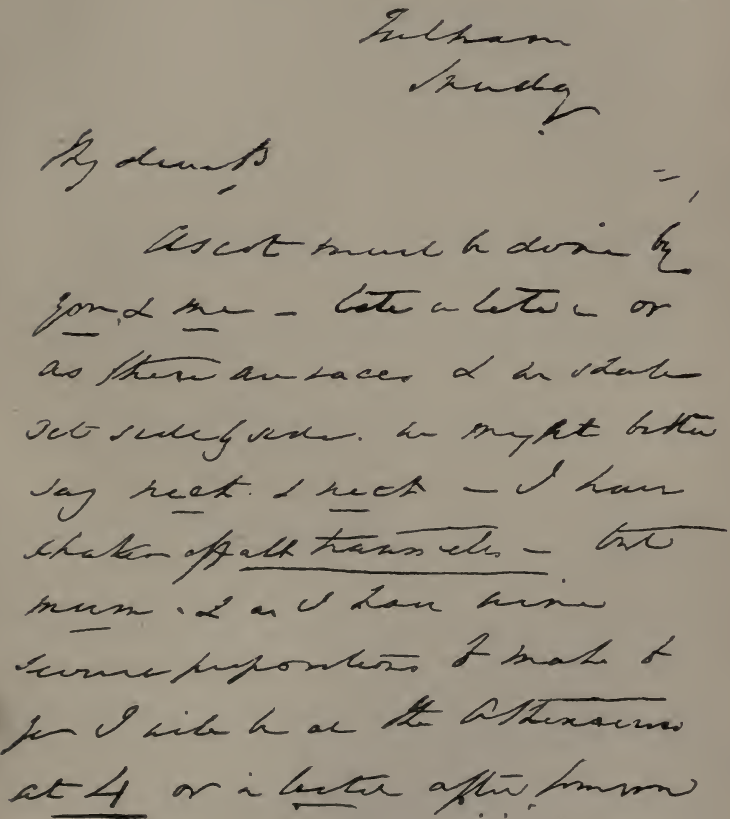
We secluded ourselves in a private house, where we did nothing but sigh and look at the sea. We had been totally spoiled for our proper sphere, and could not get into a better; the indifference of our inferiors mortified us, and the familiarity of our equals disgusted us,—our potentiality was gone, and we were so much degraded that a puppy of a fellow had the impertinence to ask Jenny if she was going to one of the Old Ship balls. "Of course," said the coxcomb, "I don't mean the 'Almacks,' for they are uncommonly select."

In short, do what we would, go where we might, we were outraged and annoyed, or, at least, thought ourselves so; and beyond all bitterness was the reflection that the days of our dignity and delight never might return. There were at Brighton no less than three men who called me Jack, and *that*, out of flies or in libraries, and one of these chose occasionally, by way of making himself particularly agreeable, to address me by the familiar appellation of Jacky. At length, and that only three weeks after my fall, an overgrown tallow-chandler met us on the Steyne, and stopped our party to observe, "as how he thought he owed me for two barrels of coal-tar, for doing over his pig-styes." This settled it,—we departed from Brighton, and made a tour of the coast; but we never rallied, and business, which must be minded, drove us before Christmas to Budge Row, where we are again settled down.

Maria has grown thin—Sarah has turned Methodist—and Jenny, who danced with his Excellency the Portuguese Ambassador, who was called angelic by the Right Honourable the Lord Privy Seal; and who, moreover, refused a man of fortune because he had an ugly name, is going to be married to Lieutenant Stodge, on the half-pay of the Royal Marines —and what then? I am sure if it were not for the females of my family I should be perfectly at my ease in my proper sphere, out of which the course of our civic constitution raised me. It was very pleasant at first—but I have toiled long and laboured hard; I have done my duty, and Providence has blessed my works. If we were discomposed at the sudden change in our station, I it is who was to blame, for having aspired to honours which I knew were not to last. However, the ambition was not dishonourable, nor did I disgrace the station while I held it. Indeed, I ought to apologize for making public the weakness by which we were all affected; especially as I have myself already learned to laugh at what we all severely felt at first—the miseries of a Splendid Annual.

LETTER TO MR. BRODERIP, THE MAGISTRATE,

ONE OF HOOK'S FIRMEST FRIENDS.



Fulham
Sunday

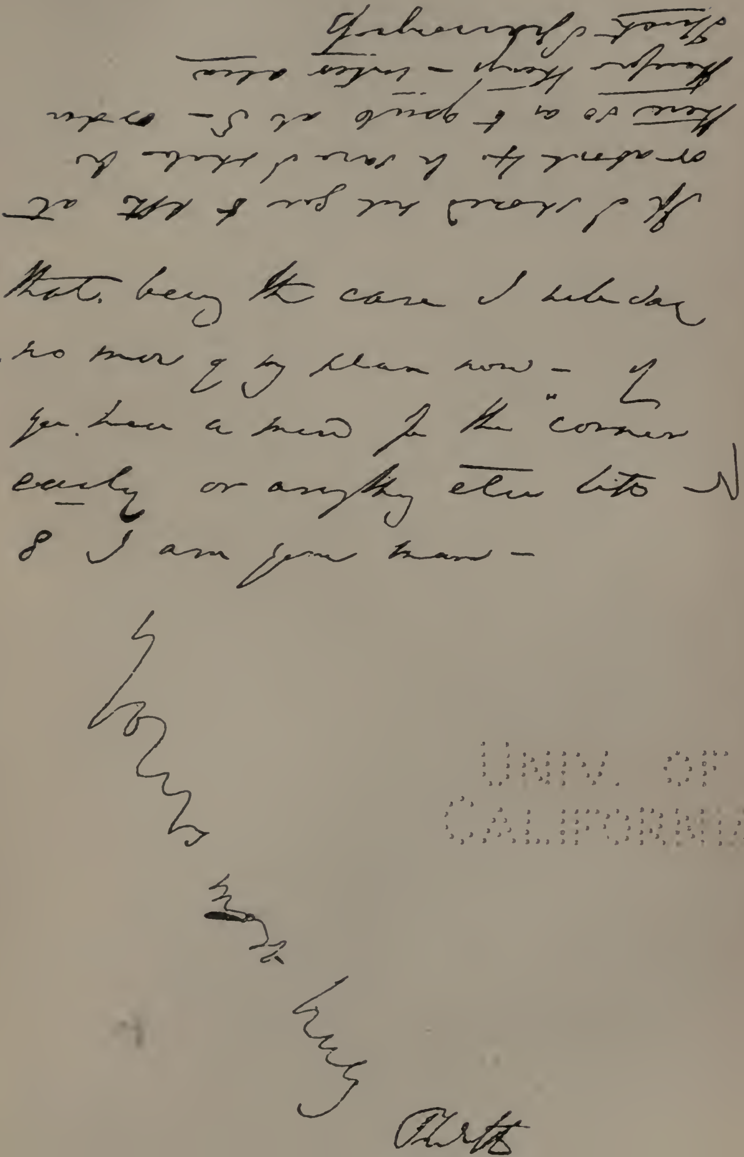
My dear B—,

Ascot must be done by you & me — late a letter — or as there are races & we shall not settle of order. we might better say next & next — I have shaken off all transactions — but mum. & as I have some serious propositions to make to you I will be at the Athenæum at 4 or a little after tomorrow

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

[Continued on another page.]

LETTER TO MR. BRODERIP [CONTINUATION].



that. being the case I shall say
no more of my plan now — If
you have a need for the "corner"
early or anything else like it
& I am your man —

Yours ever truly

If I should not get to the Athe at
or about 4. be sure I shall be
there so as to grub at 5 — order
therefore things — inter alia
Thrush Sparrowgrass

ANECDOTES, HOAXES, AND JESTS

OF

THEODORE HOOK.

Collected from various sources.

ANECDOTES, HOAXES, AND JESTS.

THE BERNERS-STREET HOAX.

(1809.)

IN walking down Berners Street one day, his companion called Hook's attention to the particularly neat and modest appearance of a house, the residence, as appeared from the door-plate, of some decent shopkeeper's widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that nice modest dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken—in the course of four or five days Hook had written and despatched *one thousand* letters, conveying orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour. From waggons of coals and potatoes to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry tarts—nothing in any way whatever available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers scattered over our "province of bricks," from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. In 1809 Oxford Road was not approachable either from Westminster, or Mayfair, or from the City, otherwise than through a complicated series of lanes. It may be feebly and afar off guessed what the crash and jam and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated No. ——; and there, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the development of the mid-day melodrame. But some of the dramatis personæ were seldom if ever alluded to in later times. He had no objection to bodying forth the arrival of the lord mayor and his chaplain, invited to take the death-bed confession of a peculating common councilman; but he would rather have buried in oblivion that precisely the same sort of liberty was taken with the Governor of the Bank, the chairman of the East India Company, a lord chief justice, a Cabinet minister,—above all, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. They all obeyed the summons—every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to; we are not sure that they all reached Berners Street: but the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the poor widow's astonishment had risen to terror and despair. Perhaps no assassination, no conspiracy, no royal demise or ministerial revolution of recent times was a greater godsend to the newspapers than this audacious piece of mischief. In Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, but no sign escaped either him or his confidants. The affair was beyond that circle a serious one. Fierce were the growlings of the doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours. Attorneys, teachers of all kinds, male and female, hair-dressers, tailors, popular preachers, and parliamentary philanthropists, had been victimized in person, and were in their various notes vociferous. But the tangible material damage done was itself no joking matter. There had been an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, and coach-panels. Many a horse had fallen never to rise again. Beer-barrels and wine-barrels had been overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It had been a fine field-day for the pickpockets. There arose a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer.

Mr. Theodore found it convenient to be laid up for a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted re-convalescence by a country tour. He is said to have on this occasion revisited Oxford, and professed an intention of at length commencing residence under the discipline of Alma Mater. But if this was so, it went no farther: by-and-by the storm blew over, as it would have done had Berners Street been burnt to the ground, and the lord mayor's coach blown up with all its cargo—and the Great Unknown re-appeared with tranquillity in the Green Room.

The gambol once shown, it was imitated *ad nauseam* in many English towns, and also in Paris, with numberless unmeritorious variations. Gilbert Gurney expresses high scorn of these plagiarists.

ROMEO COATES.

Some two or three years later Hook performed another hoax more limited in scale, but to our mind quite as inexcusable. The Regent gave a fête of surpassing magnificence at Carlton House, on the 17th of June. Romeo Coates was then in his glory—murdering Shakspeare at the Haymarket, and driving the bright pink cockle-shell with the life-large chanticleers in gilt brass about the streets and park. Theodore, who could imitate any handwriting, contrived to get one of the Chamberlain's tickets into his possession for an hour, and produced a facsimile commanding the presence of Signor Romeo. He then equipped himself in some scarlet uniform, and delivered in person the flattering missive. The delight of Romeo must be imagined. Hook was in attendance when the time for his sallying forth arrived, and had the satisfaction of seeing him swing into his chariot bedizened in all his finery, with a diamond-hilted sword and the air of Louis le Grand. The line of carriages being an Alexandrine, Theodore was also by the "care colonne" when the amateur's vehicle reached its point—saw him mount up the stair and enter the vestibule. The stranger, it is known, passed into the interior without remark or question; but when he had to show his ticket to the Private Secretary, that eye caught the imposture. Mr. Coates was politely informed that a mistake had occurred, and had to retrace his steps to the portico. The blazoned chariot had driven off—in wrath and confusion he must pick his steps as he might to the first stand of hackney-coaches. Hook was at his elbow well muffled up. No such discomfiture since the Knight of the Woeful Countenance was unhorsed by the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco. We must not omit to say that the Prince, when aware of what had occurred, signified extreme regret that any one of his household should have detected the trick, or acted on its detection. Mr. Coates was, as he said, an inoffensive gentleman, and his presence might have amused many of the guests, and could have done harm to no one. His Royal Highness sent his Secretary next morning to apologize in person, and to signify that as the arrangements and ornaments were still entire, he hoped Mr. Coates would come and look at them. And Romeo went. In this performance Hook had no confidant. To do him justice, he never told the story without some signs of compunction.

HOOK, MATHEWS, AND THE ALDERMAN.

No mirth in this world ever surpassed the fascination of these early mountebankeries. We have seen austere judges, venerable prelates, grand lords, aud superfine ladies, all alike overwhelmed and convulsed as he went over the minutest details of such an episode as that, for example, of his and Mathews, as they were rowing to Richmond, being suddenly bitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden,—"Nobody permitted to land here—offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law"—their instant disembarkation on the forbidden paradise—the fishing-line converted into a surveyor's measuring-tape—their solemn pacing to and fro on the beautiful lawn—Hook the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand—Mathews the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf—the opening of the parlour-window, and fiery approach of the napkined alderman—the comedians' cool, indifferent reception of him, and his indignant inquiries—the gradual announcement of their being the agents of the Canal Company, settling where the new cut is to cross the old gentleman's pleasaunce—his alarm and horror, which call forth the unaffected regrets and commiserations of the unfortunate officials, "who are never more pained than with such a duty"—the alderman's suggestion that they had better walk in and talk the matter over—their anxious examination of watches, and reluctant admission that they might spare a quarter of an hour—"but alas! no use, they fear, none whatever"—the entry of the dining-room—the turkey just served—the pressing invitation to taste a morsel—the excellent dinner—the fine old madeira—the bottle of pink champagne, "a present from my lord mayor"—the discussion of half-a-dozen of claret and of the projected branch of the canal—the city knight's arguments getting more and more weighty—"Really this business must be reconsidered"—"One bottle more, dear gentlemen"—till at last it is getting dark—they are eight miles from Westminster Bridge—Hook bursts out into song, and narrates in extempore verse the whole transaction, winding up with—

"And we greatly approve of your fare,
  Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
And this clerk here is Mathews the player,
  And I'm—Mr. Theodore Hook."—(*Exeunt.*)*

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* Mr. Barham gives a different version of this hoax, and makes Terry, not Mathews, the coadjutor in it.—*Ed.*

A STRANGE DINNER.

Of Hook's pursuits at the Mauritius, few particulars, save those given in the letter to Mathews, have reached us: they were probably not far dissimilar in spirit from those in which he had indulged at home; at least, an anecdote or two corroborative of the "*solum non animum mutant*," etc., which we have heard him relate, would lead to such an inference. One of these bore reference to the reception with which a respectable family, that had been recommended to his notice by some common friend in England, was greeted on its arrival at the island. Hook was, of course, all kindness and hospitality—an invitation to La Réduite, a country retreat belonging to the Governor, and at which the Treasurer also occasionally resided, was immediately forwarded to the strangers. Equally, as a matter of course, their agreeable host took upon himself the task of "lionizing" the neighbourhood; and more especially of pointing out to their observation the beauties, architectural and otherwise, of Port Louis.

For this purpose, the morning following that of debarcation was selected. The town at that period, and it has received but few additions since, was of moderate extent, stretching something in the shape of an amphitheatre almost three miles along the coast, and bounded inland at a distance scarcely exceeding half a mile, by an open space called the "Champ de Mars." Along this narrow slip, the streets of which are straight and laid out at right angles after the French fashion, did Mr. Hook conduct his new acquaintances; up one lane, down another, along the Rue Marengo, by the Government House, backwards and forwards, right and left, till every building of the least pretensions to importance had been visited by every possible mode of approach, and on each occasion honoured with a different name and fresh history. The Joss House was multiplied by six; the old

East India Company barracks did duty for public asylums for lunatics, or private residences of the Queen of Madagascar; churches, prisons, the Royal College and theatre, were examined again and again, and so on till the miserable party, completely fatigued with the extreme heat, and seeing no symptoms of a termination to the walk, pleaded inability to proceed. One ventured to observe, that though of a much greater size than the view from the harbour would have led him to suppose, the town exhibited a singular sameness of style in the principal edifices. "A natural thing enough in an infant colony," suggested Hook.

The prospect of a luxurious "tiffin" which was awaiting their return, served in some manner to restore the spirits of the travellers, and they took their seats with a full determination of doing ample justice to the far-famed delicacies of the island. The first course presented to the eyes of the astonished but still unsuspecting strangers, comprised nearly every species of *un*eatable that could be got together. An enormous gourd graced the centre of the table, strange deappetizing dishes were placed around, and in turn pressed upon the attention of the guests.

"Allow me to offer you a little cat-curry," exclaimed the host; "there is an absurd prejudice against these things in Europe, I know, but *this* I can really recommend; or, perhaps, you would prefer a little devilled monkey; that is, I believe, a dish of fried snakes opposite you, Mr. J——."

Mr. J—— recoiled in alarm.

"Hand those lizards round, they seem particularly fine."

Nastiness after nastiness was proffered in vain; the perplexed Cockneys struggled hard to maintain a decent composure, but with difficulty kept their ground before the unsavoury abominations. What was to be done?—it was clearly the *cuisine de pays*, and the host appeared evidently distressed at their want of appreciation of his fare. One gentleman at length, in sheer despair, thought he "*would* just try a lizard."

"Pray do so," eagerly returned Hook; "you will find the flavour a little peculiar at first, I daresay; but it is astonishing how soon it becomes pleasant to the palate."

But however rapidly a taste for the saurian delicacy might be acquired, the adventurous individual in question was not destined to make the experiment. In endeavouring to help himself to one of those unpromising dainties, the tail became separated from its body—it was too much for his nerve—turning a little pale, he pushed aside his plate, and begged to be excused. Since the celebrated "feast after the manner of the ancients," such a collation had never been put down before hungry men: the jest, however, was not pushed to extremes, a second course succeeded; and on the choice viands of which it consisted the guests proceeded to fall with what appetite they might.

Equally absurd, though perhaps hardly becoming the dignity of a treasurer and accountant-general, was a piece of pleasantry played off at the expense of the authorities of the island! It was on the occasion of a public dinner given at the Government House, and at which the governor himself, confined by ill health to his country residence, was unable to be present. The officer next in rank was, therefore, called upon to preside; but whether from the soup, or the fish, or the cucumber—if there happened to be any—disagreeing with him, or from whatever cause, he was compelled to quit the banquet at an early hour, and was conveyed, utterly incapable of either giving or receiving any command, to his quarters. The task of occupying the chair, and proposing the remainder of the loyal and usual toasts, now devolved on Hook; and, as each separate health was given and duly signalled, it was responded to by an immediate salute from a battery in the square below, according to special orders. The appointed list having been gone through, the greater portion of the company departed; but the chairman, so far from showing any disposition to quit his post, begged gentlemen "to fill their glasses, and drink a bumper to that gallant and distinguished officer, Captain Dobbs,"—up went the signal—bang! bang! bang! roared the artillery. "Lieutenant Hobbs" followed, with the same result. "Ensign Snobbs," and bang! bang! bang! greeted the announcement of his name. Quick as the guns could be reloaded, up again went the signal, and off went his Majesty's twenty-fours, to the honour, successively, of every individual present, soldier or civilian.

In vain the subaltern on duty, who had expected at the termination of the accustomed formalities to be permitted to join the party, sent up a remonstrance. The directions he had received were as imperative as those delivered by Denmark's king:—

> "Let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
> The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
> The cannon to the heavens—the heaven to earth."

Such a bombardment had not been heard since the capture of the island, and it was not till the noisy compliment had been paid to cook and scullion, who were summoned from the kitchen to return thanks *in propria personâ*, and the powder as well as patience of the indignant gunners were exhausted, that the firing ceased. Something in the shape of a reprimand was talked of; but as, after all, the principal share of blame was not to be attached to the facetious deputy, the affair was permitted to rest.

LUDICROUS ADVENTURE AT SUNBURY.

In the course of Hook's numerous suburban excursions, or possibly during his brief sojourn with Doctor Curtis, at Sunbury, he had become acquainted with a young lady, a resident in the neighbourhood, possessed of an amiable disposition and great personal attractions. Theodore was a favourite both with her family and herself, but her affections, unfortunately, were fixed up another. Notwithstanding, however, the evident preference shown to his rival, the young gentleman prosecuted his suit with all the ardour and blindness of eighteen. It was to no purpose that good-humoured hints were thrown out on the part of his inamorata, that, highly agreeable as his society could not fail to be, another held that place in her regards for which he was in vain contending. He determined to set all upon a single cast, and to throw himself, and whatever loose silver might be remaining from the proceeds of his last operetta, at the fair one's feet.

On the day fixed for the final appeal, he found the ground already in the occupation of the enemy; and it was not till towards the close of the evening that an opportunity was to be snatched of making a formal proposal for the lady's hand: as might have been expected, it was declined, firmly but kindly; and off rushed the rejected swain, in a frenzy of rage, to his hotel, whither—for the little village in those days boasted but of one—he was soon followed by the successful candidate, Mr. P——.

It so happened that, in addition to the *contretemps* of being lodged beneath the same roof, the rivals actually occupied adjoining chambers, and were separated from each other merely by a thin boarded partition: everything that passed in one apartment was consequently pretty distinctly audible in the next; and the first sounds that greeted Mr. P—— on his arrival were certain strong objurgations and maledictions, in which his own name was constantly recurring, and which proceeded from the neighbouring room. Every now and then a boot-jack or a clothes-brush was hurled against the wall; next a noise would be heard as of a portmanteau being kicked across the floor, accompanied by such epithets as might be supposed most galling and appropriate to a discomfited foe. Then a pause—a burst of lamentation or an attempt at irony—then again more invectives, more railing, more boot-jacks, and so on for half the night did the hapless lover continue to bewail the bad taste of women in general, and the especial want of discernment in his own mistress; and to heap bitter abuse and inflict imaginary chastisement upon the person of his more favoured opponent.

Mr. P—— was a Welshman, and for a moment the hot blood of the Tudors and Llewellyns bubbled up; but "cool reflection at length came across:" the irresistible absurdity of the position struck with full force upon a mind rendered more than usually complacent by the agreeable assurances so lately received, and he threw himself on the bed in a fit of perfectly Homeric laughter. Early on the next morning Hook started for town; but whether he ever learnt the perilous vicinity in which he had passed the few preceding hours, we know not. The anecdote reached us from a different quarter.

During this period he was not so thoroughly engrossed by the anxieties of love, but that he found time and sufficient spirits for the indulgence of those lively pleasantries, which must doubtless have contributed much to recommend him to the favour of the lady's guardian, if not to her own. The name of the inn, "The Flower Pot," which was the scene of the absurd adventure just related, suggested one of these. There resided, it seems, at Sunbury, in a large house, an elderly gentleman, a bachelor, of somewhat eccentric disposition, whose ruling passion was for his garden. This, albeit prodigality was by no means a besetting sin of the proprietor, was kept in the most admirable order, and decorated, regardless of expense, with a profusion of ornaments in the very height of suburban fashion—leaden cupids, slate sun-dials, grottoes of oyster-shells and looking-glass, heaps of flints and overburned bricks, denominated rockwork, and beyond all, and above all, with a magnificent vase filled with a flaming cluster of fuchsias, geraniums, and a number of plants with brilliant blossoms and unutterable names, which faced the entrance. Here, one fine afternoon, when the flowers had reached their acme of refulgence, Mr. Theodore pulled up his dennet. A powerful tug at the bell brought a sort of half-gardener, half-groom, to the gate in double-quick time.

"Take the mare round to the stable, put her in a loose box, and rub her down well. I'll come and see her fed myself in a few minutes; none of you rascals are to be trusted!"

So saying, the young gentleman threw the reins to the domestic, marched leisurely along the broad, brown-sugar-looking walk, dexterously cutting off here and there an overgrown carnation with the lash of his driving-whip, and entered the hall. Giving another tremendous jerk to the bell-wire in passing, he walked into the dining-room, the door of which happened to be open, took up a magazine, and threw himself at full length upon the sofa. A tidily-dressed maid servant appeared at the summons.

"Bring me a glass of brandy-and-water, my dear, and send 'Boots.'"

"'Boots,' and 'brandy-and-water,'—La, sir!" exclaimed the astonished girl.

"You may fetch me a pair of slippers yourself, if you like; so make haste, and you shall have a kiss when you come back."

Duped by the authoritative air assumed by the visitor, (it would be indecorous to suppose another motive,) the attendant disappeared, and speedily returning with the slippers, observed,

"If you please, sir, I have brought you a pair, but they are master's, and he is rather particular."

"Particular! Nonsense! where's the brandy-and-water?"

"He never leaves out the spirits, sir; he always keeps the key himself, sir, in his own pocket."

"He must be a deuced odd sort of fellow, then: send him here immediately."

"Master is dressing, sir; he will be down directly," was the reply; and, accordingly, after the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. —— made his appearance in full evening costume.

"My good friend," commenced Hook, without raising his eyes from the paper, "allow me to observe, that the rules of your establishment are a little inconvenient to travellers: I have been here above a quarter of an hour, and have not been able to get so much as a glass of brandy-and-water—bring one immediately—hot; and let me know what you have got for dinner."

"I really beg your pardon," said old Mr. ——, as soon as he could find words; "I really beg your pardon, but I am quite at a loss——"

"So am I, my good man—for a glass of brandy-and-water—bring that, and another for yourself, and then I shall be happy to hear whatever you have to say."

"But, sir, you must permit me to state——"

"I was never in such a detestable house in my life," exclaimed Hook, starting up; "what do you stand chattering there for, instead of attending to my order: am I to be kept here starving all night? Bring the brandy-and-water, d'ye hear?"

The old gentleman was struck positively speechless; his face purpled, he seemed in imminent peril of choking with the sudden conflux of ire, indignation, and astonishment.

"Why, the fellow's drunk!" pursued Theodore; "disgracefully drunk, at this time of day! and in his own parlour, too! I shall feel it my duty, sir, to lay a statement of this inexcusable conduct before the bench."

Mr. —— sprang to the bell. "John—Thomas—turn this impudent scoundrel out of the house!"

The arrival of the servants necessarily led to an explanation. Nothing could exceed Mr. Hook's regret; what could be done? what apology could be made? He was a perfect stranger to Sunbury; had been directed to the "Flower Pot," as the inn affording the best accommodation; and, on seeing what he imagined to be a gigantic representation of the sign in question at the garden-gate, he had naturally entered, and acted upon that erroneous impression. This was the unkindest cut of all. To find a stranger reclining in full possession of his sofa and slippers, was bad enough; to be treated as a dilatory innkeeper, was worse; and to be taxed with insolence and intoxication, was still more trying to a gentleman of respectable character and excitable nerves; but to hear the highest achievement of art he possessed—the admiration of himself and friends, and the envy of all Sunbury, his darling vase, compared with which the "Warwick" and the "Barberini" were as common washpots—to hear this likened to an alehouse sign, was a humiliation which dwarfed into insignificance all preceding insults. But as to whether Hook contrived to soothe the anger he had provoked, and to win a way, as was his wont, into the good graces of his victim—or whether this last affront proved irremediable, and he was compelled to seek further entertainment for himself and horse at the "Flower Pot" minor, unfortunately our informant is at fault.

CHARLES MATHEWS AND HOOK.

It was about the year 1803 that my husband first became intimate with Mr. Theodore Hook. The election for Westminster had recently taken place, and Mr. Sheridan was chosen one of its representatives, on which occasion the actors of Drury Lane celebrated their proprietor's triumph, by giving him a dinner at the Piazza coffee-house. To this dinner Mr. Hook was invited.

In the course of the day many persons sung, and Mr. Hook being in turn solicited, displayed, to the delight and surprise of all present, his wondrous talent in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and generally strangers to Mr. Hook; but, without a moment's premeditation, he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during the dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Every action was turned to account; every circumstance, the look, the gesture, or any other accidental effects, served as occasion for more wit; and even the singer's ignorance of the names and condition of many of the party, seemed to give greater facility to his brilliant hits than even acquaintance with them might have furnished. Mr. Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, and declared that he could not have imagined such power possible, had he not witnessed it. No description, he said, could have convinced him of so peculiar an instance of genius, and he protested that he should not have believed it to be an unstudied effort, had he not seen proof that no anticipation could have been formed of what might arise to furnish matter and opportunities for the exercise of this rare talent.—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian, by Mrs. Mathews.* Lond. 1838.

HOOK'S "FIRST APPEARANCE."

It was on the evening of Monday, January 30th, 1809, at the "Grange Theatre," that Mr. Theodore Hook, then a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls, made his "first appearance upon any stage," and in no instance do I remember a more decided case of what is called stage-fright. He had been as bold and easy during the rehearsals as if he had been a practised stager. All the novices seemed fluttered but himself; but when he entered at night as *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, the Irish officer, in "Love à la Mode," he turned pale at the first sight of the audience, and exhibited such palpable terror, that I almost supported him on my arm; his frame shook, his voice failed him, and not a word of his first scene, nor a note of the song he attempted at the piano-forte (which he had sung so well in the morning), were audible to anybody but myself.

It was curious to see a person of Mr. Hook's wondrous nerve and self-possession suddenly subdued in such a way, at a mere *make-believe* in a room, containing only friends—invulnerable as he was to fear in all things else! He recovered, however, before the piece concluded, and afterwards acted *Vapour* in the farce of "My Grandmother," imitating Mr. Farley excellently; and a character in an admirable burlesque tragedy of his own writing, called "Ass-ass-ination," previously to which he hoaxed the audience with a prologue, purposely unintelligible, but speciously delivered; the first and last word of each line were only to be distinguished, bearing in them all the *cant* and *rhymes* of such addresses (some heard and others guessed at, as the speaker's ingenuity served, for of course all was extempore). At the close of this, great applause followed; and one elderly, important gentleman was heard to whisper to another sitting next him, "An excellent prologue, but abominably inarticulate!"

HOOK AND DOWTON THE ACTOR.

On one occasion poor Dowton was well-nigh frightened from his propriety by the sudden appearance of his young friend upon the stage, who, in appropriate costume, and with an ultra-melodramatic strut, advanced in place of the regular walking gentleman to offer him a letter. At another, during the heat of a contested Westminster election, the whole house was electrified by a solemn cry, proceeding apparently from the fiend in the "Wood Demon," of "She-ri-dan for

E-VER!" and uttered in the deepest bass the speaking-trumpet was capable of producing. This last piece of facetiousness was rather seriously resented by Graham, one of the proprietors of the Haymarket, who threatened its perpetrator with perpetual suspension of his "privilege," and it required all the interest of influential friends, backed by an ample apology on the part of the culprit, who promised the most strict observance of decorum for the future, to obtain a reversal of the decree.

LETTER FROM MAURITIUS.

FROM "La Réduit, Mauritius," under date March 24, 1814, Theodore Hook addressed the following humorous letter to Charles Mathews:—

"MY DEAR MATHEWS,—Uninteresting as a letter must be from an individual in a little African island, to you who are at the very head-quarters and emporium of news and gaiety, I shall risk annoying you and write, begging you to take along with you that the stupidity of my epistle proceeds in a great measure from the dearth of anything worth the name of intelligence; for if I had anything to say, say it I would.

"I have received so much powerful assistance from your public talents in my short dramatic career, and have enjoyed so very many pleasant hours in your private society, that I feel a great pride and gratification from this distance, where flattery cannot be suspected, nor interested motives attach themselves to praise, to express how warmly I feel and how I appreciate both your exertions and your powers.

"You have read enough of this island, I daresay, not to imagine that we live in huts on the sea-coast, or that, like our gallant forefathers, we paint ourselves blue, and vote pantaloons a prejudice. We are here surrounded by every luxury which art can furnish, or dissipation suggest, in a climate the most delightful, in a country the most beautiful, society the most gay, and pursuits the most fascinating.

"This is, by heavens, a Paradise, and not without angels. The women are all handsome (not so handsome as English women), all accomplished, their manners extremely good, wit brilliant, and good-nature wonderful; this is picking out the best! The "οἱ πολλοι," as we say at Oxford, are, if I may use the word, mindless—all blank—dance like devils, and better than any people, for, like all fools, they are fond of it, and naturally excel in proportion to their mental debility; for the greater the fool the better the dancer.

"In short, the whole island is like fairy-land; every hour seems happier than the last; the mildness of the air (the sweetness of which, as it passes over spice-plantations and orange-groves, is hardly conceivable), the clearness of the atmosphere, the coolness of the evenings, and the loveliness of the place itself, all combine to render it fascination. The very thought of ever quitting it is like the apprehension of the death or long parting with some near relation, and if it were not that this feeling is counteracted by having some friends at home, there is no inducement that would draw me from such a perfect *Thule*.

"Make my kind remembrances to Mrs. Mathews, and tell her that I hope to shake hands with her when we are both twaddlers—that is, when she is as much of a twaddler as old age can make her; and that when I return upon crutches from foreign parts, I trust she will direct her *son* to pay me every attention due to my infirmities.

"We have operas in the winter, which sets in about July; our races, too, begin in July; we have an excellent beef-steak club, and the best Freemasons' lodge in the world. We have subscription concerts, and balls, and the parties in private houses here are seldom less than from two to three hundred. At the last ball given at the Government-house, upwards of seven hundred and fifty ladies were present, which, considering that the greater proportion of the female population are *not admissible*, proves the number of inhabitants, and the extent of the society.

"Pshaw! my letter is all about myself. Egotism from beginning to end. Like Argus, there are at least an hundred I's in it. Well, damn my I's, I will substitute the other vowel, and assure you that, although at this distance, I am sincerely and truly yours, and that you will find even in Mauriti*us* U and I are not far asunder.

"I daresay some of my fat-headed friends in that little island where the beef grows fancy that I am making a fortune, considering that I am Treasurer! and Accountant-general! Fresh butter, my dear fellow, is ten shillings per pound; a coat costs thirty pounds English; a pair of gloves, fifteen shillings; a bottle of claret, the best, ten pence; and pine-apples a penny a piece. Thus, you see, while the articles necessary to existence are exorbitant, luxuries are dirt cheap, and a pretty life we do lead. Breakfast at eight, always up by gun-fire, five o'clock; bathe and ride before breakfast, after breakfast lounge about; at one have a regular meal, yclep'd a tiffen—hot meats, vegetables, &c.—and at this we sit generally through the heat of the day, drinking our wine, and munching our fruit; at five, or half-past, the carriages come to the door, and we go either in them or in palanquins to dress, which operation performed, we drive out to the race-ground, and through the Champ de Mars, the Hyde Park here, till half-past six; come into town, and at seven dine, where we remain till ten or eleven, and then join the French parties, as there is regularly a ball somewhere or other every night: these things, blended with business, make out the day and evening."

EVADING A COACH FARE.

Everybody has heard of the ingenious manner in which Sheridan evaded payment of a considerable sum for coach-hire, by inveigling Richardson into the vehicle, getting up a quarrel, no very difficult matter, then jumping out in disgust, and leaving his irritable friend to recover his composure and pay the fare. Hook, who, like all men of genius, augmented the resources of his own wit by a judicious borrowing from that of others, seems to have caught at this idea when once, under similar circumstances, he found himself, after a long and agreeable ride, without money to satisfy the coachman—a friend happened to be passing—he was hailed and taken up—but unfortunately proved to be, on inquiry, as unprepared for any pecuniary transaction as Theodore himself. A dull copyist would have broken down at once; but with a promptitude and felicity of conception that amply redeem the plagiarism, with whatever else he may be left chargeable, Hook pulled the check-string and bade the driver proceed as rapidly as possible to No. —, —— Street, at the West End of the town, the residence of a well-known "surgeon, &c." Arrived, he ordered the coachman to "knock and ring," as desired, with energy, and on the door opening, told his friend to follow, and hastily entered the house. "Mr. ——, is he at home? I must see him immediately!" Mr. —— soon made his appearance, when Hook, in an agitated and hurried tone, commenced:—

"My dear sir, I trust you are disengaged!" Mr. —— bowed; "he was disengaged." "Thank Heaven!—pardon my incoherence, sir—make allowance for the feelings of a husband—*perhaps a father*—your attendance, sir, is instantly required—*instantly*—by Mrs. ——, No. —, &c., pray lose not a moment; it is a *very* peculiar case, I assure you."

"I will start directly," replied the medical man; "I have only to run upstairs, get my apparatus, and step into my carriage."

"Ah! exactly," returned Hook; "but I am in agony till I see you fairly off—don't think of ordering out your own carriage—here's one at the door—jump into that."

Mr. ——, with a great mahogany case under his arm, made the jump, and quickly found himself at the house to which he had been directed: it was the abode of a very stiff-mannered, middle-aged maiden lady, not unknown to Hook; one, moreover, to whom he owed a grudge, a kind of debt he rarely failed to pay. The doctor was admitted, but on explaining the object of his visit, soon found it convenient to make a precipitate retreat from the claws of the infuriate spinster into the arms of the hackney-coachman, who deposited him in safety at his own door, which, however, he declined quitting without the full amount of his fare.

UNSUCCESSFUL HUNT FOR A DINNER.

Theodore Hook thus writes to Charles Mathews from the "Prince of Wales's Coffee House, 8 o'clock, September 21st, 1825:"—

"Dear Mat.,—I never went sporting for a dinner that I bagged my bird in my life. Broderip asked me to dine with him to-day, and went out and forgot it; so, I said to myself, says I, I want to ask Mat., or Mrs. Mat., two questions about Charles's 'Trip to Rome.' So on, says I, I'll go to Millfield Lane. I did. On my way I forgot why Broderip forgot *his* engagement;—natural enough—modern Aristophanes—beautiful view—charming grounds—pleasant company,—poor me, of course, rejected. Well, up I *goes*. Man with powder and an apron opens gate—expecting company—doesn't know whether Mr. Mathews is at home or no—goes to see—good butler, but cannot lie steadily; so out comes a woman. Satire on the sex to think they have more composure than man in a quandary.—Master not at home.—Novelty, says I, Mathews *at Home*, anybody can see: but, to see Mat. not at home, is not to be bought. 'Thank you, ma'am,' says I; and downhill I tumbled. At its foot, *ex pede*, I discovered (not *Herculem*) but the reason why you chose to deny yourself. Why didn't you come out and speak? I most ardently eschew your mutton, beef, veal, and ham. I only wanted three words of you.—That's your affair. Now, thinks I, Broderip has cut me, and Mathews has denied himself, I'll go and dine with Nash. Nash dined *out*, waiting for the great gentleman from *Berkshire*. I called upon Lyon (*James*), but, like his namesake, he had *abdicated*. Met Sir Hudson Lowe—did not ask me; called at Elliott's—*they* dined *out;* so I damned my fate, and ordered dinner at seven here, and here I am; and so I will punish your long legs with a threepenny. Write to me, or ask Mrs. Mat. to write, and tell me of the name of the *tune* of 'The Trip to Rome,' which it is essential to know; and, if she can furnish me with the *second* verse *complete*, I should be obliged, for Charles has sent only half the stanza.

"Despatch in all this is important: it is a very, *very* clever production, and Charles *shall* be, what I am sure he *will*, an honour and a blessing to you both; and so I, in the dumps as I am, pray he may."

HOOK AT LORD MELVILLE'S TRIAL.

On the occasion of Lord Melville's trial, Theodore Hook was present with a friend.

They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the Peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?" "Those, ma'am," returned Theodore, "are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior peers always come first." "Thank you, sir, much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear (turning to a girl about fourteen), tell Jane (about ten), those are the Barons of England; and the juniors (that's the youngest, you know,) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home." "Dear me, ma!" said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the *youngest?* I am sure he looks very old." Human nature, added Hook, could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax. "And pray, sir," continued the lady, "what gentlemen are those?" pointing to the Bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz., the scarlet and lawn sleeves over their doctors' robes. "Gentlemen, ma'am!" said Hook, "those are not gentlemen; those are *ladies*, elderly ladies—the Dowager Peeresses in their own right." The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, "Are you quizzing me or no?" Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, "Louisa, dear, the gentleman *says* that these are elderly ladies, and Dowager Peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget *that!*" All went on smoothly till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. "Pray, sir," said she, "and who is that fine-looking person opposite?" "That, madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey!" "No, sir!" cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, "we knows a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year!" "No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; "it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything." The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vox faucibus hæsit*, seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.—*Ingoldsby Legends*, 3rd series, p. 69.

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES.

Hook had been entered at St. Mary's Hall: his friends would have preferred a residence at Exeter College, but to this, as entailing a somewhat more strict observance of discipline than was compatible with his habits, he himself positively objected. A compromise was effected, and he was placed under the charge of his brother, and presented by him to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Parsons, Head of Balliol, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, for matriculation. The ceremony was well-nigh stopped *in limine*, in consequence of an ill-timed piece of facetiousness on the part of the candidate. On being asked if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles:

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore; "*forty, if you please.*"*

The horror of the Vice-Chancellor may be imagined. The young gentleman was desired to withdraw; and it required all the interest of his brother, who fortunately happened to be a personal friend of Dr. Parsons, to induce the latter to overlook the offence. The joke, such as it is, was probably picked out of one of Foote's farces, who makes Mrs. Simony, if we mistake not, say, when speaking of her husband the Doctor (intended for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), "He believes in all the Thirty-nine Articles; ay, and so he would if there were forty of them."—*Barham.*

"CHAFFING" A PROCTOR.

On the evening of Hook's arrival at the University, he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old schoolfellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "Bishop," and of a popular compound yclept "Egg-flip"—the Cambridge men call it "Silky," to the *nondum graduati* of Oxford it is known by a *nomen accidentale* which we have forgotten,—having been discussed; songs, amatory and Bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and altogether the jocularity having begun to pass "the limit of becoming mirth," the Proctor made his appearance; and, advancing to the table at which the "Freshman"—fresh in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question,—

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* This reminds us of Byron's jest on the Trinity, in *Don Juan:*

"I devoutly wish'd the three were four,
On purpose to believe so much the more."

"Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?"

"No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully. "Pray, sir, are you?"

A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve—"You see this, sir?"

"Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes; I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?"

The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the Rev. gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own "bull-dogs" were constrained to join.—*Barham.*

SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS OF WINTER.

Of Hook's improvisations, while at the Mauritius, a stanza of one, in which the names of the company seem to have furnished, each, the subject of an epigram, is extant; it runs as follows:—

"We have next Mr. Winter, assessor of taxes,
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he *axes*,
Or you'll find, and I say it without any flummery,
Tho' his name may be Winter, his actions are *summary*."

"SOMETHING WRONG IN THE CHEST."

At St. Helena, Hook encountered the late Lord Charles Somerset, on his way to assume the governorship of the Cape. Lord Charles, who had met him in London occasionally, and knew nothing of his arrest, said, "I hope you are not going home for your health, Mr. Hook." "Why," said Theodore, "I am sorry to say, they think there is something wrong in the *chest*."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxiii., p. 73.

WARREN'S BLACKING.

In the art of punning, whatever be its merits or de-merits, Hook had few rivals, and but one superior, if indeed one—we mean Mr. Thomas Hood. Among the innumerable "Theodores" on record, it will be difficult, of course, to pick out the best; but what he himself considered to be such, was addressed to the late unfortunate Mr. F——, an artist, who subsequently committed suicide at the "Salopian" coffee-house for love, as it is said, of a popular actress. They were walking in the neighbourhood of Kensington, when the latter pointing out on a dead wall an incomplete or half-effaced inscription, running "Warren's B——," was puzzled at the moment for the want of the context.

"'Tis *lacking* that should follow," observed Hook, in explanation. Nearly as good was his remark on the Duke of Darmstadt's brass band.

"They well-nigh stun one," said he, in reference to a morning concert, "with those terrible wind instruments, which roar away in defiance of all rule, except that which Hoyle addresses to young whist-players when in doubt—*trump it!*"

THE WINE-CELLAR AND THE BOOK-SELLER.

THEODORE HOOK'S saying to some man with whom a bibliopolist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk, "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your *wine*-cellar into your *book*-seller."—*Moore's Diary*, Feb., 1836.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S ANECDOTES OF THEODORE HOOK.

THE late Sir Robert Peel was strongly impressed with Hook's conversational powers and the genuine readiness of his wit; in illustration of this, he used to relate, among others, the following anecdote:—One morning, at Drayton Manor, where Hook was staying as a guest, some one after breakfast happened to read out from the newspaper a paragraph, in which a well-known coroner was charged with having had a corpse unnecessarily disinterred. The ladies were very severe in condemnation of such unfeeling conduct; a gallant captain, however, who was present, took up the cudgels in behalf of the accused, maintaining that he was a very kind-hearted man, and incapable of doing anything without strong reasons, calculated to annoy the friends of the deceased. The contest waxed warm: "Come," said Captain ——, at length, turning to Hook, who was poring over the *Times* in a corner of the room, and who had taken no part in the discussion, "you know W——, what do you think of him? Is he not a good-tempered, good-natured fellow?"

"Indeed he is," replied Hook, laying aside his paper, "I should say he was just the very man to *give a body a lift.*"

On the same authority, we may repeat a pun made at the expense of the Duke of Rutland. There was a grand entertainment at Belvoir Castle, on the occasion of the coming of age of the Marquis of Granby; the company were going out to see the fireworks, when Hook came, in great tribulation, to the Duke, who was standing near Sir Robert, and said, "Now isn't this provoking! I've lost my hat—what can I do?" "Why the deuce," returned his grace, "did you part with your hat?—I never do!" "Yes," rejoined Theodore, "but you have especially good reasons for sticking to your *Beaver.*" *

A RECEIPT AGAINST NIGHT AIR.

"Theodore Hook," writes a friend, "had a receipt of his own to prevent invalids from being exposed to the night air. I remember his once taking me home from a party in his cab, between four and five o'clock on a brilliant morning in July. I made some remark, soon after we had passed Hyde Park Corner, about the reviving quality of the air after the heated rooms we had been in. 'Ah,' said Hook, 'you may depend on it, my dear fellow, that there is nothing more injurious to health than the night air. I was very ill some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it.' 'I hope,' said I, 'you attended to them?' 'O yes!' said he, 'strictly; I came up every day to Crockford's or some other place to dinner, and I made it a rule on no account to go home again till about this hour in the morning.'"

PUNTING.

"In the course of our fishing, we had been punted down the river opposite to Lord ——'s house, and while seated in front of it, he remarked that he used to be on very friendly terms with the noble owner; but that a coolness had lately sprung up between them, in consequence of his lordship having taken umbrage at the epitaph (pointed with a clever but objectionable pun) he had composed for his late brother, so unhappily notorious for the charges brought against him of false play at whist. On seeing the present Peer out on the river fishing, Hook had received from him, instead of his usual courteous greeting, a very stiff, ceremonious bow; but, determined not to notice it, he only replied:—

---

* The name of *Belvoir* is thus pronounced.—*Ed.*

"'What, my lord, following the family occupation, eh?—*punting*, I see—punting!'"

An impromptu of Hook's on the same subject, ran the round of the club-houses. It will be remembered that the nobleman alluded to brought an action for defamation against certain of his accusers, which, however, he thought proper to abandon at the last moment.

EPIGRAM.

"Cease your humming,
The case is 'on;'
Defendant's *Cumming;*
Plaintiff's—gone!"

"LIST" SHOES.

The Duke of B——, who was to have been one of the knights at the Eglinton Tournament, was lamenting that he was obliged to excuse himself, on the ground of an attack of the gout.

"How," said he, "could I ever get my poor puffed legs into those abominable iron boots?"

"It will be quite as appropriate," replied Hook, "if your Grace goes in your *list* shoes."

"THE ABATTOIR."

When Messrs. Abbott and Egerton, in 1836, took the old Coburg Theatre (the Victoria), for the purpose of bringing forward the legitimate drama, the former gentleman asked Hook if he could suggest a new name, the old being too much identified with blue fire and broad swords to suit the proposed change of performance. "Why," said Theodore, "as, of course, you will butcher everything you attempt, suppose you call it the *Abattoir*."

PUTNEY BRIDGE.

Hook's residence at Putney afforded occasion for the delivery of one of the best of his best *bon-mots*. A friend, viewing Putney bridge from the little terrace that overhung the Thames, observed that he had been informed that it was a very good investment, and, turning to his host, inquired "if such was the case—if the bridge really answered?"

"I don't know," said Theodore, "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be *tolled*."

"MR. THOMPSON IS TIRED."

Some years ago an ingenious representation of the destruction of a Swiss village by an avalanche was exhibited at the Diorama in the Regent's Park, the effect of which was greatly increased by a clever vocal imitation of the dreary winter wind whistling through the mountains; but this sound ceasing whilst the exigencies of the scene still demanded its continuance, Theodore Hook, who was present, exclaimed, "*Bless me, Mr. Thompson is tired,*" which set the spectators laughing, nor could they at all resume the awe-struck gravity with which they had previously witnessed the tragic picture.—*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1859.

THE ORIGINAL "PAUL PRY."

Tom Hill, the real original "Paul Pry," was reported to be of great age; and Theodore Hook circulated the apology that his baptismal register could not be found, because it was burnt in the Tower of London.—*Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary.*

Mr. Hill died aged not more than eighty-three—though Hook and all his friends always affected to consider him as quite a Methuselah. James Smith once said that it was impossible to discover his age, for the parish register had been burnt in the fire of London; but Hook capped this: "Pooh, pooh! he's one of the Little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms." As a mere octogenarian he was wonderful enough. No human being would, from his appearance, gait, or habits, have guessed him to be sixty. Till within three months of his death, he rose at five usually, and brought the materials of his breakfast home with him to the Adelphi from a walk to Billingsgate; and at dinner he would eat and drink like an adjutant of five-and-twenty. One secret was that a "banyan day" uniformly followed a festivity. He then nursed himself most carefully on tea and dry toast, tasted neither meat nor wine, and went to bed by eight o'clock. But perhaps the grand secret was, the easy, imperturbable serenity of his temper. He had been kind and generous in the day of his wealth, and, though his evening was comparatively poor, his cheerful heart kept its even beat.

HOOK AND TOM HILL.

Notwithstanding the real affection he felt for him, Hook was sometimes led, as is the case with spoiled children, whether of larger or lesser growth, to trespass overmuch upon the good nature of his friend—almost worshipper—and to allow himself liberties which no degree of intimacy could justify. An instance of the kind occurred at Sydenham, when Hook, resenting the introduction of a comparative stranger to their saturnalia, chose to assume all sorts of extraordinary and offensive airs, to the great discomfiture of his host, who, with the warmest desire to "see everybody comfortable," had not always, perhaps, tact commensurate with his benevolence. Having completely mystified the unwelcome guest during the hour or two before dinner, when that meal was served Mr. Hook was not to be found; search was made throughout the house, but in vain. The garden was scoured and a peep taken into the pond, but no Hook! The party at length sat down, and a servant soon after informed them that he had discovered the lost one—in bed! Hook now thought fit to make his appearance, which he did in strange guise, with his long black hair plastered over his face, and his whole head and shoulders dripping with water. "Feeling a little fatigued," he said, "he had retired to rest; and, by way of thoroughly arousing himself, had just taken a plunge in the water-butt;" at the same moment, and before he had time to partake of any of the good things before him, Mr. Hook's carriage was announced; and merely observing that he had recollected an engagement to dine that day in town, he bowed and quitted the company.

HOOK'S POLITENESS.

Hook was once observed, during dinner, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the épergne and bow to the flowers."—*Mark Lemon's Jest Book.*

A BISCUIT AND A GLASS OF SHERRY.

Mr. Price was an American by birth, and a proficient, it is said, in the national accomplishment—duelling; in this country he was more favourably known as a *bon vivant* of taste, and a giver of bachelor dinners of a high order; he was, moreover, the first promulgator of one of those Transatlantic beverages, which are justly the admiration of the curious. It is a species of punch, in which gin, maraschino, and iced soda-water are blended in a certain occult and scientific way, and is esteemed of sovereign worth in very hot weather, or in cases where an obstinate and unaccountable thirst has somehow survived the repeated efforts made to quench it the preceding day.

Hook, one afternoon succeeding a banquet at the Freemasons' Tavern, where the port had been particularly fiery, or the salmon had disagreed with him, happened to drop in at "the Club," and found the mighty master with an amphora of his potent elixir before him: the former was with some difficulty—probably no great deal—induced to give an opinion as to its merits; but it was a matter not to be decided lightly, and some half-dozen pints of the beguiling compound were discussed ere the authoritative "*imbibatur*" went forth. In the evening, at Lord Canterbury's, Hook was observed to eat even less than usual, and, on being asked whether he was unwell, replied—

"Oh no, not exactly; but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was foolish enough to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry by way of luncheon."

MUCH ALIKE.

Two silly brothers, twins, were very much about town in Hook's time; and they took every pains, by dressing alike, to deceive their friends as to their identity. Tom Hill was expatiating upon these modern Dromios, at which Hook grew impatient. "Well," said Hill, "you will admit that they resemble each other wonderfully: they are as like as two peas." "They are," retorted Hook, "and quite as green!"

PRIVATE MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Hook, in "Cousin William," calls the aunt and uncle bold *Buchan*-eers, from their fondness for rash domestic medical practice, and doctoring themselves from Buchan. In describing the original of this aunt, at the Garrick, one morning, he declared that the old lady was so delighted with everything pertaining to physic, that she drank wine every six hours out of *dose-glasses*, and filled her gold-fish globes with leeches, the evolutions of which she watched by the hour.

HOOK'S STREET FUN.

Hook's street fun was irrepressible. We read of his walking up to a pompous person in the *trottoir* in the Strand, and saying to him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask, *Are you anybody particular?*"—but he did not wait for the answer of the magnifico.

A MISNOMER.

Hook said the title of Bentley's new magazine was ominous: "Miss-sell-any;" but his prophecy was not borne out by the event.

"CONTINGENCIES."

Theodore Hook used to describe contingencies as "things that never happen."—*Life of Ingoldsby.*

"THE WIDOW'S MITE."

After his marriage, Lord John Russell was christened by Hook "the Widow's Mite."—*Ingoldsby.*

HOOK'S EXTEMPORE VERSES.

Theodore Hook, in his twentieth year, gave evidence of the possession of a talent, compared with which mimicry in its perfection, available enough as an auxiliary, sinks into insignificance—that of the improvisatore. Men of mark are found bearing testimony to the inspirations of his genius; marvellous at the early age referred to, but far surpassed by his later performances. Coleridge, for example, at the termination of a somewhat prolonged revel held at the cottage of Mr. Mansel Reynolds, is said to have proclaimed, in his declamatory manner, that he had never met a man who could bring such various and amazing resources of mind to bear on the mere whim or folly of the moment; while the poet Campbell spoke of him as "a wonderful creature," who sang extempore songs, "not to my admiration, but to my astonishment." Those who have been in the habit of attending public meetings, or have listened to the harangues, so glibly "done into English" by next morning, of the orators of St. Stephen's, cannot fail to have remarked how rarely even respectable prose is delivered where opportunity for preparation has been wanting. But in the art, if art it may be called, of pouring forth extemporaneous poetry, music and words, rhyme and reason, all impromptu, Hook stood alone—rival he had none; of course he had his imitators:

> "The charming extempore verses of Twiss's,"

for example, will not readily be forgotten; another gentleman, also, found reason to remember his attempt at rivalry. Ambitious of distinction, he took an opportunity of striking off into verse immediately after one of Hook's happiest efforts. Theodore's bright eye flashed, and fixed on the intruder, who soon began to flounder in the meshes of his stanza, when he was put out of his misery at once by the following couplet from the master, given, however, with a good-humoured smile that robbed it of all offence:—

> "I see, sir, I see, sir, what 'tis that you're hatching;
> But mocking, you see, sir, is not *always* catching."

There can be no doubt as to the perfect genuineness of these marvellous efforts of the human intellect; the word was given and the "numbers came," gushing fresh and sparkling from the fount. His companions at the table, and the observations that had fallen from them, afforded not unfrequently matter for his good-natured muse. But as often a subject impossible in any way to have been anticipated, was proposed by one of the company, generally the most incredulous, and with scarce a moment's consideration, he would place himself at the piano-forte, run over the keys, and break forth into a medley of merriment, of which, unhappily, no idea can be conveyed, for the benefit and conversion of the sceptic. The names of those present were frequently woven into the rhyme, or made to supply points to the verse. He is said once to have encountered a pair of most unmanageable patronymics, those of Sir Moses Ximenes, and Mr. Rosenagen, a young Dane; the line antiphonetic to the former has escaped us; the latter, reserved till near the conclusion, was thus played upon:—

"Yet more of my Muse is required,
Alas! I fear she is done;
But no! like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll *Rosen-agen*, and go on."

HOOK EXTEMPORISES A MELODRAMA.

Hook placed himself at the piano-forte, and gave a most extraordinary display of his powers, both as a musician and an improvisatore. His assumed object was to give a specimen of the burlettas formerly produced at Sadler's Wells, and he went through the whole of one which he composed upon the spot. He commenced with the tuning of the instruments, the prompter's bell, the rapping of the fiddlestick by the leader of the band, and the overture, till, the curtain being supposed to rise, he proceeded to describe—

The first scene.—A country village—cottage, (O. P.)—church (P. S.) Large tree near wing. Bridge over a river occupying the centre of the background. Music.—Little men in red coats seen riding over bridge. Enter—Gaffer from cottage, to the symphony usually played on introducing old folks on such occasions. Gaffer, in recitative, intimates that he is aware that the purpose of the Squire in thus early—

"A crossing over the water,
Is to hunt not the stag, but my lovely daughter."

Sings a song and retires, to observe Squire's motions, expressing a determination to balk his intentions:—

"For a peasant's a man, and a squire's no more,
And a father has feelings, though never so poor."

Enter Squire with his train.—Grand chorus of huntsmen—"Merry-toned horn, Blithe is the morn," "Hark forward, away, Glorious Day," "Bright Phœbus," "Aurora," etc., etc.

The Squire dismisses all save his confidant, to whom, in recitative, he avows his design of carrying off the old man's daughter, then sings under her window. The casement up one pair of stairs opens. Susan appears at it and sings—asking whether the voice which has been serenading her is that of her "true blue William, who, on the seas,—is blown about by every breeze." The Squire, hiding behind the tree, she descends to satisfy herself; is accosted by him, and refuses his offer; he attempts force. The old man interferes, lectures the Squire, locks up his daughter, and exit (P. S.). Squire sings a song expressive of rage, and his determination to obtain the girl, and exit (P. S.).

Whistle—Scene changes with a slap.—Public-house door; sailors carousing, with long pig-tails, checked shirts, glazed hats, and blue trousers. Chorus—"Jolly tars, Plough the main,—Kiss the girls, Sea again." William, in recitative, states that he has been "With brave Rodney," and has got "Gold galore;" tells his messmates he has heard a land-lubber means to run away with his sweetheart, and asks their assistance. They promise it.

"Tip us your fin! We'll stick t'ye, my hearty,
And beat him! Haven't we beat Boneyparty?"

Solo, by William, "Girl of my heart, Never part." Chorus of sailors—"Shiver my timbers," "Smoke and fire, d——n the Squire," etc., etc. (Whistle—scene closes—slap.)

Scene—the village as before. Enter Squire; reconnoitres in recitative; beckons on gipsies, headed by confidant in red. Chorus of Gipsies entering—"Hark? hark? Butcher's dogs bark! Bow, wow, wow. Not now, not now." "Silence, hush! Behind the bush. Hush, hush, hush!" "Bow, wow, wow." "Hush, hush." "Bow, wow." "Hush! hush! hush!" Enter Susan from cottage. Recitative,

"What can keep father so long at market?
The sun has set, altho' it's not quite dark yet.
—Butter and eggs,
—Weary legs."

Gipsies rush on and seize her; she screams; Squire comes forward. Recitative Affettuoso—"She scornful, imploring, furious, frightened!" Squire offers to seize her; True Blue rushes down and interposes; music agitato; sailors in pigtails beat off gipsies; confidant runs up the tree; True Blue collars Squire.

Enter Gaffer:—

"Hey-day! What's all this clatter?
William ashore?—Why, what's the matter?"

William releases Squire, turns to Sue; she screams and runs to him; embrace; "Lovely Sue; Own True Blue;" faints; Gaffer goes for gin; she recovers and refuses it; Gaffer winks, and drinks it himself; Squire, Recitative—"Never knew, about True Blue, constant Sue;" "Devilish glad; here, my lad; what says dad?" William, recitative—"Thank ye, Squire; heart's desire; roam no more; moored ashore." Squire joins lovers—"Take her hand; house, and bit of land; my own ground;

"And for a portion, here's two hundred pound!"

Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, and sailors with pigtails; Solo, Susan—"Constant Sue; own True Blue." Chorus; Solo, William—"Dearest wife, laid up for life." Chorus; Solo, Squire—"Happy lovers, truth discovers." Chorus; Solo, Gaffer—"Curtain draws, your applause." Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, sailors in pigtails; William and Susan in centre; Gaffer (O.P.), Squire (P.S.), retire singing—

"Blithe and gay—Hark away!
Merry, merry May;
Bill and Susan's wedding-day."

—*Diary of Thomas Ingoldsby* (*Rev. R. H. Barham*),
November 6th, 1827.

"ASS-ASS-INATION."

"Ass-ass-ination," a sort of burlesque on Hamlet, was another of Hook's extravaganzas, broad enough "for the meanest capacity," but amusing withal, abounding in point and pun, as well as local hits, and quite worthy the attention of any country manager, whether amateur or professional, who may happen to be at a loss for Christmas novelties. Take, by way of sample, the opening scene:—

Enter Princess, *with a light.*

Princess. 'Tis midnight! Suspicion's gone to sleep. Credulity has warmed the bed, and Dulness tucked him up. My father is not dead; I've hoaxed the public; I've shut my regal daddy in the coal-hole, and now am Regent. The dirty work is done, and I'll to bed! to bed! to bed!

[*Exit on tiptoe*, P. S.

Re-enter, O. P. *and* P. S., Amatavelli *and* Mumptifoni, *each peeping in.*

Ama. Have you been listening?

Mum. I have.

Ama. How like a courtier!—'tis well. Falalaria, our Princess Regent, loves——

Mum. (*With a considerable degree of self-complacency.*) I think she *does!*

Ama. Not *you*—another.

Mum. Then, by my soul, he dies!

Ama. Nay! by my soul, he *lives!* 'Tis Blubbero, the mighty King of Finland.

Mum. From Finland!—pshaw! A king of dolphins and Prince of Whales.

"WEATHER OR NO."

The last time that Theodore Hook dined at Amen Corner, he was unusually late, and dinner was served before he made his appearance. Mr. Barham apologized for having sat down without him, observing that he had quite given him up, and had supposed "that the weather had deterred him."

"Oh!" replied Hook, "I had determined to come, *weather* or no."—*Life of Rev. R. H. Barham.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Hook told a story of a gentleman driving his Irish servant in his cab, and saying to him, half jocularly, half in anger:

"If the gallows had its due, you rascal, where would you be now?"

"Faith, then, your honour, it's riding in this cab I'd be, all alone by myself may be!"

TOM MOORE.—LOSING A HAT.

Words cannot do justice to Theodore Hook's talent for improvisation: it was perfectly wonderful. He was one day sitting at the pianoforte, singing an extempore song as fluently as if he had had the words and music before him, when Moore happened to look into the room, and Hook instantly introduced a long parenthesis,

> "And here's Mr. Moore,
> Peeping in at the door," &c.

The last time I saw Hook was in the lobby of Lord Canterbury's house after a large evening party there. He was walking up and down, singing with great gravity, to the astonishment of the footmen, "Shepherds, I have lost my hat."—*Rogers's Table Talk.*

"GOOD NIGHT."

Wherever Hook came he was a welcome guest; and his arrival was the signal for hilarity and festivity. The dining-room and the drawing-room were alike his theatres: the former was enlivened by the jest and song, the latter by music and improvisation, of which he was master beyond any man that perhaps England ever beheld. Our untractable language was to him as easy as the facile Italian, and whether seated at the genial board, with a few choice companions, or at the pianoforte, surrounded by admiring beauty, his performances in this way were the delight and admiration of all who heard them. They were, indeed, very extraordinary. Some of them might have been printed as finished ballads; and others, though not so perfect in parts as metrical compositions, were so studded with bright conceits, and often so touched with exquisite sentiment and pathos, that their effect upon the audience was evinced by shouts of laughter, or starting tears.

We remember one beautiful example of the latter. At a party at Prior's Bank, Fulham, it was morning before the guests departed, yet Hook remained to the last, and a light of other days brightened his features as he again opened the piano and began a recitative. Another extempore song had been begged by a bevy of lovely dames, and Hook hastened to comply with their request—the subject this time being "Good Night." The singer had proceeded through a few verses, and at length uttered a happy thought, which excited a joyous laugh in a fair young boy standing by his side. At this moment one of the servants suddenly opened the drawing-room shutters, and a flood of light fell upon the lad's head. The effect was very touching, but it became a thousand times more so as Hook, availing himself of the incident, placed his hand upon the youth's brow, and in tremulous tones uttered a verse of which only the concluding lines are remembered:—

"For *you* is the dawn of the morning,
For *me* is the solemn good night."

He rose from the piano, burst into tears, and left the room. Few of those who were present saw him afterwards.

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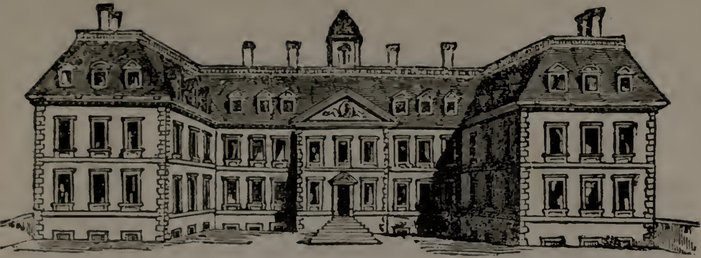

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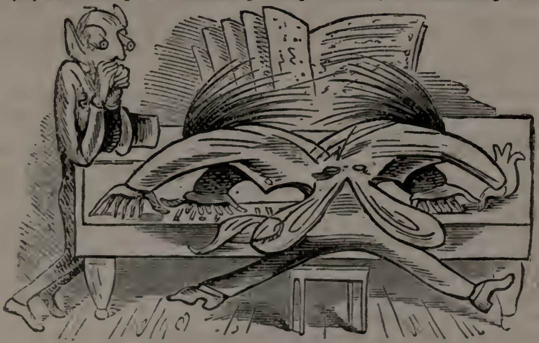

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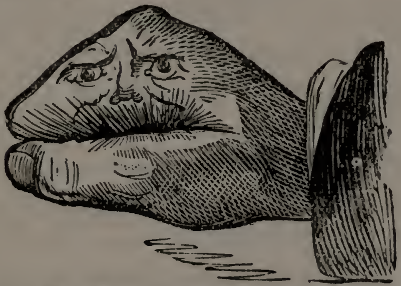

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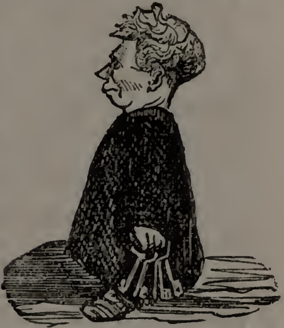

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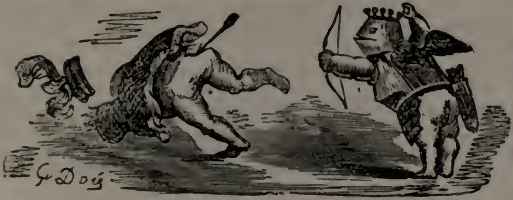

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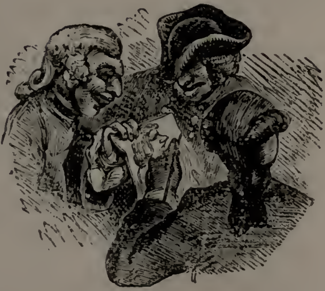

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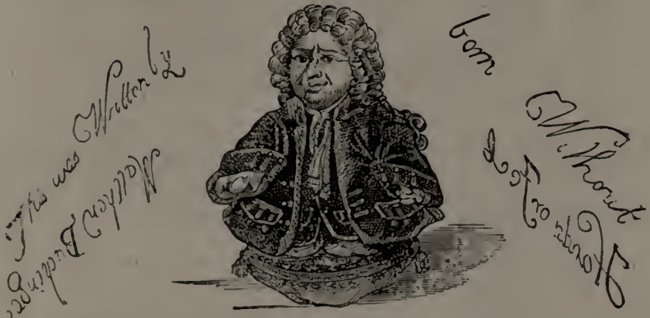

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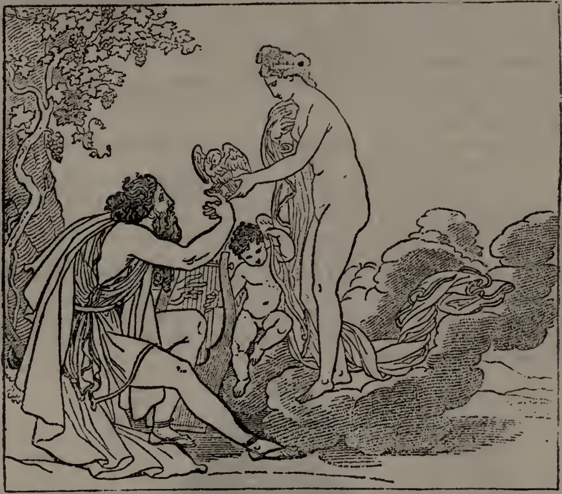

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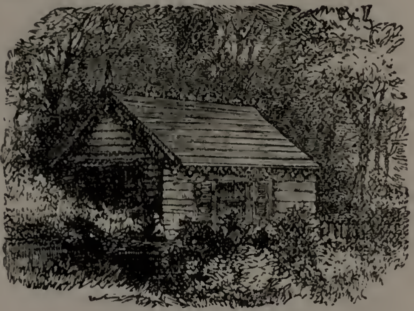

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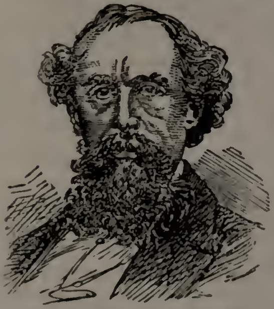

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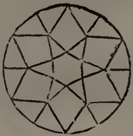

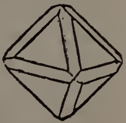

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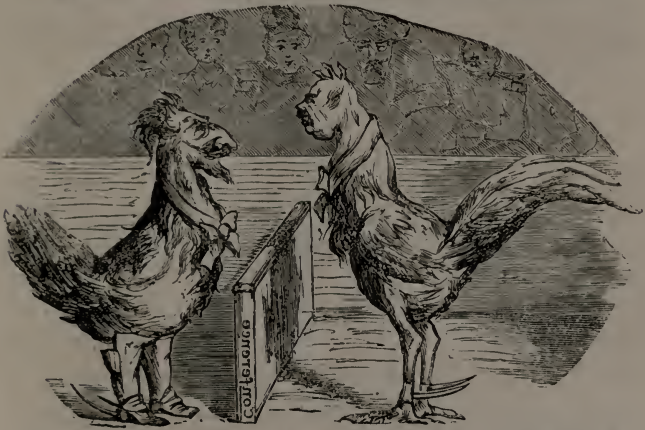

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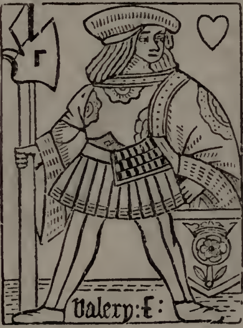

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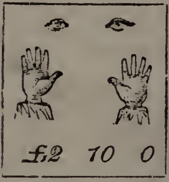

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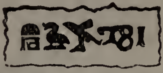

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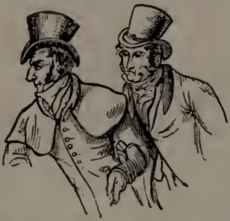

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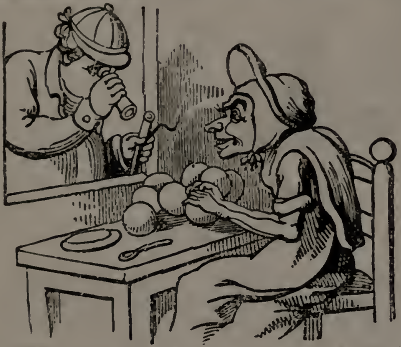

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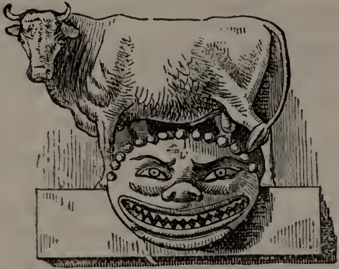

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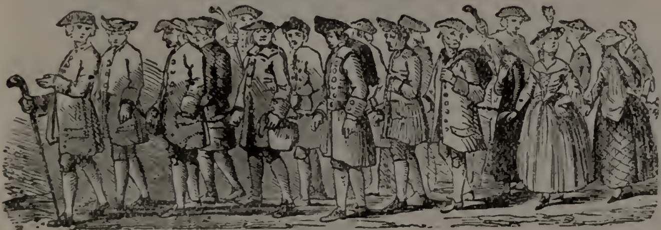

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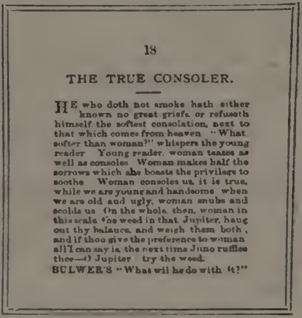

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